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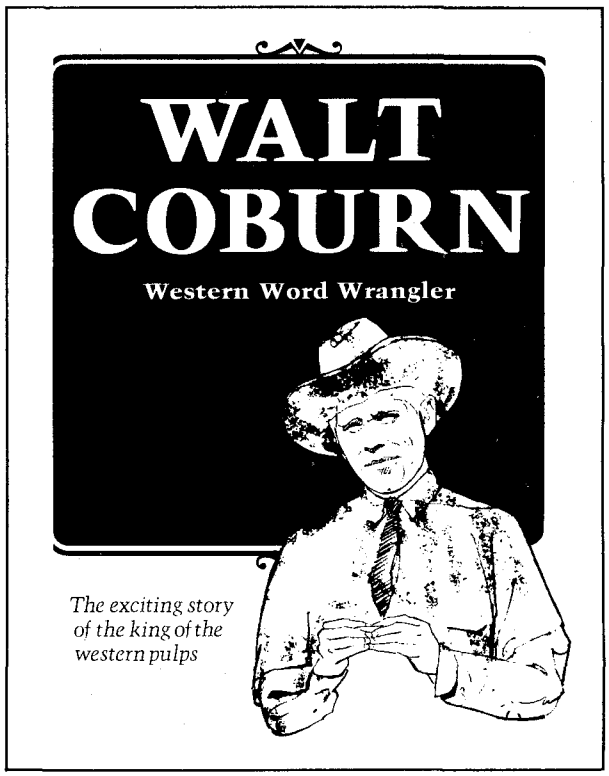

Walt Coburn could string words together better than most anybody. He was a dynamo, a pure talent, and a hell-raising maverick. Walt died on May 24, 1971, in Prescott, Arizona, at the age of eighty-one. He was a warm, human man who left behind many close friends and thousands of fans. This is his story, in his own words about *The Circle C Ranch, Early Days in Montana, Bowse, Beer and Barrooms, A Cowboy in Prep School, Pancho Villa's Army, From Saddle to Cockpit, Cold Sober and Married, King of the Western Pulps* **and other heretofore untold incidents in his life. Hardback, illustrated, 255 pages. Only $8.50 postpaid.**

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST LOGGER

The Enterprising Mister Murray by Margaret Elley Felt (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 83605, 159 pages, $12.50 hardcover, 11½ x 9 inches).

This is a biography of L. T. (Lowell Thomas) Murray who became something of a legend during his lifetime. He was known as "Pacific Northwest logger." Born in Ohio, Murray headed west to Oregon by 1906. By 1911, he had established the West Fork Logging Company and soon turned it into a holding company for timberland he purchased.

Margaret Felt details in this very readable book how "Mister" Murray, as he was called, earned the respect and loyalty of the loggers. Most other people did not. She carries the story of L. T. Murray through his death in 1971.

The author is well qualified to write on Murray. She is married to a logger. This work is her fourth book on Pacific Northwest timber history and a valuable contribution to the field. Recommended.

TIOGA, TEXAS

I Remember Things: An Informal History of Tioga, Texas by Ross Estes, compiled and edited by Robert J. Duncan (Nortex Press, Box 178, Burnet, Tex. 78611, 130 pages, $7.95—Texas residents add 5% sales tax—hardcover, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This is the story of people, places, and events as told by old-timer Ross Estes. He was born in 1889 just west of Tioga.

Beginning in 1959, Robert Duncan started to use a tape recorder to record his grandfather's stories. Duncan later took the time to do additional research on the stories told by his grandfather. The result is this true bit of Americana preserved between two covers.

Ross Estes was a good storyteller. He tells about Gene Autry's birth and boyhood in that community, about the mineral baths in town that attracted many people, and even a yarn about buried treasure; a reported $10,000 in gold buried in a green cowhide by Indians.

Robert Duncan has included many photographs, some showing Ross Estes. And in addition to an index, Duncan has included a lengthy list of residents with brief family history sketches. It is a valuable contribution to the history of Grayson County, Texas. Recommended.

JACK LONDON

Jack London: No Mentor But Myself edited by Dale L. Walker (Kennikat Press Corp., 90 South Bayles Ave., Port Washington. N.Y. 11050, 197 pages, $15.00 hardcover, 6 x 9 inches).

This book is a collection of articles, letters, essays, and reviews by Jack London, the well-known author who wrote many stories about the West. It was perhaps a decade ago when scholars began to seriously study London's life and writings. And since then more and more people have found renewed pleasure in London's work.

This collection will be of particular interest to writers seeking advice. The book gathers together all the best and most pertinent pieces London wrote on writing and writers. Many of the selections have never before been reprinted. They not only contain advice of an honest nature, but they provide insights into London, the writer. The view given by the collection is of a serious writer much concerned about his craft and the process of creation, together with a warm-hearted and generous concern for the problems of other writers.

Dale Walker, the editor, has done a fine job in pulling the material together. Walker, who is associated with the University of Texas at El Paso, has written extensively about Jack London and is well qualified to edit this collection. Highly recommended.

KERN RIVER COUNTRY

South Fork Country and *North Fork Country* by Bob Powers (Westernlore Press, 126 East La Porte, Unit F., Arcadia, Calif. 91006, $16.95 each postpaid, hardbound, 8½ x 11½ inches each).

California author Bob Powers has produced two valuable volumes on the history of Kern County in his native state. *South Fork Country* (123 pages) looks at the early settlers and ranches and towns like Kernville, Isabella, Onyx, Weldon and the more remote ghost towns of the region. And the book examines mountain areas like the Canebrake, the Piutes, and the Dome Land Wilderness.

Powers' companion work, *North Fork Country* (160 pages) is the story of Old Kernville now located beneath the waters of Lake Isabella plus Tilly Creek, the new Kernville, and the older villages, ranches, camps, and mountain hideaways along the North Fork of the Kern River.

Both volumes are very readable, even to someone not familiar with Kern County history. They are well illustrated with maps and countless photographs. And each volume has a good index, making them valuable as reference books.

Powers can be proud of both books. He has added much to the understanding of local history in Kern County, California. Recommended.

THE WIND

The Wind by Dorothy Scarborough (University of Texas Press, Austin, Tex. 78712, 337 pages, $10.95 hardbound, $7.95 paperback, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This is a work of fiction, but like so much fiction it is truth. This is a reprint of a *novel* that first appeared in 1925. Although our normal fare is Western non-fiction, this book should be of special interest to readers of Western literature. Dorothy Scarborough provides a realistic description of the cattle country around Sweetwater, Texas, during the dry years of the late 1880s. That region is the setting for Scarborough's story of Letty, a delicate girl forced to move from Virginia to desolate West Texas. There blizzards, sandstorms, the wide open spaces and especially *the wind* drives her over the brink of madness. Anyone who has lived on the plains and experienced the almost never ending wind can relate to Scarborough's character Letty.

This novel was one of the first to depart from the great myth of the West—romance, singing cowboys, and thrills a minute. The book was made into a movie in 1928 starring Lillian Gish, but Hollywood changed the ending for the film.

The late J. Frank Dobie once observed that when the book was first published, it "excited the wrath of chambers of commerce and other boosters in West Texas—a tribute to its realism." Highly recommended.

BELPRE, KANSAS

Belpre, Kansas: The Story of a Small Town by David M. Kearney (published by the author, Box 125, Belpre, Kan. 67519, 382 pages, $13.50 paperback, 8½ x 5½ inches).

The title suggests that this work is a local history. It is, but the author tells a story that should be of interest to anyone curious about the struggles of people who sought to live on the western plains during the late 19th century.

The author began writing the book in 1968 when he was in high school. More than ten years later he finished the task. Kearney can be proud of his final product.

The author has included 20 pages of black and white photographs. Unfortunately there is no index.

RAINS COUNTY, TEXAS

Early Days In Texas and Rains County by W. O. Hebisen (The Lost and Found, 1202 Oriole, Garland, Tex. 75042, 50 pages, $3.50 postpaid plus 15¢ sales tax for Texas residents, heavy paper wrap-

(Continued on page 37)

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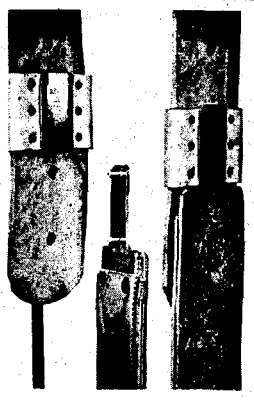

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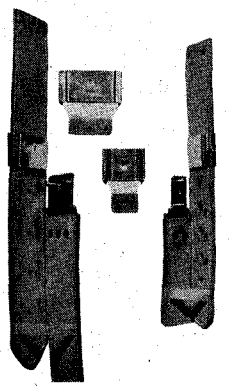

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts
Dawn

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

We Gotta Close It, Folks!

I AM deep in the piney woods in a cabin on my little ranch near Bastrop, Texas. A person should be alone now and then—not alone at home but alone in a forest, by a stream or on a hillside. It gives a cluttered mind a chance to turn out clear thoughts. The real values of life come gradually into focus. You realize how much in life you are really missing and it gives you a chance to plan what time you have left along a more satisfactory vein. When deep silence presses in and all you can hear is a crow cawing, you start separating the high grade ore from the low. Life is such a rat race now, most of us never have a chance actually to reflect upon what is happening to us, without constant interruption. The very environment we live in is not conducive to planning a meaningful life—even if such a life is possible. I think of the old pioneers and I *know* what they would have done about such a life. In the '50s, I talked to some of the eighty-plus year-olds. They were the Civil War "baby crop" and nobody ever faced a bleaker future.

One old-timer, in his late 80s, was on a bus trip from Los Angeles to Miami to see his daughter. He had lived a full life—foremanned five ranches in Mexico, been "up the trail" six times and lived the pioneer life richly. He stopped off in Austin to see what type of critter was running *True West*.

I'll never forget that day. It was about 105° in the shade. I was sweating wet wearing a short-sleeve shirt. He was in full winter dress and dry as a sandstorm. I'd heard old pioneers dressed the same summer and winter. I'd accepted the facts but my mind wouldn't process them. Heavy longhandles, woolen vest, coat and pants, he was dressed for snow weather. As I sat fascinated with his life's story, I noticed he kept wiping what looked like pus off his cheek as it seeped from his left eye.

"Eye giving you trouble?" I asked finally.

"Yep," he responded. "Ran a stick in it on a wild cattle round-up in the brasada country of Southwest Texas some twenty years ago."

"What do the doctors say?" I asked.

"Damned doctors! All they want is your money! I never go to one."

I let the matter drop. His eye appeared as if it might rot out. As the shadows grew long, I asked what was the philosophy of life that got them through Indian raids, sickness, the elements, and other difficulties of the day.

"Well, son," he reflected, "we just pegged on down the road, never worrying about what happened yesterday or what was ahead for tomorrow and when trouble loomed up ahead, we tied into it like a biting sow, cleaned it out and went on our way."

I'd give a genuine purty if I had a tape of that long-ago conversation. I came along while there were still a goodly number of the genuine old pioneers left—and Lord, what I'd give for tapes of my conversations with all of them.

I started out to say that we've got to come to a screeching halt on the Double Your Money's Worth offer come September 15, 1979. I've enjoyed the letters from you readers thanking us for that bonus. I never realized you would appreciate it so much. The offer was in print but before it had time to appear, we got a letter from a gent accusing us of being "unpatriotic" by raising our rates. Only such letter we ever got. I wonder if he knows there's been runaway inflation around for some time? He did state that he was retired—but surely he reads the papers. Maybe it doesn't hurt as bad and isn't as constantly apparent if you are retired as it is to businessmen who must raise as they are raised or lock the doors. There are profit-grabbers, I know, and I dislike them as much as the next man, but you can rest assured the profit-grabbers are not among the small and medium-sized magazine publishers! Example: 'tweren't long ago when it cost us ½¢ to mail a copy of *True West*. Now it costs 8¢. July 1st (I'm writing this June 14) it will cost 10¢. I've screamed, ranted and raved about inflation until you are tired of it, I suspect. Only time in my life I ever wanted to be a dictator. I'd do *something* if I did it wrong. Rather be gut-shot than try half-hearted "we'll slap your hand" methods. But I'm not a dictator, would make a poor one at that, so enough, enough.

THE other reason for this piece of undying prose is to repeat my doubt of heading out this summer or fall because of the gasoline shortage. I knew

(Continued on page 53)

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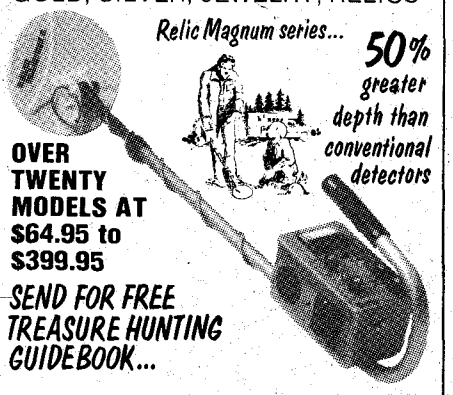

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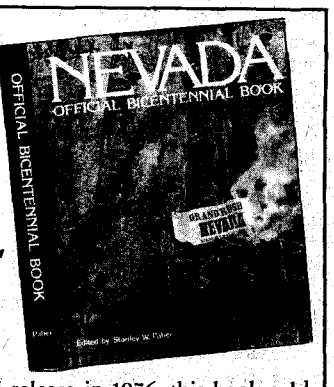

In initial release in 1976, this book sold 26,100 copies. There are unpublished fiction stories by Robert Laxalt and Walter Van Tilburg Clark (author of *Ox Bow Incident*). Non-fiction stories tell of mining, transportation, Indian wars, early gambling, ghost towns, disasters, railroads, ranching, landmarks. Paperback, $10.00 plus 92¢ postage; cloth with dust jacket is $15.92 complete. Order today from:

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If You Can't Find Us On the Newsstands, Look in the Laundromat!

Imagine my surprise to read a story about the Cox lineage in the first issue I have received from my new subscription to your magazine. I was so excited I just started to giggle. My husband was snoozing in his chair and couldn't quite figure out what was going on with me. When I showed him the article he was astounded. I would appreciate it if you could forward my letter to Ben W. Kemp, author of "Feather Fort" which ran in the April issue. I have a very strong feeling he is of the line I have been searching on.

The first time I ever read your magazines was when I "stole" two of them from a laundromat in Northern Idaho. Actually I didn't steal them as I traded four other new magazines for the old ones which were all beat up but readable. I thought they were interesting and have kept them since that trip three and a half years ago. I looked for them out here from time to time but must not have gone to the right stores. So I finally decided to subscribe and I am glad I did!—Mrs. James C. Mankins, P. O. Box 576, Santa Maria, California 93456

Ben's Big Cat and His .45-90 Winchester

The country about eighteen to twenty miles north of Cotopaxi, Colorado was all cattle country and pretty wild until around 1915 when some homestead land was released and the area began to settle up. Among the settlers were two men from Canon City, which was down the Arkansas River about thirty-eight miles to the east. These men each took 640 acres and planned to run a small herd of cattle while settling up their claims. They got my father to see about improvements and look after the cattle for them until they had a going business.

Their homesteads lay to the west of Black Mountain. To the east of Black Mountain lay Wall Mountain, and close by was the Stirrup Ranch, owned and operated by Worton Pigg. That was where the grizzly bear, Old Mose, who gave the cattlemen a lot of trouble, was killed by J. W. Anthony a few years before.

The country was still plenty wild, and had plenty of mountain lions, lynx cats, bobcats and coyotes, as well as deer and elk. Cattle were everywhere, and almost as wild as the deer.

When we got there, there was nothing to live in and we put up three 12′ x 12′ tents. One was used by Mother as a kitchen and dining room, and the other two used for sleeping purposes. Counting Mother and Dad, there were nine all told—six of us boys and my sister. So it was a little crowded at bedtime. However, we did have the top off of a covered wagon that some slept in.

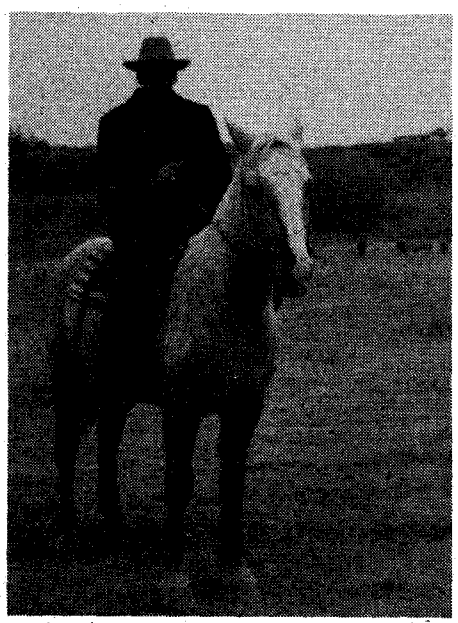
We made out someway until a two-room cabin was finished. We had a man by the name of Corey who was a good hand with an axe and he could use a broad axe too, also an adze. Father was also handy with any tools. The home place had to be larger, so he next built a six-room log house.

While all of this was going on, the cattle had to be looked after, and that fell on my older brothers, Ben and Sam. Father and Mr. Corey liked to hunt in their spare time. We always had plenty of fresh deer meat also. One night at the supper table Mr. Corey said that he had a good shot at a deer and was sure he had hit it but couldn't find it.

Before I go any further I will mention an old dog we called Bounce, that was regarded as one of the family. He was a grown dog when I was born. Bounce never picked a fight nor ever backed up from one, if it was forced onto him, and I believe he came along about the time Sam, my older brother, came along. He was half bird dog and the rest pure dog.

It was a morning or two after Corey had shot the deer, and we kids were up in the aspen thicket playing and picking flowers when I ran across the carcass of a deer pretty well covered with old leaves and small twigs. I called my sister, who had two of the younger brothers with her, and showed her the carcass and told her I'll bet that was the deer Corey had shot, and it died there. But still I had a funny feeling about that carcass being covered with leaves, as I did not know then what I know now, and old Bounce acted funny as he backed off and whined.

Ed T. Smith



Well, that night at the supper table we kids couldn't wait to tell Mr. Corey about finding the deer he had shot and couldn't find. We also mentioned that it was covered with leaves. Of course, Mr. Corey and my two older brothers knew what being covered with leaves meant, as a lion always covers its kill.

Sam, Ben, and Corey took some No. 4 Newhouse traps and took my sister and me with them to show them where the carcass was. They set their traps, and at daylight the next morning Ben took his rifle, an old .45-90 Winchester that Corey called the pumpkin slinger, and went to the sets. When he got close, he heard young kittens running off, but he had a mother lion in one of the traps. Just as she started to jump at him, he shot and hit her between the eyes. As he was taking her out of the trap, he saw that he only had her by two toes.

Mr. Corey, Sam and Father hurried up to where Ben was after they heard the shot. They tied the lion's feet together and ran a pole through them and carried her to the tents. When she was skinned, she measured 6 feet and 7 inches from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail.

We also had another dog, a stag hound. He was yellow in color and he had a habit of going in the tent where Ben, Sam, and I slept and going to sleep on one of the beds. Our tent was boarded up about three feet to keep things out, but he didn't have any trouble jumping in.

One night as we were going to bed, Ben found him on one of the beds and kicked him out. Well, I was just crawling over the half door as he jumped out and of course he lit on me, and I was sure it was a lion.

Not long ago I visited my brother Sam in Palmdale, California. There are only two of us brothers left. It seemed good to talk over old times and places. I also have two sisters left, Mrs. Paul Rizk in Ashville, North Carolina and Mrs. Edna Gurley in Delta, Colorado. Scattered like we are, we don't see each other very often but we can tell a few "big ones" when we do. When we were little, and living in the tents, we could hear lions scream at all times of the night. But they are one animal you rarely see. You can bet, however, that our mother never let us go to pick spring flowers again; and Ben got jumped on for going to his set alone on that long ago morning, as he was only seventeen or eighteen at the time.

Ben has been dead many years and the old .45-90 Winchester rifle is in a nice gun case with several other old guns out in Palmdale, California in my brother Sam's home.—Ed T. Smith, 631½ Palmer, Delta, Colorado 81416

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Interesting Ancestors!

I read Charles Yohe's letter in the April '79 issue and found that we were related. His mother was a great-granddaughter of Stonewall Jackson and my great-grandpa was Stonewall's cousin. So Mr. Yohe and I have been writing each other.

My maternal great-grandma's maiden name was Mary Jane Carrick. She was born January 18, 1836 in Indiana. At that time there was a place called the Carrick Border. They had a big plantation and had slaves and made sugar. My great-grandma used to like to eat raw sugar until one time they found a boy in the vat. Someone had got mad at him and threw him in there. He was dead when they found him. She would never eat sugar again.

Great-grandma's proud grandfather had a room of his own and would never let anyone in it. But one day the door was cracked open and she peeked in and saw him running his fingers through a chest of gold. This is all I remember hearing about the Carricks.—Marvin Roberts, Box 125, Westport, Washington 98595

"Jack" Hays

John Coffee Hays lies in an unmarked grave in the Piedmont Cemetery, Piedmont, California.

All Texas history buffs should be familiar with Hays' record and the debt that Texas, and California to a lesser degree, owe him.

For those not familiar with him, Hays was born in Fort Haysboro, Wilson County, Tennessee, on January 28, 1817. An orphan at ten, he was raised by relatives in Mississippi where he learned surveying. He arrived in Texas about thirty days after the Battle of San Jacinto and at the suggestion of Gen. Sam Houston joined Deaf Smith's spy company of Texas Rangers as a private. He also served in the companies of Dawson and Karnes.

He was with Matthew "Old Paint" Caldwell, Creed Taylor and others at the Battle of Salado when Woll's forces were defeated. Hays, in charge of the Texas Rangers, was with Taylor and Scott in the war with Mexico, and prior to this spent much of his time leading Ranger companies against the Indians. In all, he was in forty engagements, including the Battles of Bandera Pass and Enchanted Rock.

After leaving Texas, Hays migrated to San Francisco where he was appointed city marshal. Later he was elected sheriff.

Two other offices he held were U. S. surveyor of California and surveyor general of Oregon.

He established a ranch on the east side of San Francisco Bay, and founded the city of Oakland. He died on July 25, 1883. Col. John Coffee "Jack" Hays now lies in an unmarked grave. He was a brave man and should not be forgotten.

It is the hope of two organizations, the Former Texas Rangers Association, P.O. Box 6354, San Antonio, Texas 78209; and the National Association and Center for Outlaw and Lawman History, Merrill Library 229, Utah State University, Logan, Utah 84322, to raise funds to erect a suitable memorial.

Donations, which are deductible, will be greatly appreciated no matter how small. They can be mailed to either organization.—Ben M. Blount, P. O. Box 6354, San Antonio, Texas 78209

Illustration from Hunter's Frontier Times

John Coffee Hays, Texas Ranger.

Doublecrossing a Cross-examiner!

I read with considerable interest that letter by Lewis Ross Shelton telling of his experience as a railroad hobo which appeared in the June issue of *True West*. His mention of a "railroad bull" reminded me of the only time I ever got even with a lawyer.

I filed a complaint in District Court in Greeley, Colorado and appeared as chief prosecuting witness against a man we had caught robbing a box car. It was an open and shut case with no chance of him beating the rap. The court-appointed defense attorney made a big deal out of it evidently to demonstrate how tough he could be. He was trying to tangle me up on my testimony by cross-examination, and finally got around to casting a little slur.

He said, "You are what they call a railroad bull—aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I believe that's what the bums and jackleg lawyers call us."

He was about the maddest man I ever saw for a few minutes. I thought he was going to throw one of those law books at me. Even the sober-faced judge laughed. Then he sputtered around and demanded that the judge cite me for contempt.

The judge said, "It seems like you asked for it, Mr. Munson." That was the end of it. After the trial and his client was convicted, the lawyer laughed and said to me, "I hope I get a chance to prosecute you some day!"—Walter W. Gann, 1285 E. Washington Avenue, El Cajon, California 92020

John Tom

When I saw the story of "John Swisher, Boy Soldier" in the December 1978 issue I thought the name sounded familiar, but I didn't realize why until I reached the part about Col. Swisher returning to the battleground at San Jacinto after the battle to find John Tom, who had been wounded, and helping to carry him back to camp. Colonel Swisher stated that "this was the most tiresome task I ever undertook." That must be an understatement. Tom was six feet five inches in height, of dark complexion with black hair and black eyes. He was only a few days away from his eighteenth birthday—a big boy—and it must have been a terrible experience for all concerned. Col. Swisher says there was a man at each corner of the blanket on

(Continued on page 51)

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By WILLIAM B. SECREST
Illustrations Provided By Author

THE dapper young fellow looked as if he had just come from a barber shop. He wore a light suit and overcoat, and his neatly trimmed mustache was just a shade darker than his blond hair. He was obviously a young businessman.

As he stepped up to the glass-paneled teller's cage of the San Francisco Savings Union Bank, he offered a folded paper to the clerk. Referred to the teller in the next cubicle, the young man again offered the folded paper. As the teller read the note, his customer looked around the room and blew cigarette smoke at the ceiling. It was 9:30 on a Friday morning, March 23, 1894.

Looking up from the note, teller Bill Herrick slowly shook his head. The message was a strangely-worded notice that the bank was being held up and if the teller didn't cooperate the whole place would be destroyed by nitroglycerin. As Herrick pushed the note back, the robber displayed a small vial. "I mean business," he said earnestly. Herrick took a step backward, still shaking his head.

Seeing that the note and vial hadn't accomplished their purpose, the robber then pulled a .44 revolver. As he pointed it at Herrick, the teller grabbed his own pistol and both men began firing. Herrick's shot went through the cage glass, sending a splinter of glass into the robber's right eye, before he himself caught a bullet and slumped to the floor.

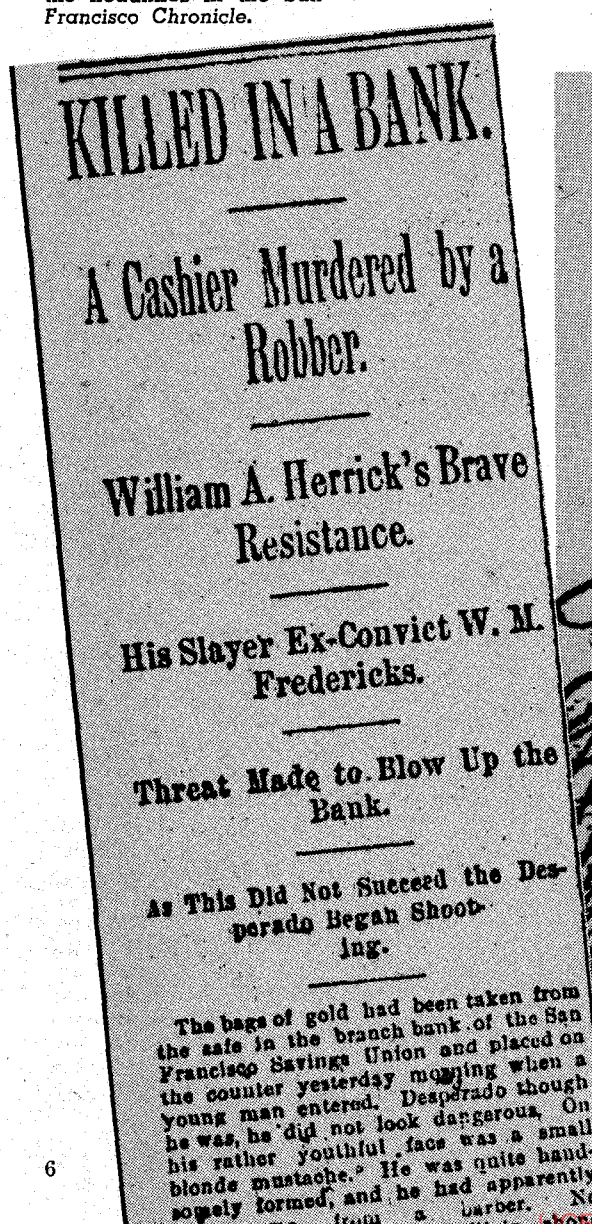
As the robber turned and fled, bookkeeper Charles Melven sent a bullet through the front window but had to move the dying Herrick before he could dash out in pursuit. Shouting for pedestrians to "stop him," Melven stooped to look after Herrick and the money lying behind the teller's cage.

The personable young man had planned his robbery well, but in the excitement and confusion he made a wrong turn. He rushed into a stable on West Mission street, stole a horse and cart, and drove up an alley which he soon found was blocked. Jumping from the cart the robber ran into a cellar. Panting, he sat down in a dark corner and caught his breath.

It was just a few minutes later that

A FOLSOM GRADUATE

The story of Fredericks' bungled bank robbery made the headlines in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.



KILLED IN A BANK.

A Cashier Murdered by a Robber.

William A. Herrick's Brave Resistance.

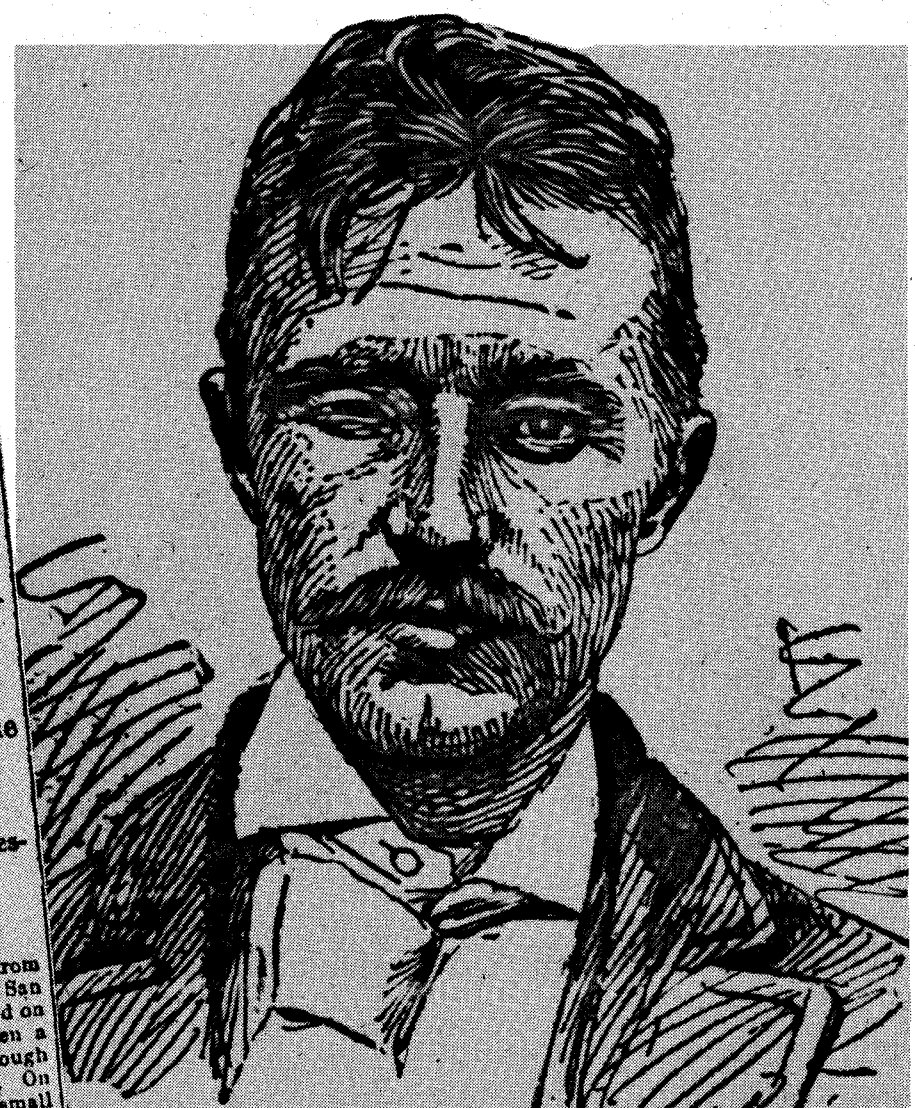
His Slayer Ex-Convict W. M. Fredericks.

Threat Made to Blow Up the Bank.

As This Did Not Succeed the Desperado Began Shooting.

The bags of gold had been taken from the safe in the branch bank of the San Francisco Savings Union and placed on the counter yesterday morning when a young man entered. Desperado though he was, he did not look dangerous. On his rather youthful face was a small blonde mustache. He was quite handsomely formed, and he had apparently come from a barber. No

William M. Fredericks, as sketched by a *San Francisco Chronicle* artist, on the day of his execution.



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officers Shields and Gallagher traced the hunted man to the cellar. A few minutes more and they were leading him up the stairs and back to the street. He had been blinded in the right eye and a spent bullet had hit and bruised his chest. Besides carrying his two holstered .44 revolvers on a cartridge belt, he also had a knife, notebook and some skeleton keys.

At the receiving hospital the robber gave his name as E. W. F. Bonnemort and said he had arrived in town two weeks earlier from Colorado.

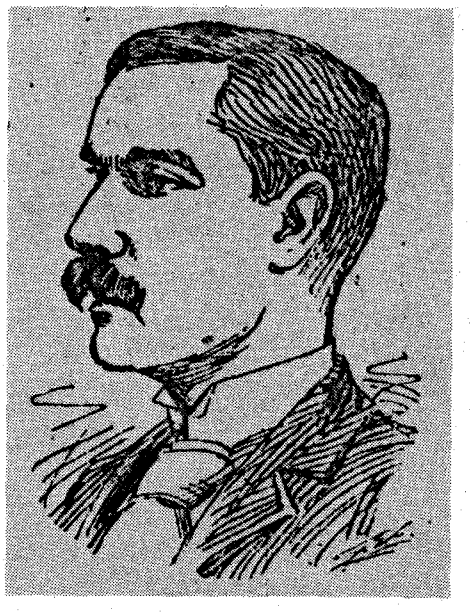
CAPTAIN Isaiah W. Lees arrived at the hospital as soon as he received word of the bungled robbery. Lees, at sixty-four, was a legendary figure wherever great detectives were discussed. He had been on the force since 1853 and had been one of the first police detectives in the West. As Captain of Detectives for nearly forty years he had solved hundreds of crimes using his own unique means of deduction. As Lees again asked the prisoner his name, he instinctively knew the young man was lying.

The questioning went on for over an hour, but provided no information of substance. When Lees decided further talk was fruitless, he asked for the robber's personal effects then returned to police headquarters.

Opening the man's notebook Lees read a Latin quotation on the inside cover which translated to "the event justifies the deed." The book was filled with strange characters interspersed with an occasional recipe for making explosives. Red ink had been used throughout.

Lees had a brilliant mind. In trying to unravel criminal cases, his method was to assemble all the clues and put them together. If they didn't give him the answer, he had simply assembled them incorrectly so he began again. He knew the answer to the notebook was in locating a key to the coded writing, and before long he had it. Slowly he began the translation.

—he never should have made that first reunion!

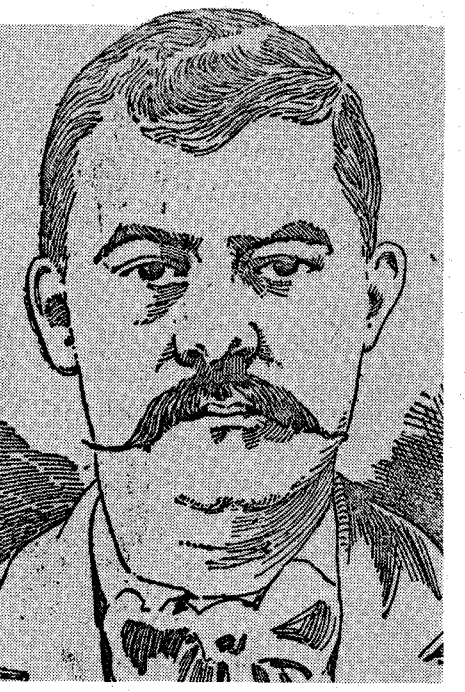


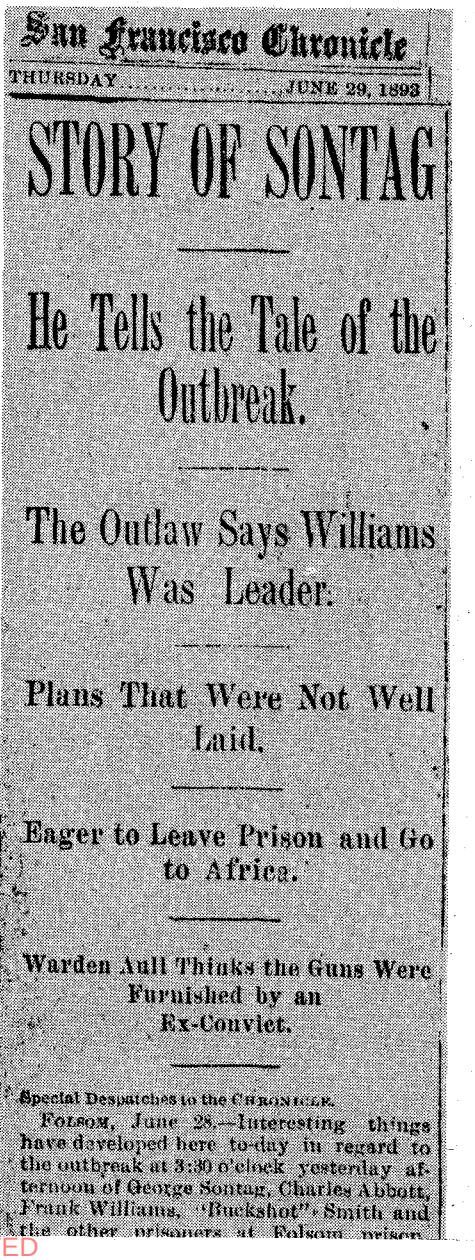
Above, William A. Herrick, the cashier who shot it out with Fredericks, and lost his life. At left, Fredericks as he appeared during court proceedings. At right, a news article relates the story of the bloody escape attempt.

In reading the notebook the detective made some startling discoveries. There were scattered references to the noted outlaw, Chris Evans, and his partner Sontag who had been captured the previous year. Other references to locations identified with the outlaws made Lees look up and give several orders. Soon he knew the identity of the prisoner at the hospital.

Though operating under the protection of many names, during the last few years the robber had called himself William M. Fredericks. His real name was

George Sontag, a principal figure in the disastrous escape attempt from Folsom prison in which Fredericks aided by supplying weapons from the outside.





San Francisco Chronicle

THURSDAY ..... JUNE 29, 1893

STORY OF SONTAG

He Tells the Tale of the Outbreak.

The Outlaw Says Williams Was Leader.

Plans That Were Not Well Laid.

Eager to Leave Prison and Go to Africa.

Warden Aull Thinks the Guns Were Furnished by an Ex-Convict.

Special Despatches to the CHRONICLE.

FOLSOM, June 28.—Interesting things have developed here to-day in regard to the outbreak at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon of George Sontag, Charles Abbott, Frank Williams, "Buckshot" Smith and the other prisoners at Folsom prison

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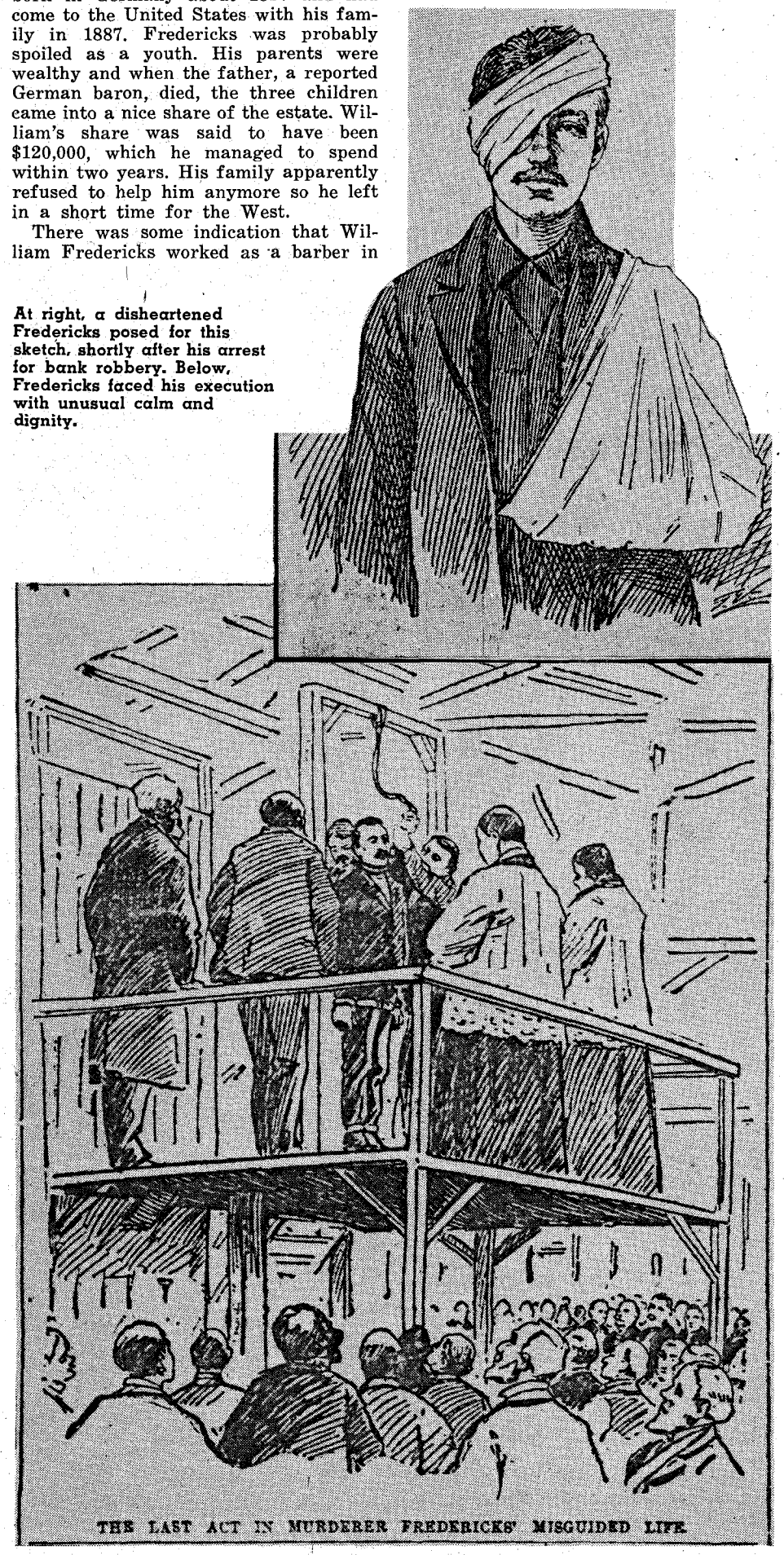
never known, but he apparently had been born in Germany about 1867 and had come to the United States with his family in 1887. Fredericks was probably spoiled as a youth. His parents were wealthy and when the father, a reported German baron, died, the three children came into a nice share of the estate. William's share was said to have been $120,000, which he managed to spend within two years. His family apparently refused to help him anymore so he left in a short time for the West.

There was some indication that William Fredericks worked as a barber in Shasta County soon after his arrival in California in 1890. Later that year he moved to central California. In what is thought to be his first excursion into crime, he tried to hold up a stagecoach near Mariposa, but was captured and thrown into jail. By the end of the year he was in Folsom Prison serving a three-year sentence for armed robbery. The life of the free-spending young man of a few years before, whose future should have been so safely assured, had dramatically changed course.

At right, a disheartened Fredericks posed for this sketch, shortly after his arrest for bank robbery. Below, Fredericks faced his execution with unusual calm and dignity.



THE LAST ACT IN MURDERER FREDERICKS' MISGUIDED LIFE

HIS PRISON was situated in the foothills east of Sacramento on the American River. "Nowhere in America," wrote convict Ed Morrell, "is there a jail built like Folsom. Its physical appearance is frowning and terrible. Its buildings are made of solid granite. . . . There are no walls around it. Folsom needs none.

"Below the prison the American River flows. It serves as the front wall. No convict dare approach it with thoughts of escape. Death lurks in its choppy, boiling water. On the other three sides Gatling-gun posts stand high above the landscape. . . ."

Fredericks had been in Folsom several years when he made the acquaintance of lifer Frank Williams, a federal prisoner doing time for mail robbery. Williams was a jovial sort who made friends easily and was known as "Smiling" Williams. There was another side to his nature, however, and Fredericks soon discovered that Williams and another lifer named Sontag were carefully planning to escape.

George Sontag was something of a celebrity at Folsom. He belonged to the noted Evans-Sontag gang of alleged train robbers who had received nationwide publicity after several shoot-outs with lawmen. Sontag could swagger all the more because Chris Evans, and his brother John Sontag, were still at large. George implied that this pair would be helping him make his escape.

One day Frank Williams took Fredericks aside with a bold proposition. Williams, Sontag, Anthony Dalton and several others were in on the plan, but everything hinged on outside help. Since Fredericks was due to be paroled shortly, he was needed to fill that bill. The plan was simple and there was no danger in the part he would play.

Upon his release Fredericks was to travel to Visalia and solicit the aid of the Evans family. He was to obtain guns, smuggle them back to Folsom, and cache them in a nearby quarry where prisoners worked. He was to leave a note with the guns explaining where he would rendezvous with his fugitive friends to provide them with clothes and supplies. Fredericks agreed to the assignment.

Yet despite every precaution by Sontag's group, word of the impending break was soon being whispered in the prison yard. Eventually it reached the warden's ears. As a former Wells Fargo detective and captain of guards at San Quentin, Warden Charles Aull knew the implications of such talk and quietly made preparations for a break. For some

(Continued on page 44)

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Attacked by a Rabid Horse!

By LOIS STEVENS
Photo Provided by Author

At right, (L to R) Miss Emma Mustard; Mrs. Clarinda Mustard Wilson; Mrs. Lucretia Mustard Williams. Seated is Mrs. Cephas Mustard (nee Aurelia Welch). Taken near Thurman, Iowa about 1902.

A wild race of two miles armed only with a buggy whip!

IN a civilized area such as the Thurman, Iowa community was in 1907, few people carried a gun. And certainly no one would expect to need one on a short trip to visit friends during the holiday season.

My aunt, Lucretia Mustard, lived near Thurman on that fateful first day after Christmas in 1907. Lucretia had married Horace Williams in 1883 and had continued to manage the farm, with the aid of her two sons, after her husband's death.

One of Aunt Crete's horses had been sick for several days. Unable to determine the reason, but doing all she or the boys knew to aid him, they fastened him securely in the barn and left for the day. Before they returned, the horse went on a rampage and kicked the barn to pieces—"all to smithereens!" my mother said—and escaped to the open road.

Here Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Stephenson encountered him on their way home to Thurman after a day spent with their friends, the S. L. Kelloggs. Their light driving team pulled a single buggy, fortunately with the top up. Mr. Stephenson first noticed the horse ambling a few yards ahead of them, crowding the hedge at the side of the road. They both noticed that he would careen into protruding branches, stop, veer to one side until he had cleared the obstruction, then again crowd into the hedge.

This seemed a bit unusual but Mr. Stephenson concluded the horse must be blind and attributed his staggering gait and collisions with the low branches to natural causes. Stephenson said the following day that he should have recognized that the horse's erratic behavior held a greater portent.

When the couple attempted to pass and the buggy was directly opposite the animal he suddenly wheeled about, sprang into the middle of the road ahead of the team, then turned and came toward them in a savage attack, striking and biting Stephenson's left hand horse. The unlooked for attack so frightened the two horses that an upset of the buggy was narrowly averted.

Stephenson kept the team in hand, how-

(Continued on page 53)

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BAT MASTERSON'S RESCUE OF BULLY BILL

From BAT MASTERSON: THE MAN AND THE LEGEND, by Robert K. DeArment. Copyright 1979 by the University of Oklahoma Press

By ROBERT K. DeARMENT

Bat didn't particularly like Billy Thompson but he liked his brother Ben—and what's a friend for?

Explanatory Note: In January 1880, Bat Masterson took two prisoners to the Leavenworth prison, his last official act as sheriff of Ford County, Kansas.

It is significant that noted gunfighters like Ben Thompson and Doc Holliday had not displayed their lethal prowess in Dodge City during Sheriff Masterson's tenure. Wyatt Earp, to whom Holliday was devoted, may be given credit for the good behavior of the deadly dentist during 1878-'79, but Thompson's uncharacteristic pacifism while in Dodge can be traced directly to his friendship with Masterson. They had known each other at Sweetwater (later known as Mobeetie) in the Texas Panhandle.

Living in Ford County were many respectable people—businessmen, merchants, farmers, and ranchers—who liked Bat personally but objected to some of his friends. They found it difficult to understand how a man sworn to uphold the law could be on close terms with known outlaws and killers, men like the Thompson brothers, Ben and Billy. They did not hold with Bat's belief that a man should not be bothered as long as he behaved himself.

Actually, Bat never did like Bill Thompson, but he was seen with him frequently because Bill stuck close to his older brother. Bat also disliked Doc Holliday and shunned him when possible. He tolerated him only because of his admiration for Wyatt Earp, Doc's friend and benefactor.

* * * *

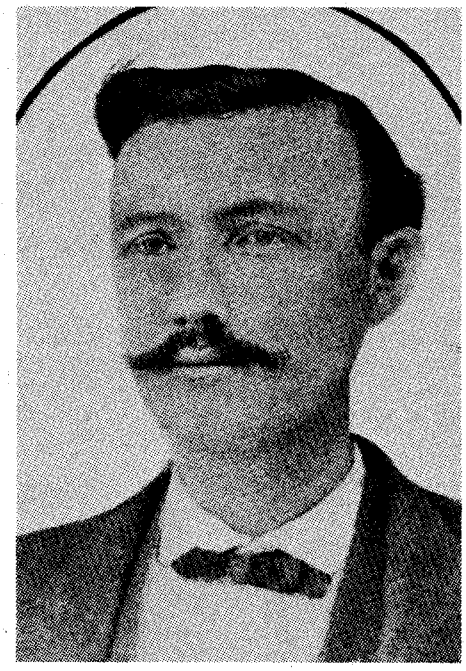
IN JANUARY, 1880 Bat was twenty-six years old. He had been kicking around on the frontier for eight years and had developed skills as a buffalo hunter, Indian scout, and peace officer. During those eight years, however, a great change had taken place in the plains country he knew. By 1880, the buffalo were gone from Kansas and the Texas Panhandle. A few good herds still roamed Montana Territory, but Bat knew their slaughter was imminent. The halcyon days of the hide hunter were over, never to return. The Plains Indians were a defeated race and did not pose a threat to the white man's westward expansion. Consequently, the services of government scouts were no longer in demand. It seemed to Bat as if the frontier that had trained him had changed so drastically and quickly that at twenty-six he was already an anachronism.

Bat had learned one other skill, however, to which he now could turn for a livelihood; he was a gambler, and a good one. Dodge City had entertained some of the most successful high rollers on the circuit in the hectic years '78 and '79. Bat had played beside these men often and occasionally had played opposite them when, as a special favor to a friend, he took a turn dealing for the house. Whether he sat on the outside or the inside, as bucking the bank or protecting it were called, respectively, he had always managed to play a good even game. Western gamblers in the late 1870s and early 1880s were not looked upon as necessarily belonging to an underworld society. On the contrary, gambling, as Bat pointed out in writing of Dodge, "was not only the principal and best-paying industry of the town, but was considered among the most respectable." So, in February, after winding up his affairs in Dodge, Bat set out on the gambling trail.

BY NOW two new camps had preempted Dodge's claim as Mistress of the Gamblers. Tombstone, Arizona, where Wyatt Earp had gone several months earlier, was one major port of call for the border sports. The other was the new silver camp of Leadville, Colorado, that blossoming flower for the nectar of which the Santa Fe and Rio Grande railroads had battled in 1879. Bat had been there, of course, and knew many of his friends to be there, so that was his first destination.

Leadville in 1880 was a sporting man's delight. With regard to the number of gambling games running and the stakes involved, Dodge seemed tame in comparison. Even Cheyenne at the time of the Deadwood rush did not match Leadville for a town gone gambling crazy. There was a game for every taste. Houses ranged from hastily constructed lean-tos to glittering temples of chance, and featured layouts for rondo, *vingt-et-un*, poker, casino, keno, California Jack, euchre, chuck-a-luck, *rouge et noir*, *lansquenet*, and paddle wheel. But faro was king in Leadville, as it was in most Western camps. Betting limits in Dodge City faro spreads had rarely been raised

Photo provided by Kansas State Historical Society; Used with permission of the University of Oklahoma Library; Western History Collections.



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Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas

Above, William Barclay "Bat" Masterson, circa 1880. At left, Billy Thompson, taken in Ellsworth, Kansas, about 1872.

beyond twenty-five dollars a card; in Leadville were banks that set no limit, and bets of one thousand dollars or five thousand dollars on the turn of a card were common.

Bat visited the California Concert Hall, operated by Jeff Winney, where Kitty Crawhurst, one of the first and best of the lady gamblers, presided over a faro table; the Board of Trade Saloon, specializing in stud poker; and the Texas House, run by Bailey Youngston and little Con Featherly, a shrewd pair of Galveston gamblers. Genial, soft-spoken John Pentland was the chief dealer at the Texas House; it was said that he won eighty thousand dollars for the house during the first few months of its existence.

All of these kingpins of Colorado gambling knew Masterson either personally or by reputation. They welcomed him to Leadville effusively and plied him with offers of jobs. Men with gunslinging reputations were employed in the gambling houses as dealers or lookouts to provide a restraining influence on those who tended to become violent when they lost. No one in Leadville carried a more formidable reputation than the former sheriff of Ford County, Kansas. Bat was offered wages substantially higher than the six or seven dollars a day run-of-the-mill dealers were receiving, but he was not yet ready to trade on his gunfighting renown. He declined all offers and limited his play to the outside.

In early March, Bat returned to Dodge to serve as a delegate to the Ford County Republican Convention. Later that month, he attended the state convention in Topeka. His luck at Leadville apparently had been good, for at the conclusion of the convention, he told friends he was going back to Colorado with the intention of investing certain capital that he had accumulated in a saloon and gambling house of his own.

Property values in Leadville had been sky high, so Bat headed for the booming Gunnison country in search of a saloon site. He explored Pitkin, Gunnison City, and Ruby City without success. When he returned to Dodge in June, he cautioned fellow Kansans against the terrors of winter in the Colorado mountain country. As late as May, he said, snow was still three feet deep in the streets of Ruby City....

HE WAS STILL in Dodge when Ben Thompson approached him for help. Brother Bill was in trouble again, and this time it looked as if Ben were powerless to help him. Ben had just received a wire from Ogallala, Nebraska to the effect that Bully Bill had been shot up in a row with an Ogallala citizen and was in great danger of being lynched.

Ben had been outlawed in Ogallala and could not go to Bill's aid. According to the information Ben had received, Thompson enemies in Nebraska were wrought up enough to welcome a double rope party. Ben wanted Bat to go to Ogallala and see what could be done to save Bill. Bat agreed to do so.

Ogallala lay some two hundred fifty miles north and west of Dodge City. By a circuitous rail and stage route, Bat finally reached the dusty little cowtown, which squatted on the main line of the Union Pacific on the north bank of the South Platte River. There were not more than thirty buildings in the whole town, most of them clustered in a one-block area along Railroad Avenue. At the Ogallala House, the only hotel, Bat found Bill Thompson propped up in a bed with five shotgun pellets in him.

Thompson had come to Ogallala for the cattle-shipping season and had opened a monte game in Bill Tucker's saloon, the Cowboy's Rest. In the course of events, he and Tucker quarreled over the affections of Big Alice, a local harlot.

Primed with booze in another saloon, Thompson entered the Cowboy's Rest and fired a shot at Tucker, who was behind the bar. The owner was in the act of passing a glass of whiskey across the bar to cattleman Dillon Fant. Thompson's bullet smashed the glass and neatly sliced off the thumb and three fingers of Tucker's left hand. When the saloonman disappeared from sight behind the bar, Thompson, in his alcoholic haze, turned and pushed back out through the swinging doors, believing he had killed his man. But Tucker was not finished.

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He emerged from behind the bar, holding a ten-gauge sawed-off shotgun in his good hand. At the doorway, he steadied the barrel on his bleeding stump of a hand and let fly at the weaving form of Thompson, hitting him in the back with five pellets. After this exchange, the combatants retired to tend their wounds, Thompson to the hotel, Tucker to his home. Bat learned that although Thompson's wounds were serious, he would recover.

"I found Thompson laid up in bed in the hotel from the effects of the several wounds he had received from Tucker," Bat wrote. "I also found him under arrest with a deputy sheriff guarding him in his room.... I concluded, with a view of bringing about an understanding between the warriors, to go and see Tucker, whom I also found in bed at his home with his left hand minus thumb and fingers done up in liniment soaked bandages."

Bat was convinced that Tucker and his friends intended to stretch Thompson's neck as soon as he was well enough to be on his feet, but discreet inquiries revealed that Tucker would let bygones be bygones—for a price.

"The sum, however," Bat said, "was beyond the reach of Thompson and his friends, therefore my conference with the thumbless one was at an end."

BAT SET ABOUT formulating a plan for Thompson's escape. He instructed Bill to pretend greater pain and suffering than he actually felt. There were no doctors in Ogallala and the extent of the Texan's injuries was not definitely known. Bat wanted to keep Thompson out of jail until he could work out a way to spirit him out of town.

Meanwhile, Bat got on friendly terms with the guard, "a young fellow who had lately reached that country from one of the New England states. His armament consisted of a long barreled Colts .45 caliber pistol with a white handle of which he seemed duly proud."

Getting Thompson out of Ogallala proved to be quite a problem, Bat found: "Although Thompson was not as badly injured as he let on to be, he had nevertheless been sufficiently crippled to be of little use to himself in case of emergency.... Had Thompson been able to ride a horse, it would have been very easy for us to escape in that manner but that was out of the question. If, on the other hand, we attempted to escape by wagon, we would be easily trailed and overtaken by the posse we knew would soon be in hot pursuit. There was therefore but one avenue of escape left to us, and that was the railroad."

Some fifty miles east of the Union Pacific tracks lay North Platte, home of Colonel William F. ("Buffalo Bill") Cody. Bat had met the celebrated scout in Dodge. He knew that Cody, who was spending a rare interlude at home, was always ready for a new adventure. He figured that if he could get Thompson to North Platte, Cody would help get the wounded Texan the rest of the way back to Dodge. The eastbound flier stopped at Ogallala to fill its watertank about midnight before continuing on to its next stop at North Platte. Getting the crippled Thompson aboard that train was Bat's problem, and it was a difficult one:

"It seemed as if everybody in town was watching every move I made, and from what I subsequently heard, I am satisfied that they were. I had no sooner arrived in town than the Sheriff, thinking perhaps that I might make an attempt to rescue his prisoner, issued the strictest kind of instructions to his Deputy who had been assigned to guard Thompson, to never leave the room for a moment while he was on duty and I can truthfully say that he obeyed the instructions to the very letter.

"One Sunday night, however, there was a dance given by the people of the town and as was the custom in those small Western hamlets in those days, everybody in the place attended the blow-out. The dance was given in the schoolhouse which was also used for church purposes whenever a preacher happened along that way. The building, which wasn't much larger than a good sized hen-coop, was situated on a little knoll about 400 yards north of the depot which was located in the center of town. The Sheriff, who was also the town fiddler, was furnishing the music for the occasion and . . . nearly everybody in Ogallalah was at the dance. . . . This was obviously my time for getting away with Thompson."

JIM DUNN, the hotel bartender, was one of the few people who could not attend the shindig, having to remain on duty. Dunn had worked the Dodge City saloons and was a friend of Bat's so he eagerly agreed to help when Bat asked him to join in the escape plot. Bat explained his plan, then went to Thompson's room.

Thompson's hotel room faced the schoolhouse, and as the squeaking notes of the sheriff's fiddle drifted out over the prairie, Bat, standing at the open window, remarked to the young deputy on guard: "I am sorry I'm not at that dance for they seem to be having a good time up there."

The guard nodded glumly, and when Bat suggested having a drink, he readily agreed. Bat ordered two whiskey sours, which Jim Dunn delivered, winking slyly at Bat as the young deputy tossed his

At right, Ben Thompson, Bat Masterson's friend. Below, Mrs. William F. Cody. Buffalo Bill "donated" a brand new phaeton carriage that he had purchased as a present for his wife, so that Bat could get Bully Bill back to Dodge City.

Courtesy The Buffalo Bill Historical Center; Cody, Wyoming.

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Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library; Western History Collections

drink down. Bat sent Dunn back for refills.

"Soon after the Deputy disposed of the second drink," wrote Bat, "he spread himself on the floor and was soon dreaming of his New England home."

Jim Dunn was, as Bat put it, "an artist in his business," and the Mickey Finn was a refinement of civilization not entirely unknown even in an obscure frontier outpost like Ogallala.

Bat dressed Thompson, hoisted him to his shoulders, and carried him down the steps and across to the depot. His timing was perfect: the train was grinding to a halt as he came hobbling up. Bat stumbled aboard, and in a few minutes he and Bill Thompson "were speeding at the rate of forty miles an hour for North Platte" while the tired strains of *Turkey in the Straw* filled the empty streets of Ogallala.

When the train pulled into North Platte, Bat heaved Thompson to his shoulder, climbed down onto the platform, and looked about for the nearest saloon. It was about two o'clock in the morning, but Dave Perry's saloon was ablaze with lights. Bat kicked open the swinging doors and entered to find Colonel Cody, surrounded by a ring of admirers, narrating one of his hair-raising adventures.

"As a matter of course," wrote Bat, "we were given a royal welcome and were immediately taken in charge by Colonel Cody, who found a safe place for us to remain until he could outfit us for the trip across the country to Dodge City. 'The Ogallala authorities will not take you from here,' said Cody to us that night, and we slept quite comfortably."

The following day, Bat left Thompson to go to Cody's house, "a beautiful place in the suburbs of North Platte," to arrange for a horse and rig for the journey south. When he arrived, he found Buffalo Bill out front erecting a flagpole in honor of General Hancock, who had just been nominated for the presidency by the Democratic party. It can be safely assumed that Cody received no help from Bat Masterson, a hard-core Republican.

"I may here state that Buffalo Bill is a Democrat," wrote Bat, "but that should not be held against him, for he is a splendid fellow, and perhaps regrets it as much as any genuine American could."

CODY gave Bat a big, strong Texas horse and a handsome new phaeton he had purchased recently for his wife. If Bat were willing to wait in North Platte a day or two, said Cody, he and Thompson could have company for part of their trip. General Sheridan was sending to Buffalo Bill's ranch a party of distinguished foreigners who wanted to see some of the wild and woolly West.

Since 1871, when Bill had served as guide for Grand Duke Alexis of Russia and his retinue, European dignitaries had requested his services when touring the plains. Cody planned to take the visitors to Keith's ranch, a large cattle spread some twenty-five miles south of North Platte and directly in Bat's route to Dodge. He suggested that they all travel together that far. Bat was agreeable, so he and Thompson remained in town until the foreigners arrived.

"There were fully twenty persons in the party," Bat recalled, "and as everybody was feeling good when we left North Platte, the trip to Keith's was a right royal one, you may be sure. I was driving a double team hitched to Cody's specially made mess wagon, which was loaded down with everything imaginable."

As noted by Bat, all members of the company were in high spirits, and their bibulous host saw to it that no one lost that fine edge because of thirst. He had arranged for periodic rest stops, during which bottles were passed freely among the convivial travelers.

"The caravan would stop every little while and liquor up," Bat said, "and then go on until the next liquoring-up point was reached, when the caravan would again come to halt."

The combination of alcohol, hot July sun, and jouncing ride affected everyone, even that veteran tippler Colonel Cody himself. Bill, sagging in the saddle, finally pulled over beside Bat's mess wagon and flopped in, sound asleep. Bat was having trouble focusing his eyes on the trail ahead, and thereby hangs a tale:

"We had gone only a short distance after Bill had fallen asleep when the wagon was tipped completely upside down. I was pitched out on my head in the prairie, while Cody was buried beneath the wagon and its contents.

"I gathered myself up as quickly as I could, and got hold of the horses by the head and held them until other members of the party came and rescued Cody, who hadn't received as much as a scratch, while I had my lower lip nearly torn from my face."

The travelers arrived at Keith's ranch without further mishap and, after cleaning up a bit, sat down together to enjoy a hearty Western-style meal. After supper, Buffalo Bill, always the showman, entertained the foreigners with feats of horsemanship and marksmanship. "The stunts he did," marveled Bat, "were nothing short of wonderful."

The next day, Bat and Bill Thompson bade farewell to Colonel Cody and his guests and headed for Dodge City in the phaeton Mrs. Cody unknowingly had donated to them. Bat saw Buffalo Bill several years later, and the latter told him he had some tall explaining to do when he returned home and his wife questioned him about the strange disappearance of her prized carriage. Cody was making plenty of money, however, and a new and more elegant vehicle soon was purchased to replace the phaeton.

Shortly after Bill Thompson and Bat left Keith's, ominous black clouds rolled out of the west, and they were soon driving their topless vehicle through heavy rain that continued for the entire trip of more than two hundred miles. Bill Thompson and his deliverer were a sorry spectacle when they finally wheeled into Dodge.

Swathed in bandages and very weak, the bad boy from Texas was huddled in a chilled, sodden ball under a buffalo robe. The former sheriff, his lip severely lacerated, held the reins in numbed hands. Both were mud-spattered and rain-soaked from head to foot.

Bat wanted a couple of good, stiff drinks, a hot meal, a bath, and about ten hours of uninterrupted sleep, but Thompson insisted that they first go to the telegraph office. There, Bully Bill dispatched a wire to the sheriff at Ogallala, "notifying him of his safe arrival and inviting him to come and get him in case he still thought he wanted him."

Added Bat: "The fiddling sheriff made no reply to Thompson's message, and there the matter ended."

* * * *

EPILOGUE

Tributes to Bat Masterson poured in to the *New York Morning Telegraph* and were received by Bat's widow from all parts of the country when he died October 25, 1921. Spokesmen for the world of sports in particular expressed a deep sense of loss.

Hundreds of Bat's friends and admirers gathered at the funeral home for the services, and William Muldoon, New York boxing commissioner, rose and delivered a tribute that he said was "no attempt at oratory, no studed eulogium," but an honest appraisal of Bat Masterson as a friend. During forty years of intimate friendship, said Muldoon, he "had never known Bat Masterson to do a dishonorable deed, never to betray a friend, never to connive at dishonor and never to fear an enemy."

(Continued on page 61)

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The Indian Outbreak of '55

By GEORGE HUNTER

"Go, George! If I was a man I'd go with you!"

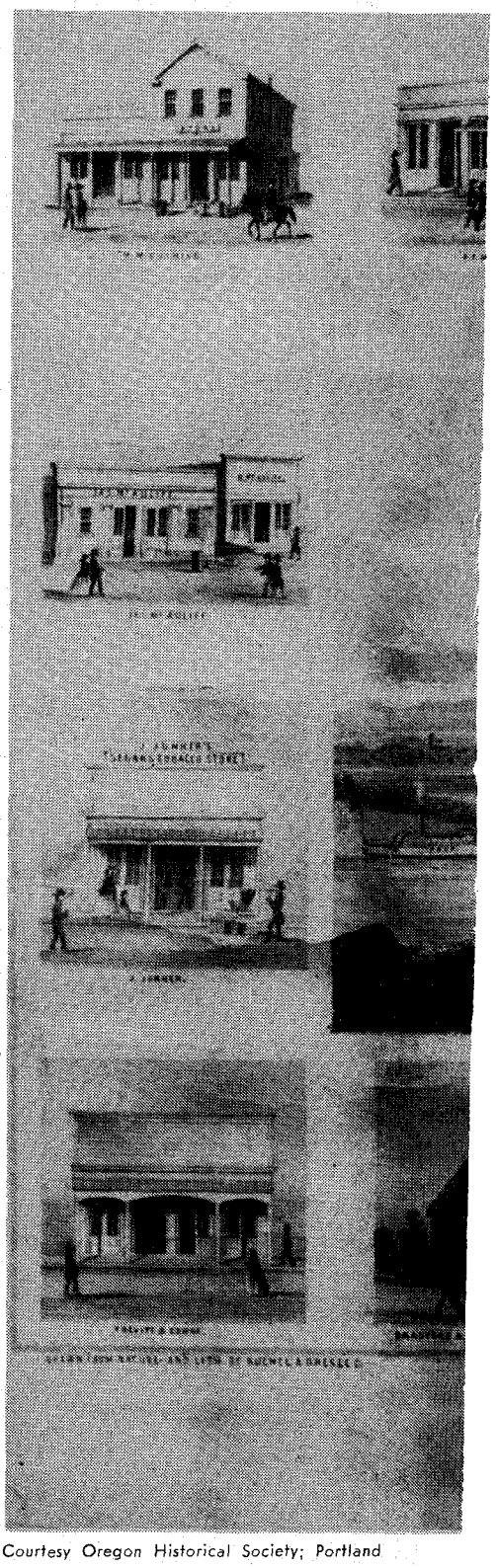
At right, Colonel George Hunter.

I CONTINUED mining on Humbug, and near Yreka, till the summer of 1855, when my father concluded to send the family back to the Willamette valley, and as he could not go at the time, I escorted them.

Hiring two four-mule teams, and a two-horse family carriage we started. There were in our party the two teamsters, myself and a young man, in poor health, who was going to the Willamette, my mother, three sisters and a brother who was six or seven years old. I had a saddle horse along, and my oldest sister (a young lady of sixteen years) generally rode him. All went well after we crossed the summit of the Siskiyou mountains (the dividing line between Oregon and California). We met some ox-teams loaded with apples going to Yreka. We bought some of their fruit, and pushed on through Rogue river valley. We had got some distance below Jacksonville, near "Coyote" Evans' ferry, when a friend of mine by the name of Green Linville, rode up to us, his horse reeking with sweat, and after speaking pleasantly to my mother he made me know that he wished to speak to me in private, so I told sister to get into the carriage and drive as I wished to talk with Mr. Linville awhile.

I mounted the horse and we dropped

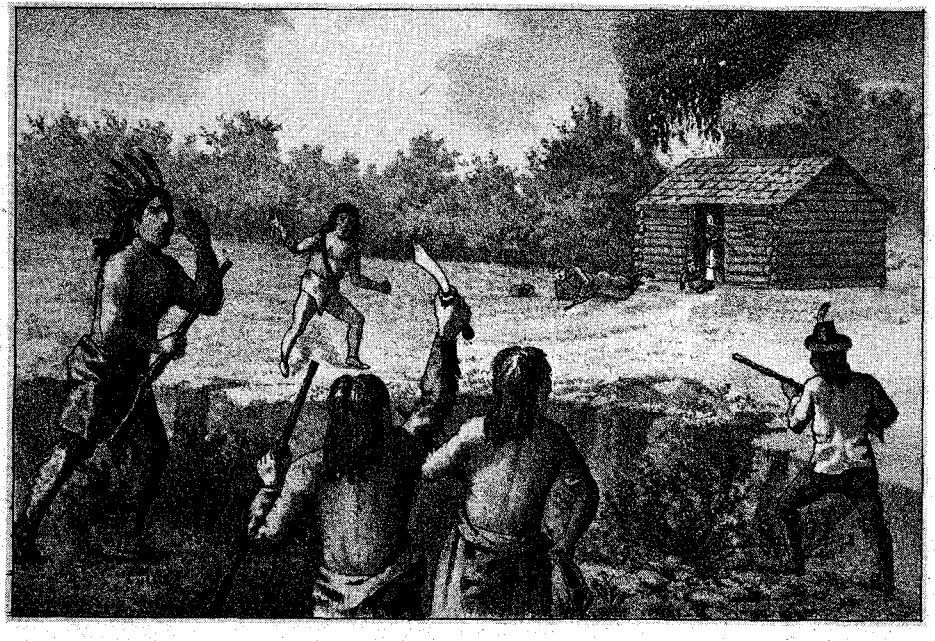
This adventure was taken from **REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TIMER,** Memoirs of a Pacific Northwest Pioneer, Hunter, Miner and Scout, Colonel George Hunter. Published in 1887 by H. S. Crocker and Company, San Francisco. Other episodes will appear in chronological order.



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society; Portland

At right, The Dalles, Oregon, circa 1858. Below, Mrs. Harris defending her home and baby.

Illustration from book



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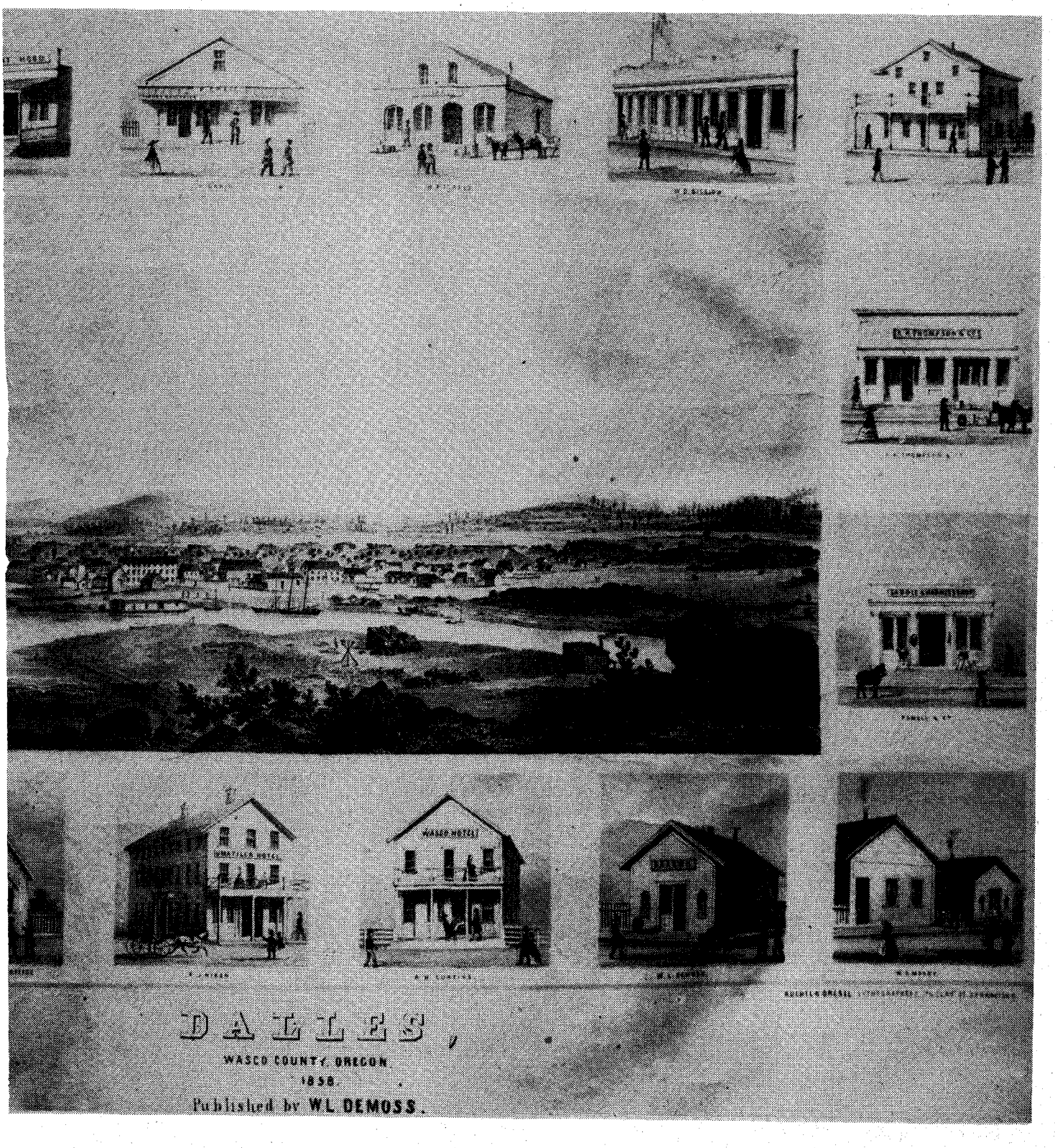

behind the wagons out of hearing. Linville asked me if I was aware that the Rogue river Indians had again gone on the war path. I told him no. He said, "They have! They killed the men with the apple teams shortly after you passed them. I heard at Jacksonville that you were on the road with your family, so I came on as fast as I could to warn you."

We consulted on the situation, and concluded that as the Indians would not think we had heard of the outbreak, it would be as well for us to go on as to turn back, and probably better, as our turning back would be proof of our having heard of the trouble; so we determined to go on at all hazards, but not to let the teamsters or family know of the danger menacing us, as long as we could help it.

I told Linville I couldn't ask him to accompany us on so hazardous an expedition. He replied, "You need not, for I shall go without asking, and won't leave you till the folks are in a place of safety."

I well knew this man's bravery and determination and was only too glad to have his company, but felt that would be only a sacrifice on his part if we were attacked.

That evening after a hard drive we crossed the river and camped by a log corral, three or four miles below the mouth of Evans creek, a favorite camping place of the Indians.

After feeding the stock, getting supper, and seeing that everything was secure, Linville and I laid down near Mother's bed (the weather being fine, we all slept out of the wagons). We had concluded

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Illustration from book

The capture of Pu Pu Mox Mox.

to rest our stock this night and make a hard drive for the Umpqua canyon next day (some forty miles over Cow creek and Crab creek hills—a rough road).

We had also determined to go up to the mouth of Evans creek, as soon as all was quiet and we could get away, to make a reconnaissance and see if there were any Indians there, and if so, how they appeared. I lay until I thought all were asleep except Linville, then I cautiously raised up and was about to crawl off so as not to awake Mother, but it was "no go." She spoke to me, so I laid down again.

After a while I tried it again, but with a worse result than before, for Mother said, "What is the matter with you? You usually sleep like one of the seven sleepers, but tonight you are starting up as though you *feared something*."

I replied, "Oh pshaw, Mother, give us a rest. I thought I heard the horses making a noise," and down I laid again, resolved to be more careful in my next attempt.

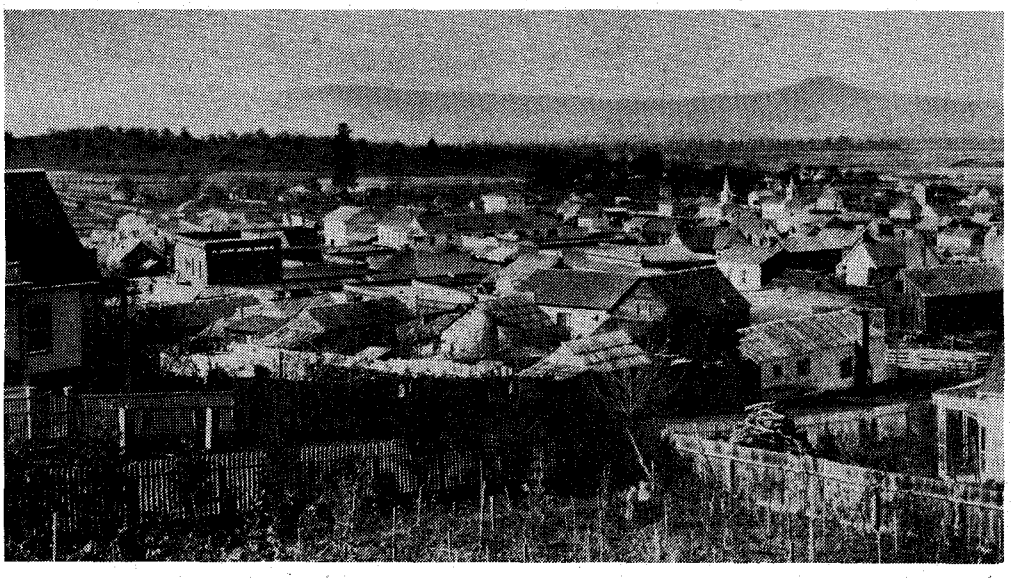
After waiting till we were sure Mother was asleep, Linville and I crawled out of camp, and as soon as we were out of hearing walked rapidly until we got within a few hundred yards of Evans creek. We were already aware of the presence of Indians at the old camping ground, for we heard the beating of sticks and drums (these "drums" are made by stretching wet deer skins over hoops and letting them dry; they beat on them as an accompaniment to their weird singing).

Cautiously creeping forward, we laid behind some brush and watched their movements; they were having a big dance and were painted up; everything went to show that this was a war dance. We lay there watching them until near morning, then quickly went back to our camp.

Before daylight we had the teamsters up, the mules and horses harnessed and hitched up, and were ready to start as soon as it was light enough to see to drive.

Jacksonville, Oregon in the late 1870s.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society; Portland



WE HAD told the teamsters that we feared the Indians were about to go on the warpath and we had better go as far as Jump-off-Jo creek for breakfast. This creek received its name from an incident that occurred some years before. Some Oregonians were passing through this country on their way to California, when one of the party called Jo, being out after a lost horse, the Indians got after him. He ran for camp and friends, but on coming to this creek he found himself on top of a bluff some twenty feet high; here he hesitated. The Indians were close after him, and there being no other chance for his escape, his friends seeing his danger cried, "*Jump off, Jo; Jump off, Jo;*" Off Jo jumped and came down all right, and soon joined his friends, thus saving his "ha'r." From this incident this creek took the name of Jump-off-Jo.

As soon as it was sufficiently light and we were about to start, Mother declared she could not think of starting without having a cup of coffee, for she would have the sick headache all day if she went without it. Whilst I was trying to argue the case with her we saw thirty or forty Indians mounted upon ponies coming from Evans creek.

Mother, seeing them, said as she climbed into the carriage, "George, you fear those Indians, and that is why you were so wakeful last night."

I said, "You are right, Mother. Those Indians are on the warpath, but they think we don't know it. So keep the children quiet, and don't let the Indians see that we are afraid of them, and we may escape!" She said not a word as the Indians were close at hand, but stayed in the carriage with the children.

The Indians on coming up appeared friendly—asked where we were going? We told them to the Willamette. They then asked for tobacco, and I divided a piece with the head man. They started on and we followed, as they were going the same road that we were. They would go a short distance, then stop to consult, and we would come up and pass them. I generally stopped back with them until the teams passed (they generally stopped at small streams to drink and smoke); when the teams got a short distance ahead, I would gallop up to the wagons. When the Indians overtook and passed us again, I would ride a short distance with them and then drop back to the teams again. This proceeding was repeated several times during the day.

Finally my eldest sister becoming tired of the wagons got on my horse for a short ride while the Indians were behind us. But as they came up, they made such demonstrations that she became frightened and got into the carriage.

They at one time tangled up our lead mule team as it was crossing a bridge. I passed in among them and drove their ponies off the bridge laughing all the while. This was all sport (?) so far, but the villains were only awaiting an oppor-

(Continued on page 40)

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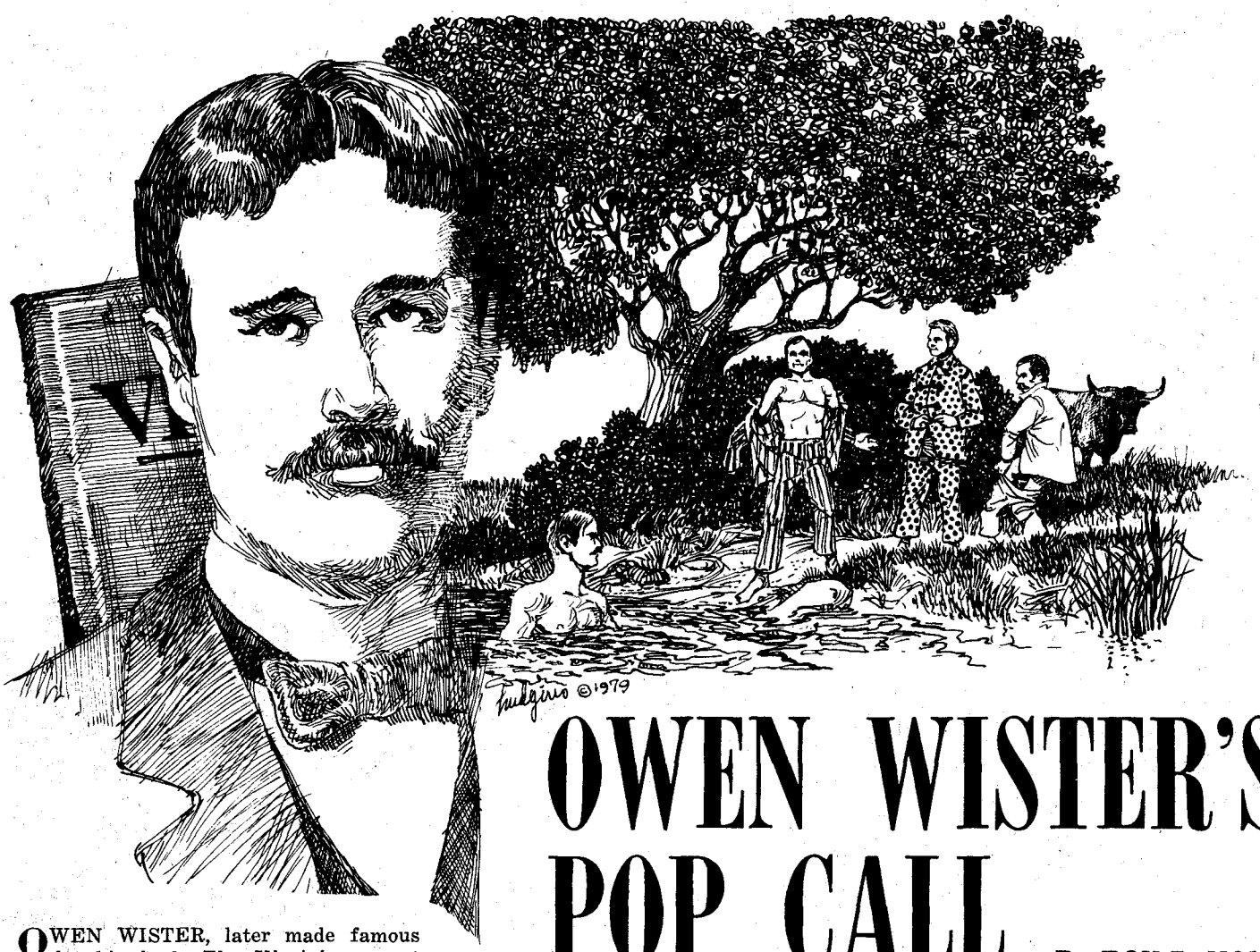

OWEN WISTER'S POP CALL TO TEXAS

By ROY D. HOLT

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

The man who wrote "The Virginian" thought the place was a mess!

OWEN WISTER, later made famous by his book *The Virginian*, spent about a month early in 1893 visiting on the Fitzhugh Savage Seven Springs Ranch near present-day Rochelle, Texas. He had previously spent some time in Wyoming.

The purpose here is not to discuss his book, but rather to examine Wister's visit to Texas as far as gathering background material for *The Virginian* and various magazine articles in light of what Wister confided to his journal, intended for his own private use no doubt.

In 1958 *Owen Wister Out West, His Journals and Letters*, edited by his daughter, Fanny Kemble Wister, was published by the University of Chicago Press, and is the source for this discussion.

For well over fifty years I, a Texas native of Coleman County and former teacher at Brady, have read and heard stories that the swapping of the babies, as told in *The Virginian*, actually originated in McCulloch County and that Wister heard the story on his visit in 1893. (I am aware that other communities in other states claim this distinction also.)

In 1902, Wister published *The Virginian* with the setting in Wyoming. The cowboy "leading man" was a gentleman and a hero, far different from the picture painted in the Eastern press in its descriptions of cowboys celebrating in the tough cowtowns at the end of the old cattle trails. The book was the Harvard University interpretation of the West and it immediately became a best seller. It also made Wister famous especially after it was illustrated by Frederic Remington and boosted by President Theodore Roosevelt, former classmate of Wister, who was enamoured by anything Western. It was a Broadway hit for years, a popular movie, and has been called the greatest novel of the West ever written.

Did Wister get any material from Texas? And what was his opinion of Texans?

WISTER and a friend from Philadelphia, Harry Groome, who was interested in buying polo ponies, were met at the Santa Fe depot in Brownwood by former Philadelphians "Fitz" Savage and Frank Conover, both of whom had established ranches in McCulloch County a few years before.

The four friends spent the night in the hotel. Wister, later to be lauded by critics for his ability to observe closely, made one lone observation about the little city of Brownwood. He saw a sign forbidding the throwing of paper and trash on the streets.

Wister used considerable space in his diary, however, in recording what Savage told him about Brownwood citizenry. Professional "ladies" were run out of town; the people were so religious that

(Continued on page 54)

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THE WIDOW

By sod or by grass?

By EILEEN MILES CHARBO
Photos Provided by Author

THIS is no big, brave yarn of guns and bluster. It's about a fairskinned Widow Woman who brought nine children—two still under her apron—when she drove a lumberwagon from Indiana to Central Kansas in the spring of 1870.

There she was met by her handicapped brother, Eph McCormick, who had a cleft palate. Between them, they proved up on a claim; raised her kids and believed themselves in such a Land of Plenty, opportunity seemed all about them. The Widow Woman was like a general—thinking big, then applying it to the immediate situation.

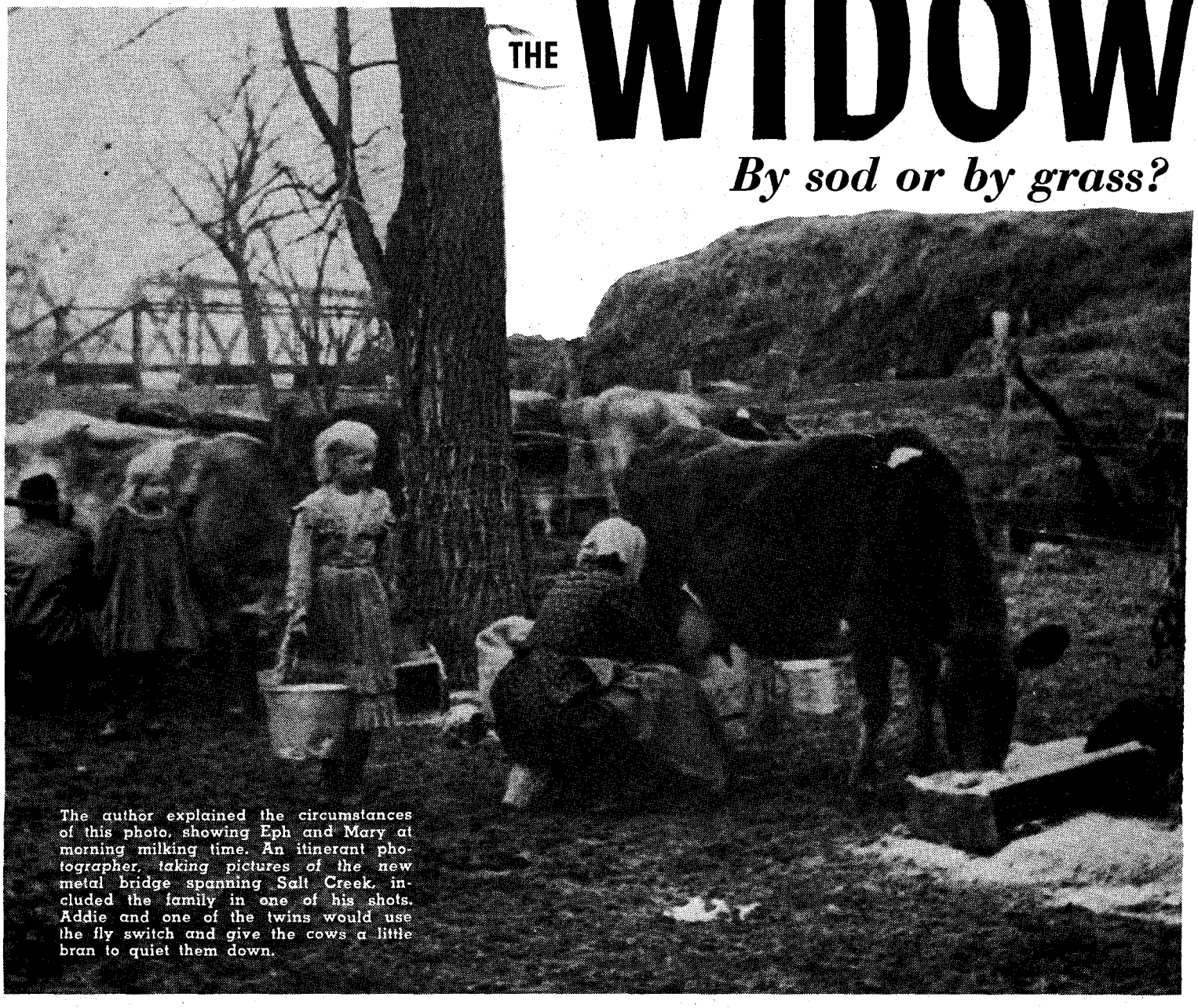
During her first year in the West, she had eight children under nine years of age after the twins arrived. By the time the flour mill began using heavy paper sacks and her floursack supply gave out, she had the last child broken and thought her luck was good. The sandy haired, strong young mother was clean, tireless, an excellent cook. Had she been a man, she would have been described as a good provider.

Nobody ever asked Mary Ross if she were a Widow Woman by sod or by grass. It was known around that her husband had died back in Hendricks County, Indiana with red streaks that went up his inner arm following a handcut, during long butchering. Mary took a last look back at the fresh-made grave, twisting around on the wagon seat, and breathed heavy against the mighty knot in her chest. Then she folded back her sunbonnet shade so she could see, commanded the children behind her in the wagon bed to sit down, slapped the reins, and headed away from the rising sun.

Mary's nineteen-year-old brother Eph had gone West the year before. In great misspelled words, he urged by letter: "SIS. CUM. NOW." Eph's limited, unintelligible utterances set him apart as a simpleton and he was listed as such at the end of the census that year. Eph's frustration at not being understood, at being mocked, and snickered at, set him even more apart and gave him a fierce look. Only that and his strength brought a degree of respect. His sister, however, could understand his mumblings, and she loved him.

Eph had not been permitted to take up a claim that he had heard was to be abandoned. The agent said he was too young to sign; he also said he thought Eph unfit. So Eph sent another note: "SIS. CUM. NOW. PLESE. EZERY DENT IN THE SALINA AWFUS [office] WONT LET ME TAKE THE CLAIM." His sister wrote the claim agent, enclosing a few dollars to hold the transfer on the preempted claim till she could get there.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



The author explained the circumstances of this photo, showing Eph and Mary at morning milking time. An itinerant photographer, taking pictures of the new metal bridge spanning Salt Creek, included the family in one of his shots. Addie and one of the twins would use the fly switch and give the cows a little bran to quiet them down.

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WOMAN

No one ever asked . . .

Eph wrote he would meet her and the children at the pontoon bridge crossing the Solomon River south of Verdi "in Central Kansas." Central Kansas—thousands and thousands of acres! "WACH WEN YOU GET INTO KANSAS FOR THE RAILROAD BEIN LAYED AND FOLLOW ALONG THAT ABOUT 3 DAYS." Mary had never heard of the Solomon River nor of Verdi. But she found them both—and Eph—who shed tears of joy at seeing the family.

The eighty-acre claim was that of an ex-soldier, drawn West by the Homestead Act after Order No. 77 disbanded many restless men like himself. For a couple of seasons he had dug and hoed and planted and cleared, as though preparing for an attack. Then loneliness and the monotony of it became too much. He'd dug trenches and holes from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Shoveling out a partial-soddy in the side of a low bluff and shoring it up with timbers dragged in from the woods at last was finished. He framed in a ten-foot-square room at the open end. The roof-joining leaked heavily. To comply with the Homestead Act requirements, the soldier had "fenced" the cow-lot with a few slipshod crisscross rails from the woods; planted a few apple switches and berry bushes and cut the two window spaces in the framed-in room. But when Mary saw the new home with its cut out paneless windows, she felt it equal to a mansion. A roof over their heads. A hard dirt floor under their feet. One hundred fifty dollars was still owing on the quarter-section, payable at the end of five years. The Widow Woman said that big debt lent wings to her heels, and muscle to her hoe!

WHEN Mary made up her mind to go West and join Eph, she scraped together everything she could sell, retaining a team and wagon, bedstead, a sewing machine she would treadle for the next fifty years, a black iron kettle and skillet, and a big copper pot. She nested stone jars and stuffed their clothing around them to save space in the wagon. She kept the patched wagon tarp to cover everyone and everything on rainy nights.

In the wagonbox she put a pitifully small sack of seedcorn and little dabs of garden seed tied in squares of rag. With her mind and her anxious eyes, she divided again, the smoked ham, the cornmeal and hoecake flour that must tide them over on the trip. She baked eighteen loaves of bread in her dutch oven and packed them along with jerky and a jug of molasses. The waterkeg sat in the tailgate. She counted on spring dock and greens along the way for the children; and on trailside grass for the team and cow that, roped with a long tether around her horns, could graze when they stopped.

Paul, the eldest, Mary boosted up on the wagonbox beside her, to help drive the team. Joe, seven, she put in charge of the wagonbed; to keep the quilts smooth, and mind the little ones. Ever after, she regretted selling the three-legged milk-stool in the interest of space. To milk the cow she shortened the tether, squatted and lay her forehead on the cow's warm flank and milked and stripped into the gallon pail clenched between her knees. The bucket was passed around and everybody had a warm drink night and morning.

Mary started West on March 15, 1870—and all day, off and on, prayed that Eph would be planting a few seed potatoes on that date, on the faraway claim, even though they had no title yet. Hunger among her children lay like a black mountain on her mind. What if they didn't get possession?

Mary had registered as a veteran's widow in destitute circumstances. She had sewed up her little dab of cash money in Paul's jacket, instructing him that if anything should happen to her, he was to drive on and find Eph. And always *watch* when he built fires. And always talk things over with Addie who would be a helpful sister as time went on.

On the slow and anxious drive they saw new flowers, birds, weeds, and changing country. None of them had ever been anywhere before. It was wonderful. When they first heard coyotes howl, it was exciting even though it raised the gooseflesh.

The Widow Woman kept to herself, but always in the sight of other wagons. She feared she'd be asked to share her scant supply of food. She knew she could not deny someone in need, so she avoided having to. On and on and on they went, and the world of Indiana dropped behind them forever.

The air smelled wonderful and somebody said that was because they had entered Kansas where you could easy see eighty miles in the clear air. Past the army fort called Riley, they saw the roadbed, staked and dug for rails. Even the cow seemed to take on new life. The Widow Woman asked all eastbound drivers, "Where's the Solomon River?"

EPH was overjoyed to see them there at the pontoon bridge south of Verdi. Mary was always amazed that she had found her brother in that sea of space, that melee of travelers. Eph spotted them in the line of wagons standing to cross. In his eagerness, he had waited on the far river bank since May 25, for he had been bitter lonesome.

The children and Mary had a man in the family once more, and Eph's sole interest outside farming was "the risin' generation." Mary signed for the pre-empted claim and took on the $150 debt. She had to trade her worn team and patched harness to the departing soldier-owner for his share of the claim, and doubted that the team would ever make the long trek back that they had just come over. Her hands were board-hard from urging them this far.

Mary hadn't expected anything as warm and comfortable, as light and spacious, as the dugout and its extended room with the tin-can flue. Outside, blue blue sky; sparkling air and beautiful trees along the river valley. There was abundant water in a tumbling creek; a lean-to in a strawstack that would barn the cow and Eph's mules through the cold winter. It was all fine and secure.

Eph took them to look at the little garden he had going, and the two chickens that had escaped the soldier's roasting spit. By roosting high, they had avoided varmints. Mary took them indoors by night, setting them atop an upturned broom. She borrowed a rooster and when she had a setting of eggs, she felt that the family was living like kings. Eph picked apart a hedgeball with the help of Paul and Joe and they planted a windbreak north of the house. The virgin valley land sprouted little green trees that would serve as fencing for over a century.

Identical orange-haired twins, Ida and Lida, were born in late June 1870, right when Mary felt most needed in the garden and hayfield. An itinerant doctor named Higley offered to stay over when he happened by and was invited to supper. He had a three-day beard, soft hands and a whiskey tremor, but *cum laude* conversation. He had a place on out West, he said, on the plains. His sure knowledge of birthing made the twins' delivery easy for Mary. She heard years later that he had written many verses about the range land.

She heard a cowboy sing them a decade later as he passed his hat near the land office, to stake his ride back to his outfit. She wished she had remembered more. "How often at night when the stars they are bright, and I gaze with amaze at the skies; does their glory exceed that of ours. . . ?"

MARY AND EPH made three stacked-up beds, hanging the top one on short wagonchains from the timber roof-supports. Like ship bunks, the two lower beds were framed in and set in notched three-inch saplings driven into the floor. Eph augered holes along the side and end frames and threaded in rope that squeaked comfortingly under a turning sleeper.

Bob, too little to climb up, and too heavy to be lifted, shared the bottom bed

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with Eph. Paul and Joe took the middle bunk and Wilhelm, Henry and Campbell were boosted over the deep siderail of the top bed and admonished to watch their heads and not bump themselves on the ceiling. Their top cover was always full of sifting dirt. Mary set up her bedstead in the big, square room behind a divider made from the wagon tarp. Here, she and Addie and the twins slept under the patchwork quilts.

They ate on a table made of a long milled slab with benches along either side. Eph nailed one end to the dugout uprights and set the other end on a sawbuck. Everybody sat down and got up at the same time, unless bedfast. In deference to Eph's inability to pray aloud, they bowed their heads a short moment before he, with a long butcher knife that he honed daily at the table, sliced Mary's big loaf of bread and passed the plate while she dipped up the vittles.

"Winter's Coming" was a work spur. The garden was all-important. The kids carried cans with a little coal-oil, trudging up and down rows of bushy plants, picking off striped potato bugs. These would be drained on a scrap of paper before they were flipped into the range fire. The paper would be kept to start next day's fire. The cans, set carefully outside the door, were ready for the next day's attack.

Tramps who dropped off the railcars and cut through toward the village, often found Mary washing clothes in the yard. One beautiful autumn morning, Eph had gone to the fields; the older boys, to the corn patch with sacks to fill and drag up to the crib. The smaller boys and Addie had taken the water pail, with a broom handle through it for easier carrying, and started for the creek. A little mutt dog was barking happy rings around them. He had appeared a few days before, trembling and starved. The children were overjoyed and Mary said he could stay if he could catch his own gophers and rabbits, but they were not to feed him one morsel from their plates.

Mary had given the twins a dishpan bath behind the stove and laid them in their long floursack gowns on her bed quilt. Word had spread of the redheaded babies. People stopped by to look. Their coloring, their curls, but most of all the seeing-double, attracted people. Mary had no time to admire them this day. She had to wash their one change of clothes and get things dry for tomorrow. It was appletime—almost butchering time.

A big, unshaven tramp filled the square of bright sunlight where the carpeting door had been turned back.

"Where's your man?" he asked with threatening curtness.

"In the field," Mary answered. "We don't need any help. We have lots of boys."

The place, however, looked like there was no man around. Bailing wire still held the barnyard gate together. The yard was helter-skelter from the soldier tenancy and their own getting-settled period. Grass and weeds grew atop the soddy. There was no proper door.

"Make me breakfast," he ordered. "Be quick about it. Three eggs." The man dropped the carpet behind him and set a

Campbell Ross, wearing a borrowed coat, was photographed after he "spelled down" the banker's son.

stool in front of it. Mary broke the eggs grudgingly, stirring up the fire to heat a slab of cornmeal mush. The man did not sit down but prowled about the room, snooping and looking. For something to steal? Mary prayed not. It was enough to give him the food.

Ugly and tough, she knew he belonged to that drifting band of the displaced; spindrift in the wake of the violent war years. He looked behind the canvas partition and saw the twins. He turned them over and said, "I'll be damned. These boys or girls?" Mary rattled the stovelid and readied it on the lifter to brand the man if he touched the babies.

"Give me coffee right now," he said, returning and sitting on the bench at the table.

"All we have is cornsilk, dried for tea." The tramp swore and said to put sugar in it. The sugarbowl sat on the table. She begrudged him every grain. When the little stray dog rushed in under the carpet door, the man kicked him back outside, howling and hurt. Mary prayed the children would not appear.

The tramp rubbed bread around the plate for the last of the egg yolk, then rose and caught Mary's wrist. She was strong, even without the added strength of a protective mother. She hit him with her free hand and he hit her back.

Suddenly the carpet scrap at the door jerked up and Eph, squinting into the darkened room, rumbled in his hollow heavy voice, "Whath goin' on here?"

Eph never took his eye off the tramp as he raised a hammer in his great muscled arm, and the tramp begged like a good fellow. The little dog rushed back in—bleeding, barking, and biting at the man's legs. Eph's "Gith!" was plain enough as he shoved the tramp through the doorway.

"He never hurt me," Mary said quickly, "Let him go." She threw her arms around her brother's neck. "Eph, you are as beautiful as an angel!"

Her brother explained in his halting way that the dog, hurt and yelping, had alerted him that something was wrong. He had snatched the hammer from the wagon box and run to the house. Eph and Mary immediately took time out to make a half-door, with muleshoes for hinges and a strap-pull from the inside.

THE Widow Woman's redheaded infants became pets around the county. Neighbors stopped by to view this natural wonder, bringing a hemmed floursack or a big goose egg, or a cup of sugar for a gift. The twins were sick only once in their happy little lives.

An old bachelor living in a cabin a couple miles up the river stopped by to look at them and, dazzled, invited Mary to pick cherries from his laden fruit tree for a present. Leaving the twins in Addie's care, Mary took two pails and half-ran up to his place, picked fast, then made him a cobbler before she rushed back to the soddy with her precious pails of fruit. It was past nursing time when she got home, hot and tired. The twins were crying and Addie was distraught. Mary nursed the babies while she was still "hot and beat out." Both were woefully sick.

After that, she didn't have enough milk for the growing girl babies. She had to get up at midnight, take two blueing bottles out to the barn and milk directly into them for the hungry twins' one o'clock feeding. The old cow seemed to know she was needed and soon came right up to the fence.

Mary said the night crickets sang and the stars overhead sparkled and the smell of garden and woods blew gently in. She knew that God had put her in control of a beautiful destiny. Kansas' Solomon Valley held a peace and bounty she loved. She felt she must work hard to deserve it all.

Mary and Eph taught the kids that work is a blessing. It kept people out of mischief, and food in their mouths. She and Eph showed the boys the right and wrong way to chop weeds. Down to the three-year-old, each could man a corn knife. The kids helped shuck corn when they were far shorter than the stalks. They tramped the down-row like little iron men, and hit the bangboard on the harvest wagon like a drum roll.

Occasionally they found a skunk hole and once they poked him out with disastrous results. Mary made them bury their clothes, then dig them up and wash them after six weeks, which was the time it took Mother Earth to de-scent

(Continued on page 55)

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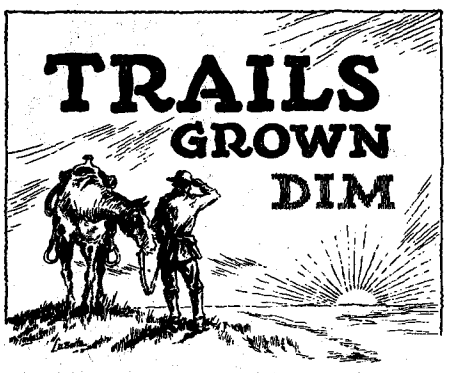

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Houston

I am seeking information on the family of Samuel Houston. He was the father of three daughters and six sons, the most famous of which was Sam Houston, first President of the Republic of Texas.

I would like to exchange material with anyone who has information on Sam's brothers, John, Robert, and William Houston especially when they were living in Rockbridge County, Virginia on the Timberidge Plantation where they were born.—Gerald Reed, 223 North Wyandotte, Dewey, Oklahoma 74029

Albert (Abner) J. Collins
Mackey-Fields-Hall

Any descendants of above former residents of Dallas-Grayson Counties in Texas who need genealogical charts and pleasure of contact please write John T. Watts (descendant of 'Hank' Watts-namesake).—18802 E. Gladstone, Covina, California 91722

Little

I'm looking for any information about my grandfather, Francis Barger Little. He was born April 21, 1834 and married Louisa Walsor on February 23, 1857. She was born July 6, 1834 and died November 6, 1863. Little then married Matilda Worley on January 18, 1865. She was born November 29, 1835.

It is known that Francis and Louisa had Hiram, born February 17, 1858 and died July 22, 1917; Clara, born March 20, 1860; Rosa, born March 5, 1862. Francis and Matilda had Mary Jane, born June 30, 1867; Ella May, born May 16, 1869; Author Worley, born April 4, 1871; Francis Irwin, born June 15, 1876; and Earnest Raymond, born November 24, 1873 and died May 9, 1897.

Would like to know who Francis' parents were and where they came from to this country. Also who did Author and Francis marry? All dates of births, deaths and marriages are welcomed.

I'm Hiram's daughter, the last of his two families. If there are any relatives of Francis Barger Little who have any information or if there is anyone who knew them, I'd sure appreciate it if they would write.—Blanche Little Grasty, 5557 West 79th Ave., #7, Arvada, Colorado 80003

Robert Moore

I would like to contact any descendants of Major Robert Moore who crossed the Plains into Oregon in 1840 and founded Linn City. It is reported that he edited and published the first newspaper published in the Pacific Northwest, *The Oregon Spectator*.—Ralph Day, 1041 California St., Gooding, Idaho 83330

Barnett

My great-great-grandfather, Landy Barnett, came to Texas around 1845, from either Pike, Russell or Dallas County, Alabama. He had a child born in 1850 in Nacogdoches County, Texas by a woman named Josephine (?). Landy's sons by his former wife in Alabama were Dr. John P. Barnett, Brant, James (called Jim), William and Warren H. His son by Josephine was named Asa. Landy is supposed to have gone back to Selma, Alabama and died there, leaving Josephine and Asa in Nacogdoches County, Texas.

Dr. John P. Barnett and his brother Warren married daughters of Miles and Sarah Beamon of Nacogdoches County. In 1894 in San Jacinto County, Texas, Dr. John died as a result of a gun battle at Staley.

The Barnett and Sanders family were at odds and when a "road working" was called, Dr. Barnett killed Mr. Sanders and his son. Dr. Barnett was chopped across his arm with a hoe and after the arm was amputated, infection set in and a month later he died. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has ever heard anything about Landy Barnett.—Lois Barnett Cooksey, Box 14, Oakhurst, Texas 77359

Bates

Will any lineal descendant of Captain William Bates of the Continental Army please contact me?—Rev. Frank P. Bates, D.D., 2120 South Santa Fe, I-9, Visalia, California 92377

Dixon

Henry Dixon and wife, Nancy Hubbard Dixon, were in Old Washington, Hempstead County, Arkansas where Henry was justice of the peace in 1835. Early Kentucky census listed five sons and two daughters of this family.

Son Miller H. married Nancy Zachary in 1833. M. H. was a constable, which position he resigned in 1835. He then had a store in Paraclifta and later went to Fannin County, Texas. A son, Henry Jr., was killed at Goliad by Mexicans in 1836; heirs got bounty later. Stewart A.'s bounty land was in Fannin County.

Heldensby Dixon, brother of Henry, died in Arkansas in 1840. His wife, Sarah, sold the interest in his father's (John) estate in Bowling Green. Sarah was left with two sons and one daughter. She later married J. S. Dial? I find another Sarah and Robert W. Also John, Augustus, Clament and Hanah Dixon Wilson and Catherine Dixon Davis. Hanah and Catherine are the two sisters of Henry Jr.

I would like to find the date of death and the burial place of Henry and his wife, Nancy Dixon, who were married in Kentucky in 1806.

The 1840 Red River County, Texas tax roll had the following people listed: J. W., Dyer, James F. and A. J. Also listed was my great-grandfather, Miller H. Dixon, who was the second Post Master of Bonham, Fannin County, Texas in 1850. He died in 1855. Can anyone help straighten these descendants out?— R. W. Dixon, 17945 E. Archer St., Tulsa, Oklahoma 74138

Hillary Ford Mathews

Hillary F. Mathews was a brevet lieutenant in the Confederate forces where he lost his right arm in battle. In 1874 he came from Talbot County, Georgia to Texas, where he settled at Belden, Morris County (now Naples) and was a dry goods merchant.

The Morris County census of 1880 shows the family as Hillary F. Mathews, 52; his wife Josie, 34; son Josiah D., 16; daughters Julia B., 12; Eulah C., 5; and son Augustus, 1.

In the latter part of the 1880s the family moved on west to Dallas County, Texas. An application for a Confederate widow's pension was filed by his widow, Josie, in 1920 which states Hillary Mathews died in Dallas County in 1891. The widow was living at the time in Grand Prairie, where she died in 1929, according to Texas state records.

Research in and around Grand Prairie has failed to turn up any record of this family or of the location of Hillary Mathews' grave. It will be greatly appreciated if anyone having knowledge of this family or of present-day descendants will write. All communications will be answered.—Wm. H. Mathews, Jr., 1206 Walnut Street, Texarkana, Texas 75501

Ashley-Nunn

Please send any information regarding Henry William Ashley, an Englishman. He was my grandfather who lived during the 1850s and on. His occupation was a fur trader and he was killed during the Civil War. Also John William Nunn, my father, was a Cherokee who was a farmer and lived until 1918. Any information will be sincerely appreciated.—Hazel Wilcoxson, 5019 La Sierra Avenue, Riverside, California 92505.

Fraiser-Smith

Did anyone ever know a lady named Rose Ann Fraiser or Rose Ann Smith? She lived in Saskatchewan, Canada from 1915 to 1921, and had a daughter named Mildred. They lived around North Battle Ford with John Michael Smith.—Betty Sullivan, P. O. Box 89, Junction City, California 96048

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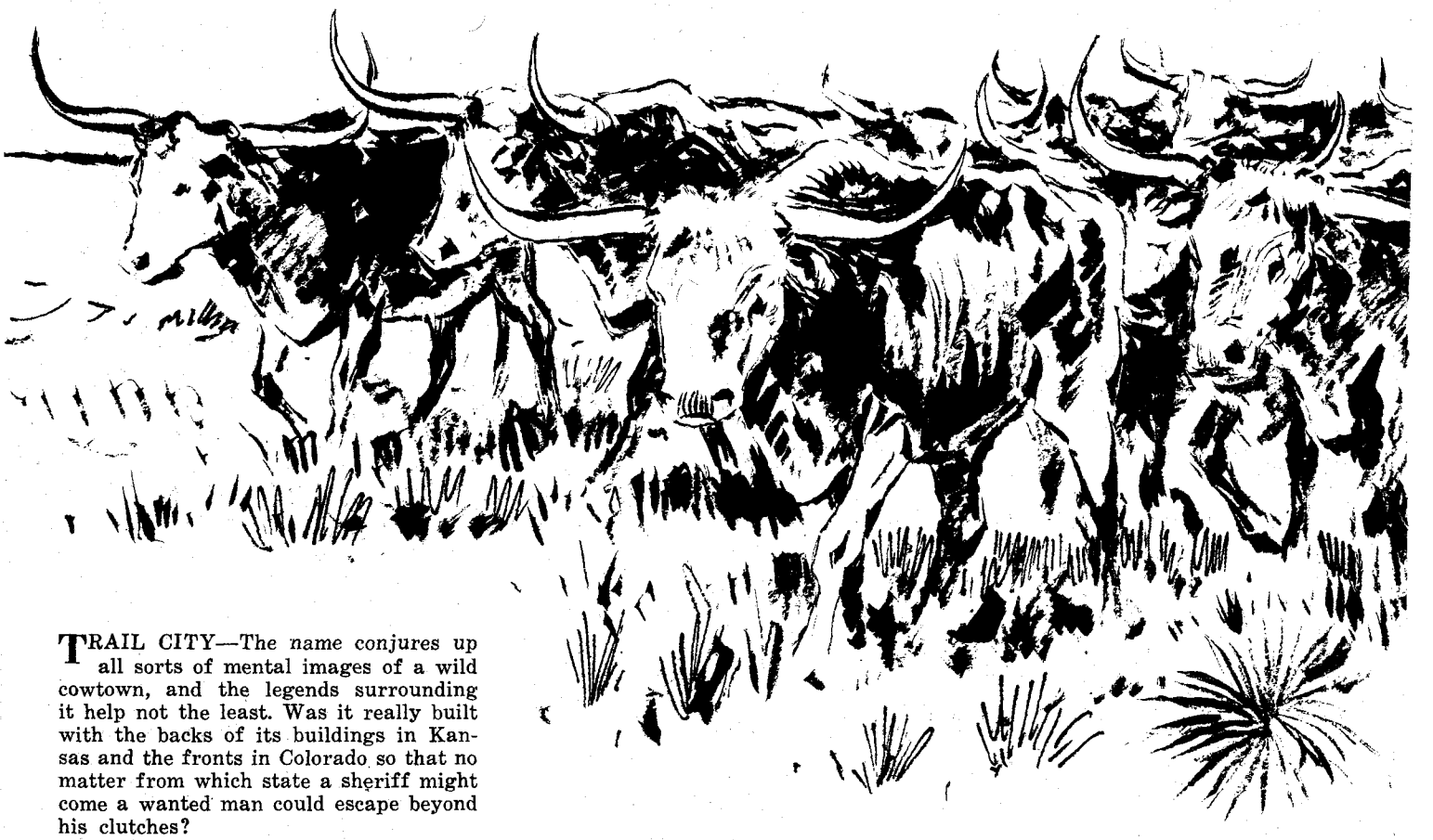
TRAIL CITY



TRAIL CITY—The name conjures up all sorts of mental images of a wild cowtown, and the legends surrounding it help not the least. Was it really built with the backs of its buildings in Kansas and the fronts in Colorado so that no matter from which state a sheriff might come a wanted man could escape beyond his clutches?

Did the ladies of the town actually ride east to Coolidge, Kansas, about two miles away, to solicit business by parading around the streets without the benefit of clothing?

Did Trail City really exist or is it the figment of our imaginations? Yes, it was really a town but beyond that little is known. Designed as the major shipping center for Texas trail cattle driven up the National Cattle Trail it enjoyed a short, lively and murderous existence.

No photographs are known to have survived which might give us a clue as to its architecture, though we can imagine what its false-fronted structures looked like. We don't know whether it was ever incorporated or whether it actually had city government. The names or layout of its streets are unknown except that there were some thoroughfares called St. John, Prohibition, Leviticus and Paradise.

It can only be conjectured whether families lived in Trail City or whether it was merely a cluster of businesses whose owners "commuted" from Holly, Colorado or Coolidge, Kansas. Beyond the fact that the town had a hotel, a couple of general outfitting emporiums and many many saloons it is not known just what kinds of businesses were there; it is an enigma whose real history may never be known.

TRAIL CITY was established as part of a last ditch effort to save a dying trail cattle industry. From the beginnings of the Texas trail-driving days Kansas farmers had feared the fatal fever which longhorns, themselves immune, brought to domestic cattle. No one knew what caused northern stock to be stricken while a longhorn survived, but it happened and that was what mattered.

First the territorial, and then the Kansas state legislature, heeding the plea of the grangers, passed a series of laws designed either to prohibit completely or limit strictly the importation of cattle from the Lone Star State.

In 1867 the trail cattle industry was brought into full flower by Joseph G. McCoy when he extended the Chisholm Trail from Wichita to Abilene where he opened cattle pens so that steers could be shipped to a meat-hungry populace in the east. There was a quarantine line across Kansas then, north and east of which Texas cattle could not be driven during certain summer months. That Abilene was within that quarantined section is not important here for it did nothing to prohibit McCoy's activities.

As Kansas was settled, fences were erected, crops were planted, and farmers took domestic cattle farther and farther west. As a consequence the legislature seemed continually to be moving the quarantine line until by 1883 only the extreme western portion of the state was left open to the movement of longhorns. Then, in 1885, even that little was sealed off to the Texas drovers.

All through the history of the trail cattle industry railheads became important places of commerce—boom towns might be a better word. First there were Sedalia, Missouri, and other eastern points. Then followed Abilene, Newton, Ellsworth, Wichita, Dodge City, Caldwell, and less well known cattle shipping centers such as Brookville, Solomon, and Great Bend.

During periods of national economic stress these towns continued to boom, so they were important facets in the financial status of the states in which they were located.

As the quarantine lines were moved farther and farther west, cattlemen began to fear that someday the entire state of Kansas, and perhaps even Colorado, would be closed to their stock. The economy of a large portion of Texas depended on driving cattle north.

Early in 1883, the *Ford County Globe*, a stockman's newspaper published in Dodge City, suggested that a national

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—it may have been the last escape hatch for Texas cattle and their dreaded ticks—

By JOSEPH W. SNELL
Photos Provided by Author

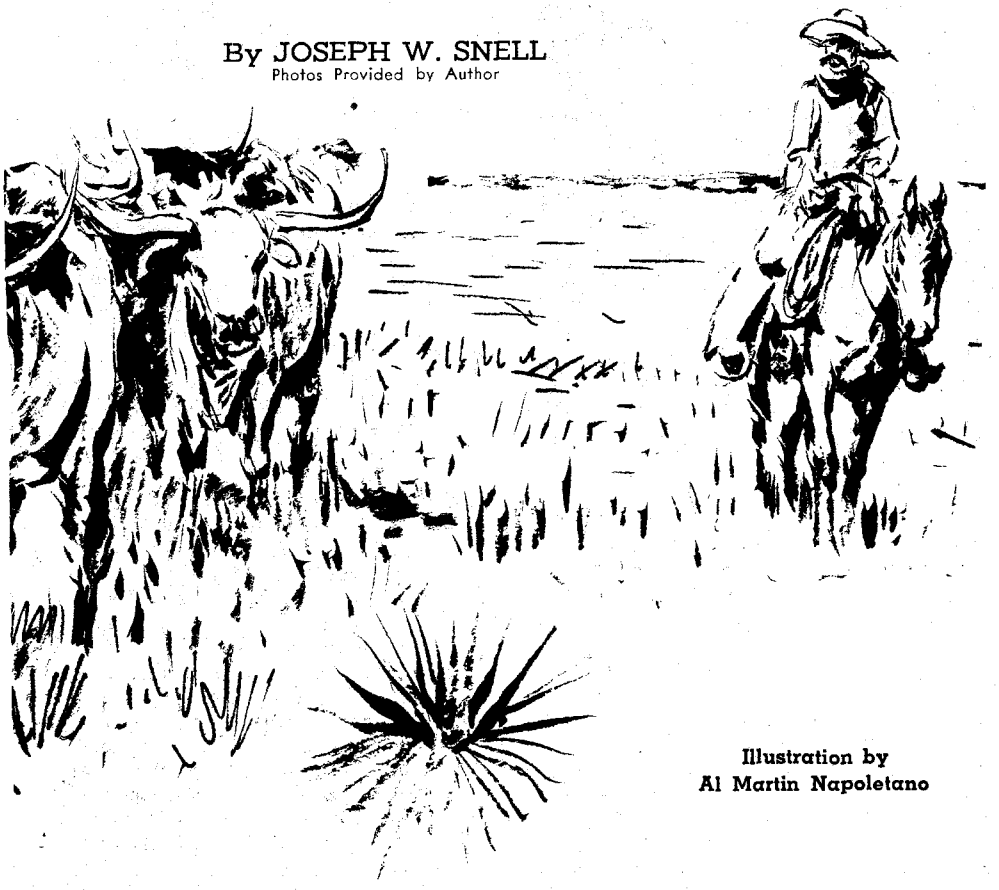
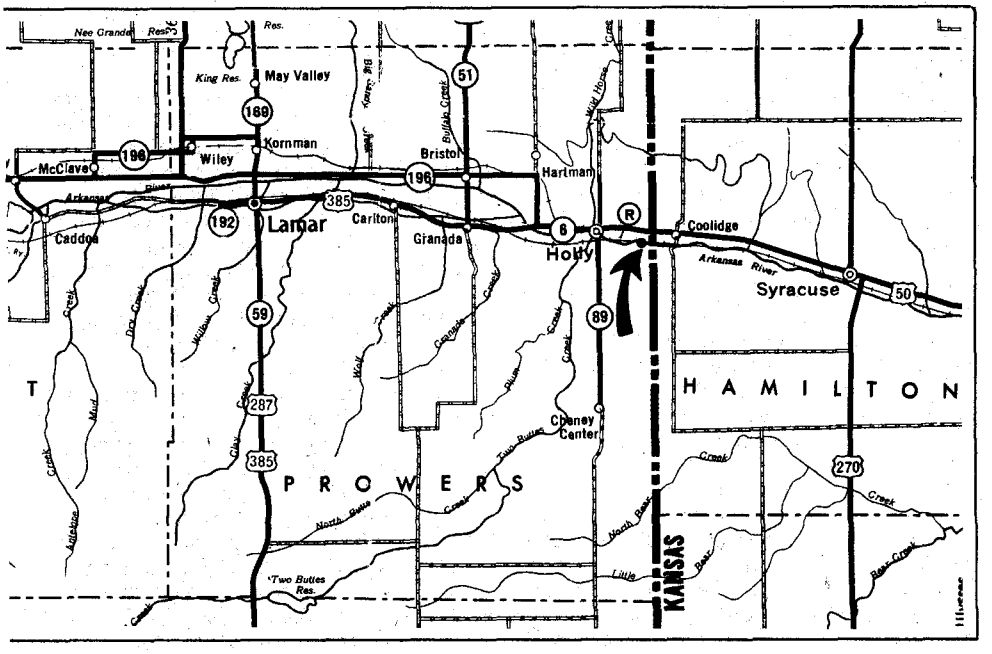


Illustration by
Al Martin Napoletano

stock trail be set aside from the public domain. This trail could never be offered to settlement and would remain open for the driving of longhorns north from Texas to Dodge City. Next year the Dodge City *Kansas Cowboy* called for a trail from Texas to the Dakotas and later that year, 1884, a convention of cattlemen in St. Louis also spoke up for the establishment of a national trail.

In January 1885, a bill was introduced in Congress by Rep. James F. Miller of Texas, calling for commissioners to be named to lay out a trail not more than six miles wide from Red River near the 100th meridian, across the Indian territory to the southwest corner of Kansas. From there it was to proceed to the northern boundary of the United States over unappropriated public lands. The Kansas legislature passed a resolution against the trail bill which died a quick death in committee.

Then, in March 1885, Kansas passed a quarantine law that prohibited the entry of Texas cattle into her territory between March 1 and December 1 of each year. Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska also passed quarantine laws, but less restrictive in nature. Colorado would permit the entry of Texas cattle if



TRAIL CITY!

THE ROARING TOWN

OF THE WEST!

BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED

ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER,

AT THE INTERSECTION OF

The -:- Santa -:- Fe -:- Railroad

WITH THE

Great National Cattle Trail,

In Bent County, on the Eastern boundary of Colorado, presenting the most Enchanting Scenery, surrounded by verdant hills, in full view of PIKE'S PEAK AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Soon to take the lead among the famous cattle towns of the west.

FOR

CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS

AND

Business -:- Locations,

ENQUIRE OF

M. S. CULVER,

Agent Trail City Town Site Company,
COOLIDGE, KANSAS.

Photos & Illustrations Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Above, an advertisement that appeared in Western Kansas newspapers in 1887. At left, map shows the location of Trail City.

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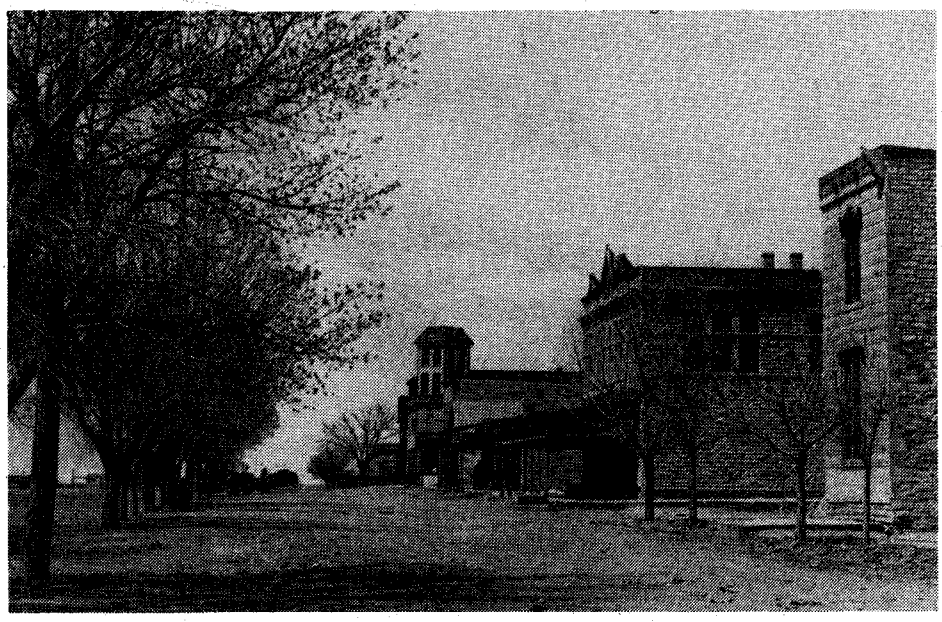
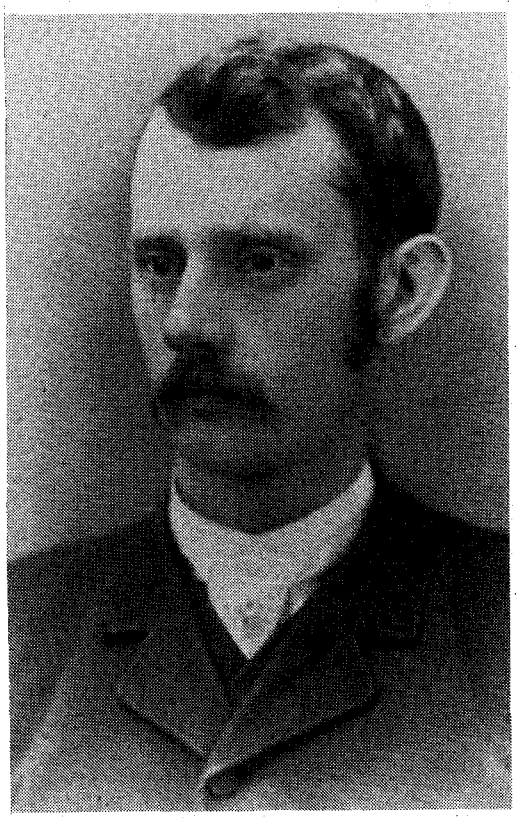


Above, Coolidge, Kansas, mother town of Trail City, taken shortly after the trail-driving days had ended. Below, Howell P. Myton, one of Trail City's main backers.



they were certified by a veterinarian to be disease free; Wyoming and Nebraska left it up to their state veterinarians.

Northern sentiment was against the establishment of a national trail because ranchers there no longer needed longhorns to stock their ranges. Texas fever was not a concern to them. Sentiment was still strong in the South, however, and in December 1885 new bills were introduced in Congress which would establish such a trail along the extreme eastern boundary of Colorado. So strong was the effort that certain investors in Kansas made plans to profit from its establishment as they had profited from the trail-driving industry in Dodge City.

AS NOTE is taken of the founding of Trail City where the proposed national cattle trail crossed the tracks of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, three important factors should be kept in mind. First, for all practical purposes no Texas cattle could be brought to Kansas for rail shipment east or transportation to ranges farther north.

Second, the mid-1880s was an extremely active period of town promotion in western Kansas. Area newspapers carried advertisement after advertisement citing the advantages of this new town or that. Most of these towns never came into existence or else they soon faded away, and today their streets are nothing more than vacant land in some rancher's pasture.

Third, prohibition had come to Kansas and it was finally being enforced on the western frontier. Saloons were fast disappearing, but over the line, in Colorado, drinking was legal.

If a national cattle trail were established it would be a sure fire investment to promote a town—in that town-building era—where the trail would touch a major railroad and where alcoholic beverages could be sold without fear of legal retaliation.

Trail City was founded by the Trail City Town and Improvement Company in the middle of the summer of 1885. The company was made up of Martin S. Culver, W. S. Smith, Howell P. Myton and E. J. Fenlon. Culver and Myton were the two actual promoters, the daddies of the movement.

Howell P. Myton, then only twenty-nine years old, had come to Kansas eight years before and settled in Dodge City where he served as clerk of the district court for five years. He was appointed deputy sheriff of Ford County, Kansas in 1882, and in June 1883 was made register of the U. S. Land Office at Garden City. By the time he and Culver founded Trail City he owned 12,000 acres in three Kansas counties, was part owner of a Garden City lumber yard, vice president of the Finney County Bank in Garden City, vice-president of the Coolidge State Bank at Coolidge, and vice-president of the Denver, Memphis and Atlantic (or Darling Mary Ann) Railroad.

Culver was equally as proficient in the capitalistic world of the West. Reared in Texas, he reached Dodge City in 1882, opened a saloon, and became a prominent player in local democratic politics. He moved west to Coolidge in May 1886, and became treasurer of Hamilton County. When he died at the age of forty-nine in 1887 the Coolidge newspaper called him the town's most prominent citizen.

W. S. Smith, secretary of the Trail City Town and Improvement Company (Culver was president and Myton treasurer), was related to Myton and had been brought west by his kinsman to work with him in the Garden City land office. A highly educated man who held a master's degree from Dickinson College, Smith was primarily interested in mercantile and land businesses. Besides his involvement in the Trail City company he was secretary and treasurer of the Ulysses town company and agent for the D., M. & A. town company. In his spare moments he was actively involved in the religious life of his community.

Little is known of E. J. Fenlon, manager of town property for the company.

The Dodge City *Globe Live Stock Journal*, August 25, 1885, took favorable but not overly enthusiastic notice of the new town when it reported: "Trail City, located and laid out immediately west of the western state line of Kansas, and the line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad in the state of Colorado, is now looming up, and destined to become the rip roaring Texas cattle town of the West. This city was laid off with a view of capturing the trade of the Texas drover, situated on the temporarily located through trail, over which Texas cattle are being driven this year. Should this be made permanent, Trail City will become a city indeed.

"Lots are being disposed of very rapidly and people are fairly wild over their purchases. . . . The new town is nicely situated," the paper continued, "and being on the state line, a double advantage can be taken here, as a man may reside in one state and do business in another, and yet be so close as to apparently be in the same town. We shall watch the progress of this new city, and speak of it from time to time as settlement advances."

By the end of August lots in Trail City were selling for $100 and up. Two saloons were already in operation, a dance house was to be opened within a few days, and a general store and a livery stable were on the way.

"Of all the rough towns," stated the Mead Center (Kansas) *Press*, as reprinted in the Syracuse (Kansas) *Journal*, September 11, 1885, "we look for this one

(Continued on page 60)

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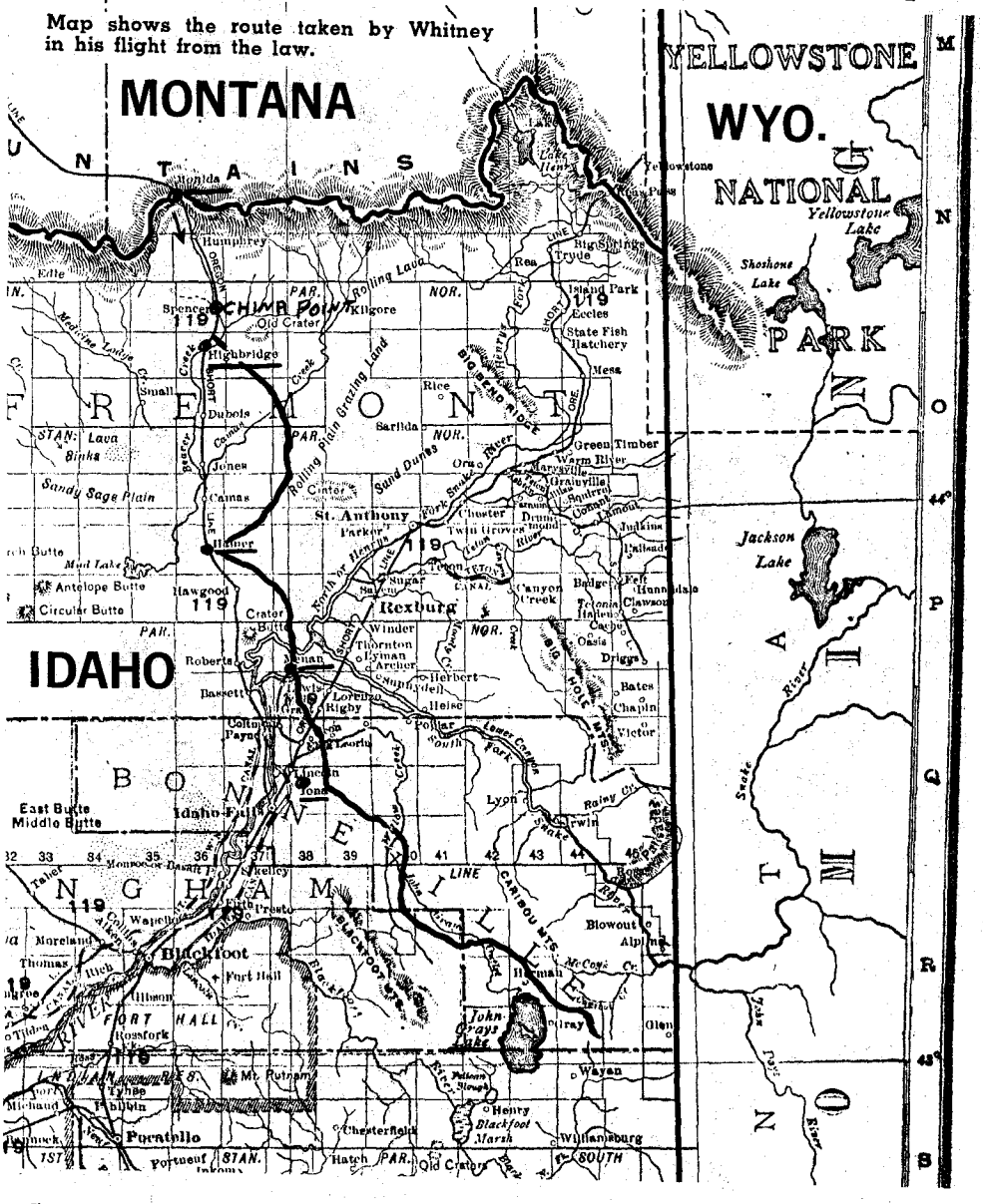
Many of the Wild Bunch have been accounted for, but

HOW COME THEY NEVER CAUGHT HUGH WHITNEY?

By GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Map Provided by Author


MONTANA
YELLOWSTONE
WYO.
NATIONAL
PARK
IDAHO
Yellowstone Lake
Jackson Lake
Shoshone Lake
Rexburg
St. Anthony
Blackfoot
Pocatello
Idaho Falls
Monida
Henry
Blackfoot Marsh
Williamsburg
Chester
Victor
Driggs
Ashton
Island Park
Eccles
State Fish Hatchery
Mesa
Green Timber
Warm River
Grainville
Sandy Sage Plain
Rolling Plain Grazing Land
Sand Dunes
Big Bend Ridge
Antelope Butte
Circular Butte
Hawgood
Lava Binks
Jones
Dubois
Spencer
Highbridge
Kilgore
Old Crater
Humphrey
Rea
Tryde
Big Springs
Yellowstone
Rice
Sarlida
Canyon Creek
Badger
Felt
Hunnicutt
Clawson
Oasis
Bates
Chapin
Victor
Lyon
Rainey Cr.
Irwin
Blowout
Alpine
Hoback
Wayan
Glen
Gray
John Gray Lake
Mt. Putnam
Tyhee
Fabbin
Chesterfield
Portneuf
Hatch
Old Crater
Roberts
Bassett
Lorenzo
Rigby
Ucon
Menan
Thornton
Lyman
Archer
Herbert
Heise
Poland
Lower Conglomerate
Lincoln
Idaho Falls
East Butte
Middle Butte
Ririe
Rigby
Lorenzo
Menan
Thornton
Lyman
Archer
Herbert
Heise
Poland
Lower Conglomerate

TOP WESTERN PHOTOGRAPHER: H. C. EKLUND

By HELEN CLARK
Photos Provided by Author

He had a way with Indians, a way with the famous, a way with the young and unknown. To Eklund there was no such thing as the "average" man...

HE was one of Montana's great photographers. He knew the state when greatness walked its dirt streets, and friendships were deep and enduring. Hildore Conrad Eklund often said he lived in the era he loved, for the West was his treasure, and he spent his life lauding not only the West but its citizenry. He was one of the biggest boosters the city of Great Falls ever had.

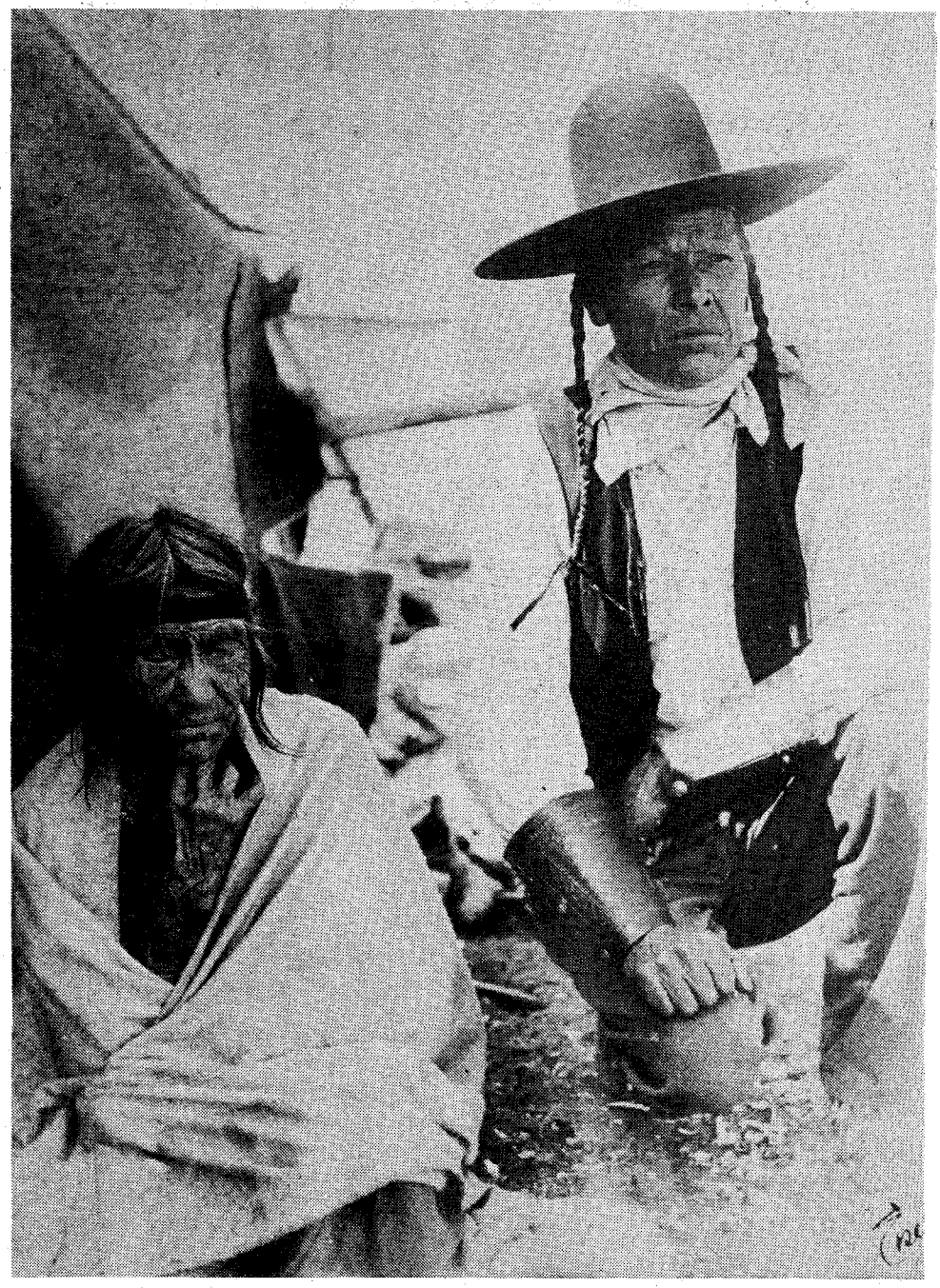
H. C. Eklund was a congenial man, a profound thinker, a positive human being who looked only on the bright side of things and found the best in others. His enthusiasm was so boundless that he could spread it around constantly and never diminish it. He had time for everyone; for although his work with a camera was perfection itself, he never made a god of work. He never sang his own praises, though he loudly heralded the accomplishments of others.

Historically, Eklund will possibly be remembered longest for his unsurpassed portraits of the cowboy artist, Charles Marion Russell, also of Great Falls; Denmark-born Olaf C. Seltzer, a contemporary of Russell's now almost as celebrated as the cowboy artist; sculptor Curt Dennis, deceased nephew of Eklund; Paris Gibson, founder of Great Falls; Archie Clark, celebrated newspaperman of California and Montana; woman sculptors Jessie Lincoln Mitchell, formerly of Great Falls and later Sacramento, California and Evelyn Cole of Chinook; artist Jack Wryn, protégé and friend of Russell's who had a small log-cabin studio in Great Falls; and stockman Robert Vaughn of Sun River, as well as many other notables. He also took great pictures of Montana's early Cree, Blackfeet and Assiniboine Indians, and of Great Falls and its historical homes and buildings.

Eklund was a slender man, about five-feet nine-inches tall. He had sandy-colored hair, blue eyes and a ready smile. He liked to meet and encourage young artists, photographers, writers, and teachers.

Celebrities were often visitors at his studio. He had the rare opportunity of photographing Charlie Russell just one week before the cowboy artist died, and Nancy Russell, Charlie's widow, cherished those final pictures. That was back in October 1926.

Because of the wit and friendliness of Russell, Eklund conceded that Charlie was a favorite with him, and that among his pictures, Eklund numbered Russell's his most cherished; but he was quick to add he loved the pictures he made of all his gifted friends, and they were legion.



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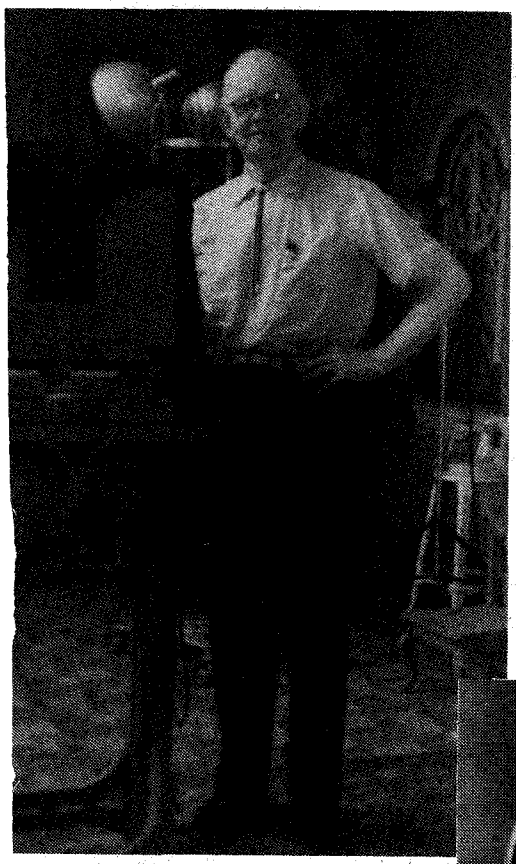
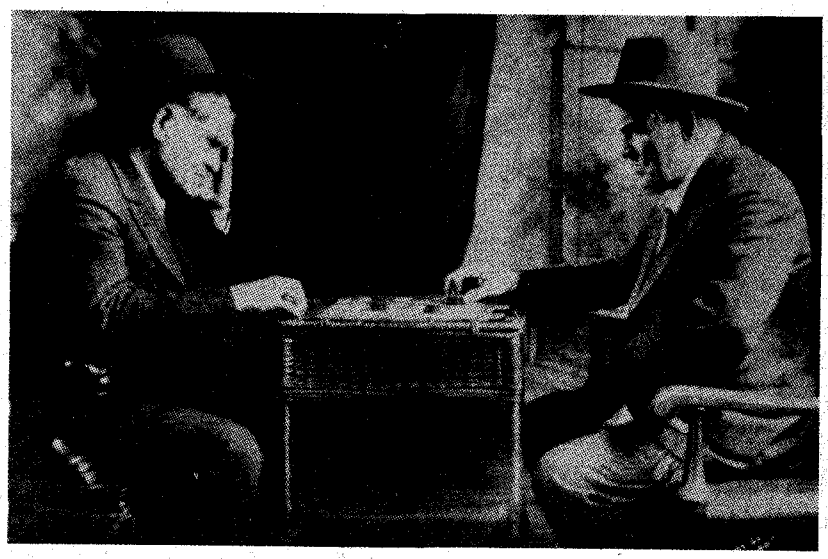
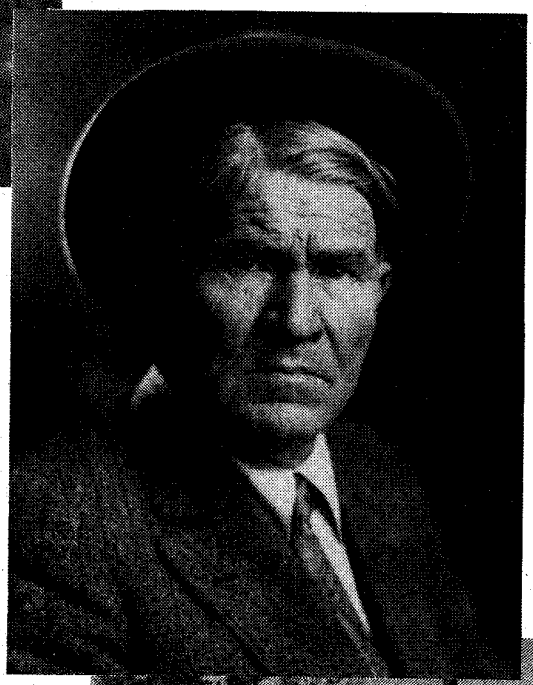




This amusing photo of Charlie Russell "beating himself at checkers" was accomplished by photographer Eklund in this manner: Charlie was "shot" twice on the same film, with the halves that were not to be exposed being blocked out.



Above, photographer H. C. Eklund of Great Falls, Montana, photographed the greats of his day. This photo was taken by author Helen Clark in Eklund's studio. At left, a sensitive photo of Young Boy (Mo-See-Ma-Ma-Mos), a Cree, with his 104-year-old mother. A favorite of the photographer's, it was shot west of Great Falls in 1912. At right, this photo of cowboy artist Charles M. Russell is considered by many to be the best ever taken of the man. Bottom, right, Eklund's photo of Russell's first home in Great Falls.

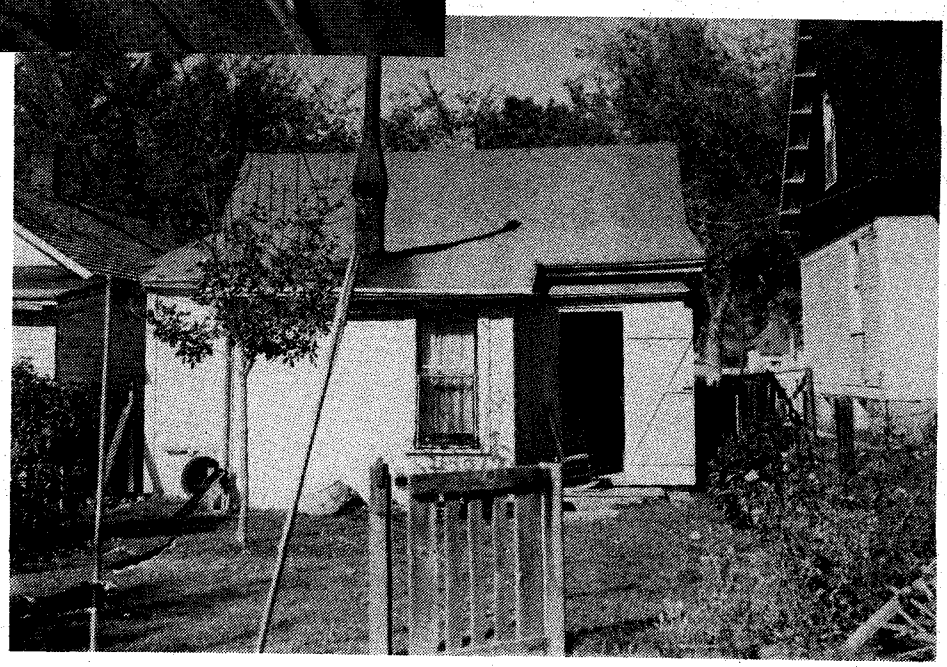
Eklund especially liked to photograph a Cree named Mo-See-Ma-Ma-Mos, better known in the Great Falls area as Young Boy. Young Boy often posed for Charlie Russell, and a deep bond of affection existed between artist and Indian, as it did between Indian and photographer. One of Eklund's most prized photographs was of Young Boy and his mother, which was taken in 1912 when the Cree matriarch was 104.

"AT THE TIME I took that picture," he said, "the Crees and other homeless Indians lived on the west side of Great Falls where the Montana State Fair Grounds are today. I made the picture in August during a hot, dry period. I found a few Indians in Young Boy's tent sitting in a circle with a blanket as a tablecloth. The ground was hard as cement and the atmosphere full of flies.

"I told Young Boy I wanted to make a picture of his mother and him. She was stone blind. After eating, I helped Young Boy get her outside the tent where I made the picture.

"When I returned I told Robert Vaughn about the sad situation of Young Boy's mother having to sleep on that hardened ground and he said, 'Come with me.' He took me to Strains Store and ordered a mattress, pillow and quilts to be sent out to Young Boy's place and to charge it up to Vaughn.

"A week later, a couple of girls brought in films with a picture of Young Boy's mother. In my talk with them, I told them what Robert Vaughn had done and charged the treat to the poor old lady up to him, and that I hoped she was enjoying her nights' sleep. One girl said, 'She



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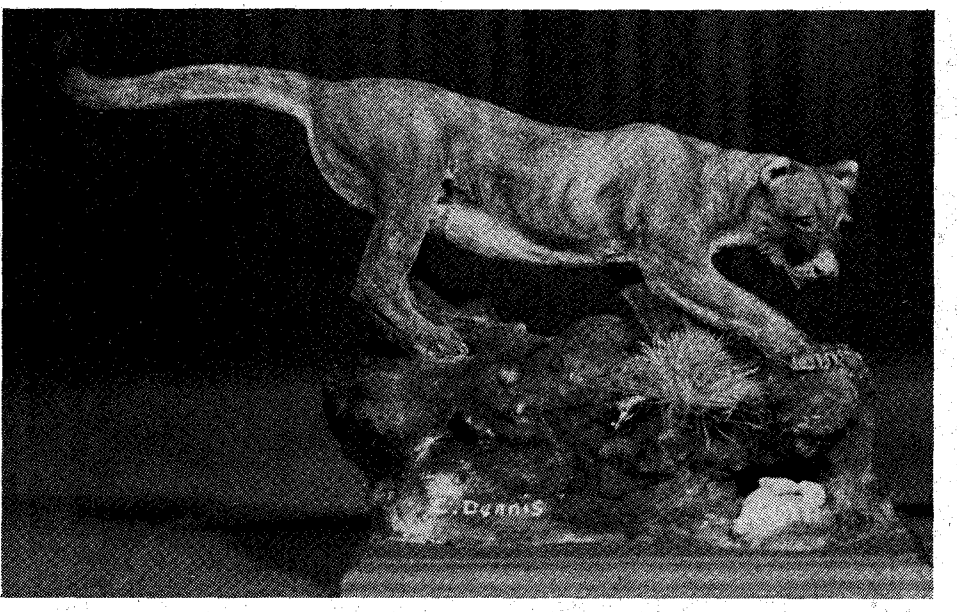
Above, a photo of Charlie Russell's protege, *Joe De Yong, of California.* This photo was taken by Eklund when young Joe was a guest at the Russell home in Great Falls.



Curt Dennis' mountain lion as photographed by Eklund. Curt was Eklund's nephew.

is not, because the mattress is still laying outside the tent.' I learned that old-time Indians who have always slept on hard ground cannot sleep on a soft mattress.

"Young Boy was always a good friend of mine. He made a horned chair for me once, besides two other horned articles to hang my hat on, and besides gave me one of his old Indian hats that I still have. When Russell died, Young Boy killed one of his own horses for Russell to have in the Hereafter.

"Once a week, Young Boy would walk out to the Cemetery and on his return he would stop in at my studio to see me. It was a long walk, so one day upon his return I said, 'I will take you out next Sunday and make a picture of you at Russell's grave.' This pleased him very much, so the coming Sunday I took him out there. He went over to the grave, took off his hat and laid it next to the ground. I know so much of Young Boy's troubles because I used to drive out and see him quite often. When Indians got into trouble in the City, he would tell me that they were not Indians, but breeds who had not learned how to fit into the white man's world, nor the Indians'."

H. C. EKLUND was born in Grove City, Minnesota on June 11, 1883. He went to school in Grove City and Little Falls. He came to Montana about 1907, living first at Havre, and in 1908 moving to Great Falls. He had been doing photography work, and he bought out a photographer named Morrison, who was also a gifted man with a camera. These two men had practiced their profession when plate glass negatives were used.

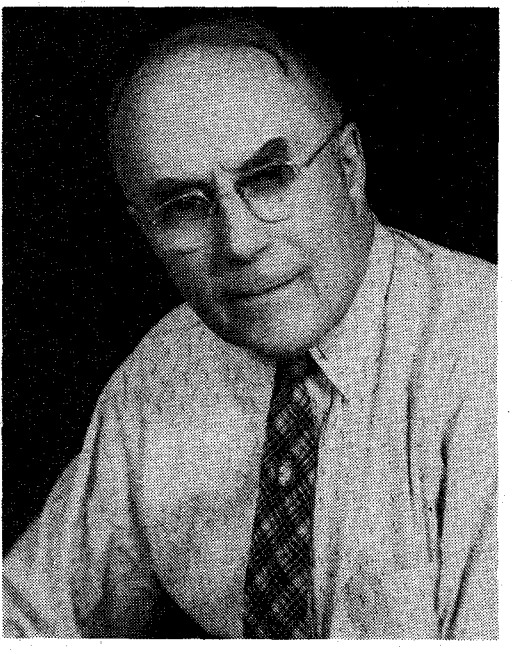
Eklund would sometime be in Havre, where he kept a branch studio, and he also opened others in Fort Benton and Billings. He soon became recognized as a master in his trade. In time he acquired a fashionable studio in Great Falls.

For over fifty years—up until about the last five years of his life—Eklund and his camera immortalized his favorite corner of the world. He died May 5, 1969 in Great Falls.

Some years ago (1959), *True West*

(Continued on page 54)

Below, Montana's celebrated woman sculptor, Jessie Lincoln Mitchell, as photographed by Eklund. Below, right, Olaf Seltzer, Western artist. He was a close friend of Charlie Russell's.



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CANYON COUNTRY COWPUNCHER

By WALT GOLDSMITH
Photos Provided by Author

Fiddle-faddling around on low wages, moderate expectations, and a penchant for laughing at life

SCHOOLS were few and far between the year I was in the seventh grade. The nearest school was about fifteen miles from our place, in Bear Valley, so my folks made arrangements for me to batch with Mr. Faulkner who ran a little store there. The store was just a one-room tarpaper shack, with a post office in one end, about midway between Elk Springs and Dinosaur (as they now call it).

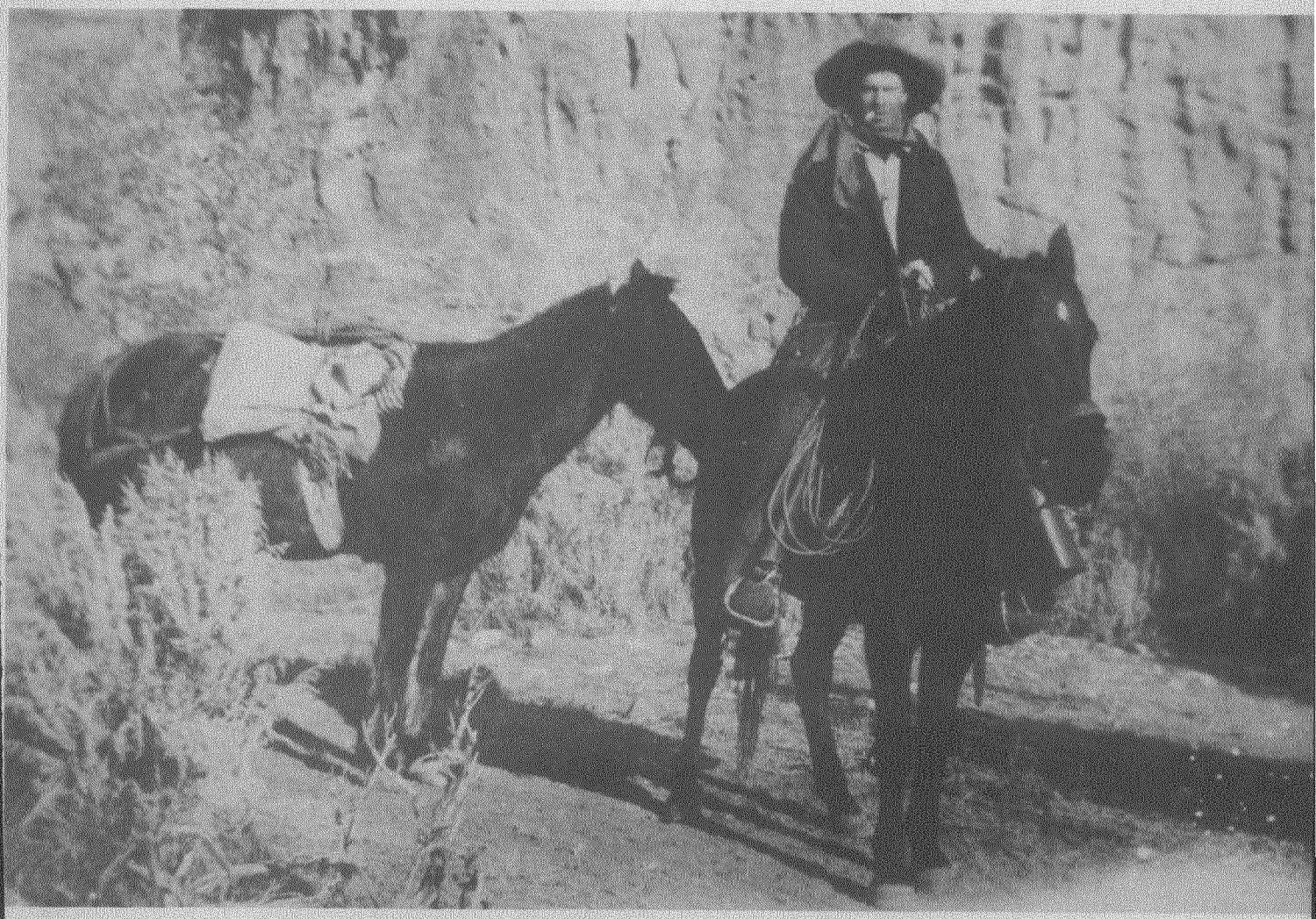
The post office was Youghal. I don't know where the name came from; anyway there was a lot of Texans in that section of Colorado, and we used to laughingly say that when they applied for a post office name, there was so many "you-alls" in their letter, the post office department called it "Youghal." Anyway, they were all good people, and my friends.

Our school was a one-room log cabin. I have a picture of it. The grades went from first to eighth, with about one pupil to a grade. Most of the kids were Smiths or relatives. There were a few like Evelyn Fuller, the Wilson girl (I have forgotten her first name), Eddie Wasson, and myself who were outsiders.

The Smiths and Mr. Wilson had some kind of feud going. I never knew what it started over, but it was hot! Tom Smith rented his place to a Mr. Elliot to farm. Elliot planted potatoes, and had a good crop, so when they were ready to harvest, he hired Wilson to help him. Frank Smith and his oldest son Jim came by and saw Wilson on the place, and worked him over with a hoe or something.

Wilson went home at noon, cleaned up and came back to work with his Winchester. Later, Frank and Jim came by again, and Wilson killed them both when they again tried to run him off. What a stupid thing! They were all strong-willed men, but two lives over some

Walt Goldsmith



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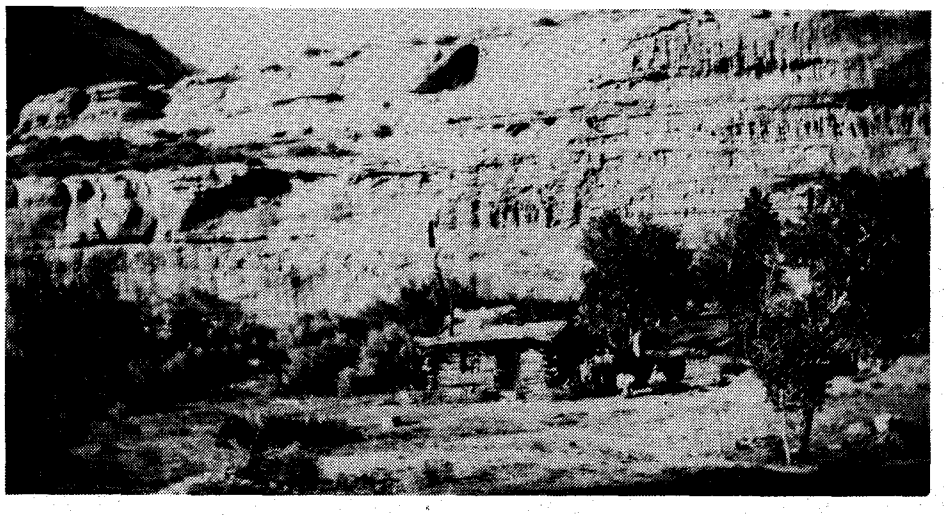

Above, (photo on left) shows the Mantle camp. On right is the Youghal store and post office. Standing in front are Rosie and Julia Smith, with Curly Davidson.

silly misunderstanding?

To regress a bit about Mr. Faulkner, he was about the kindest man I have known. When I went to board with him, my folks gave me hard and fast instructions on what to do—"make your bed, chop the wood, carry water, and above all wash the dishes."

I had been living with Mr. Faulkner about two weeks I guess, when one night I had got up from the table and put some water on to heat (at this point he usually filled his pipe, and then reluctantly got up to dry the dishes) and he said, "Walter, you always sit on that side?"

I said, "Yes."

"I never sit on your side?"

I said, "No."

"Then I don't see why we have to wash dishes. We'll just wipe our plates with a piece of bread, and turn them over."

I could have kissed him. I had found a kindred spirit, and we never washed another dish all winter!

A few years later I came by the Youghal Post Office and store to pick up my mail and some groceries and Bull Durham. Mr. Faulkner was glad to see me as always. I had been to a dance at Skull Creek, and had a pint of White Mule in my chaps pocket.

I asked him if he would like a little snort, and he said. "Sure, and you recollect that cider we had last 4th of July? It's hard now, and it ought to make a pretty good chaser."

It did! We killed my pint and I don't know how much hard cider. Anyway, when I had got my pack horse loaded and headed for Pats Hole, I was floating high over my horse. The next time I saw Mr. Faulkner he said, "By Gol, you know the last time you was up here I got so tipsy I had to lay down for awhile."

Mr. Faulkner had an extra bed called the "hog trough," which it resembled very much. I think Busby dubbed it that. It was made out of a piece of chicken wire hung between four legs, and it sagged. Every once in a while some of us would get stranded at his place and have to spend the night. All were welcome to use the extra bed, but if you wanted to sleep you waited for the other fellow to get into bed first, otherwise he would sleep on top of you all night. By morning you were flat as a pancake. I remember John Milhiem sleeping outside one night rather than sleep in that bed.

The last time I was in Bear Valley there was no sign of the Youghal Post Office and store. Time takes its toll!

ON December 30, 1928, or about that time, John Milhiem and I had some dry farms leased to winter our cattle on. Our leases covered the entrance to a considerable amount of range in Skull Creek Basin. Somehow I have aways happened to get drunk on my birthday, not always by intention, sometime by accident.

It was cold like cold—"Blue Cold." I saw a sheep wagon coming up to go through our pass, and I thought "No." So I tied my Winchester on my saddle and went to meet it and advise whoever was driving it to take a "U" turn and go back.

Before I had a chance to say a word, the man in the wagon said, "Have a drink." He pulled a gallon jug of moonshine from between his feet, and I had a drink that mellowed me a bit. So I hooked my leg over the saddle horn and started to get friendly. He was an Old Country Irishman, and I couldn't understand much of what he said except when he said, "Have a drink." That I could understand. We had several.

Pretty soon the herder came up and he also had a gallon of moon hanging from his saddle horn by a whang string. He said, "Have a drink." So I did. By this time I wasn't all that mad at sheepmen. They said, "We're looking for a place to camp." I said, "Just follow me."

I guided them across washes and to some good wood. I even dragged some wood down by the saddle horn for their fire, helped them shovel off the snow, and

Below, (photo on left) Colorado sheep camp. On right is another view.

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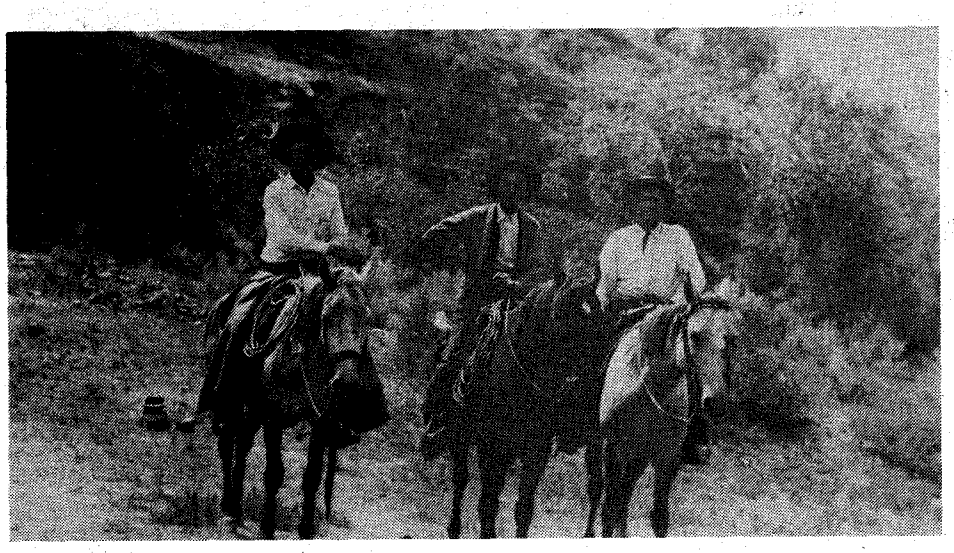
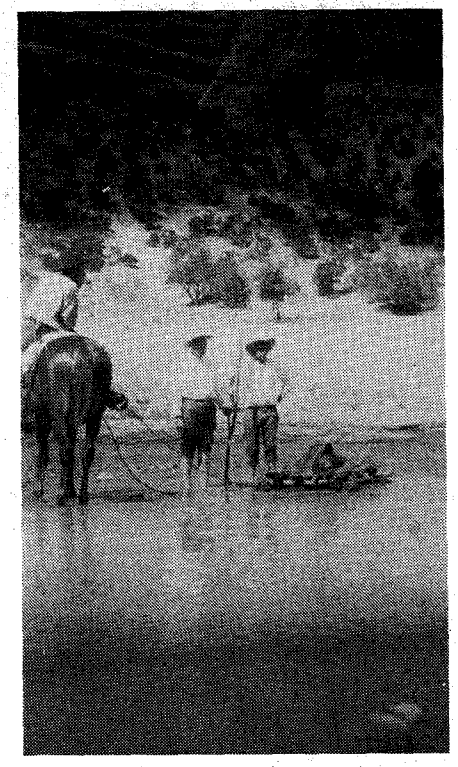




set their tent. They cooked up a bait of something, and we sat around on the frozen ground on sheepskins and got flat drunk!

I had camped them not more than a quarter of a mile from our own camp. When I finally got ready to go home, I got there by the seat of my pants and my horse's good sense.

I rode up to our camp and fell off my horse. John pulled my boots off and rolled me into bed. He said, "I knew you was drunk. I could hear you talking clear up here."

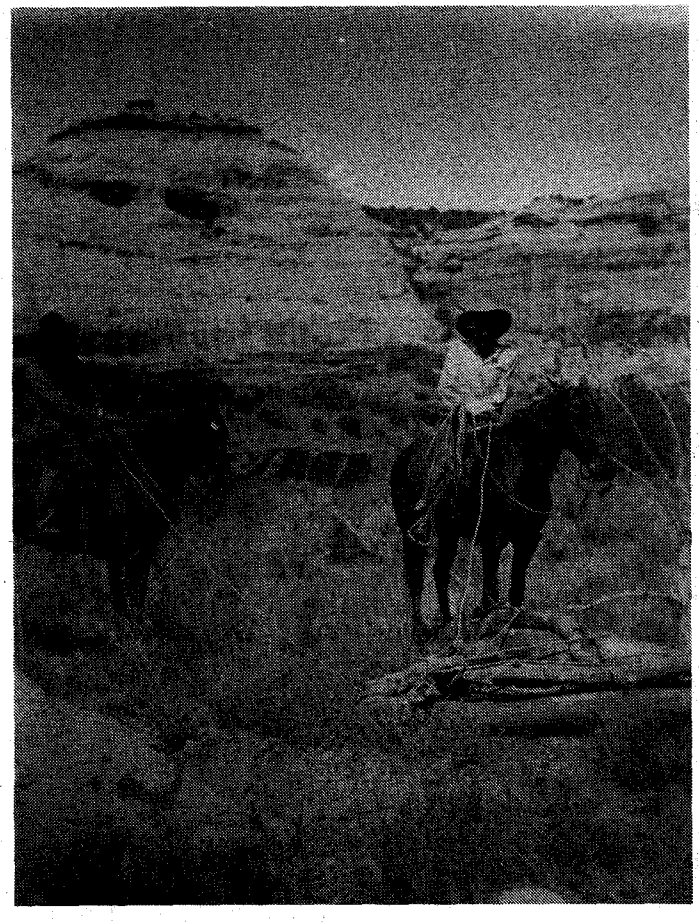
I never met the sheepmen again. One day it was snowing like a rug falling on you. The sheep outfit moved up through our pass, but they didn't camp on our range. I don't know where they went. They were nice people and made my birthday pleasurable.

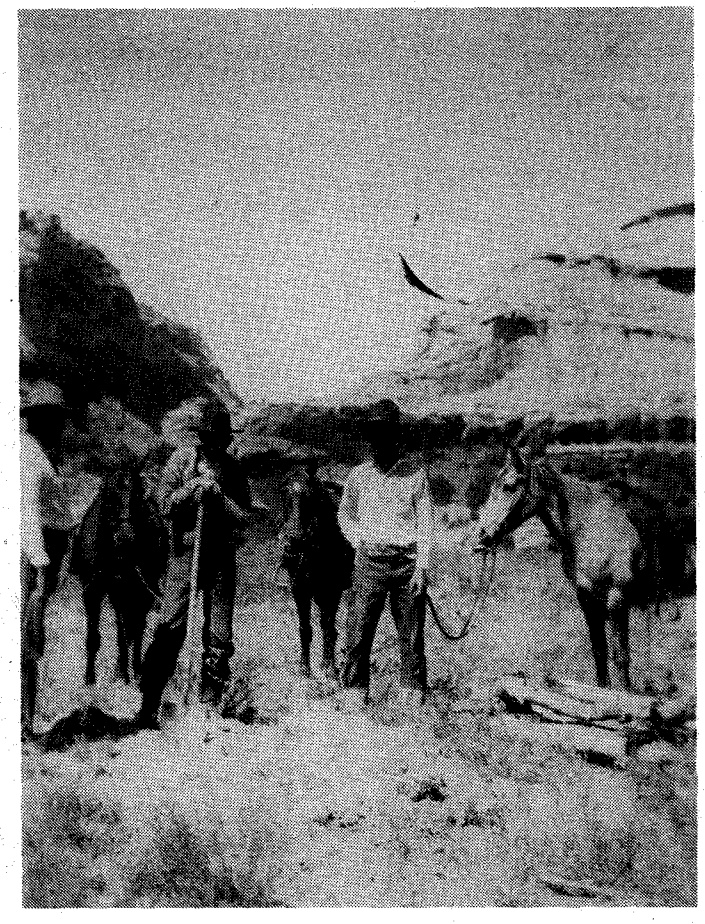
AT TIMES I supplemented my income by working for sheep outfits. I didn't like the work much, but a camp tender made about $20 more a month than a cowpuncher, and since I was trying to

(Continued on page 46)

Above, left, (L to R) Walt Goldsmith, Deputy Sheriff and Brand Inspector George Long, and Sheriff Tom Blevins. Above, George Long on horse, Tom Blevins standing center, and Charlie Mantle on right. The body of Mr. Elliot is on the skid-boat the men fashioned.

Photo below, left, shows George Long (on left) and Charlie Mantle with the body. Photo on right shows the burial of Mr. Elliot in Laddie's Park. Walt Goldsmith on far right.





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Wild Old Days!

THE FIRE

By Daniel Woods

IN the golden years of commerce when the merchants controlled the highways, old Casa Grande, Arizona, was built on the main road from west to east, and they called it "Top and Bottom" Street. Some of the old business establishments were constructed in 1879, patiently awaiting the coming of the S. P. railroad in 1880.

By 1914 Casa Grande was a growing town, with several thriving business houses along the main road. Among them was the Berlin Bakery, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Kratska who operated a short order restaurant in connection with it.

On the morning of April 27, the Berlin Bakery caught fire. The blaze quickly spread upstairs to the town's dentist office owned by Dr. Brockman.

A strong wind came up from the east, as winds have a habit of doing during a bad fire. Blowing straight west, it burned and destroyed most of the buildings in its path, leaving only a few gutted adobe walls.

Gordon McMurray had a large metal tank mounted on a wagon at his livery stable nearby. He rushed the team and wagon to the S.P. tank and filled up, but the weight broke the wagon down and the water was wasted.

The people of the community tried to help each other, as can be seen by the furniture being carried out of the buildings, and placed in the street. There was no thought of looting or stealing; people's concern was to help their neighbors.

Among the buildings destroyed from the Berlin Bakery on down the block was a combination billiard and dance hall owned by the Armenta family. Lost also was a little restaurant called Dad's Place, a meat market, and the famous Gilt Edge Saloon owned by Tom Mehan and operated by Garr McNatt.

A bucket brigade was formed of men, women and children who passed buckets and cans of water from the S.P. water tank to the fire.

It was finally brought under control at the Ramon Cruz grocery and dry goods store. The store suffered only a broken glass door from the heat, but no one could tell where the fire would stop so everything was thrown into the street by helpful townspeople, and then had to be carted in again.

"Pete Guerrero, Sarah Barlett, Ramon Armenta, and Al Cruz well remember the "Big Fire." Mr. Guerrero said he was just a teen-age kid working for Ramon Cruz in the store, and when he saw the blaze coming nearer and nearer he grabbed his suitcase and ran and put it in the S.P. Depot. All his earthly belongings were in that suitcase.

Sarah Barlett and her father, Ramon Andrade, had a drum of coal oil that he sold to people for their lamps. When the fire came near he rolled the kerosene to the livery stable and put it in a water hole where it wouldn't explode.

Casa Grande soon rebuilt and was ready for business, although the Gilt Edge Saloon came back as a soft drink parlor. On December 31, 1914 at midnight the 18th Amendment took over. Prohibition began January 1, 1915, just nine months after the big fire, and when Gus Kratska rebuilt the old "Berlin Bakery" the city fathers advised him to change its name. Mr. Kratska chose the name "Casa Grande Bakery" and was in business for many years. During Prohibition there wasn't near as much excitement along Top and Bottom Street, but only the town's "spirits" had dried up, not its "spirit." In November of this year Casa Grande will celebrate its 100th anniversary.

Gutted buildings and streets piled with the townspeople's salvaged goods was the scene on the day following the 1914 fire in Casa Grande, Arizona. The building with the Valley Land Company sign also housed the dentist's office and the Berlin Bakery. It was completely gutted.

Photo Courtesy Al Cruz

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Courtesy Missouri Historical Society

Susan Magoffin, who described her life as "that of a wandering princess."

A WANDERING PRINCESS

By C. Kutac

WHEN she was eighteen years old, in 1846, Susan Magoffin followed the Santa Fe Trail across the great plains. Folks claimed she was the first white woman to do so and in all likelihood she was.

Other women later made the same journey, but they rode in rough Conestoga wagons, not a plush carriage like Susan's; and they ate beans, bacon and biscuits, quite unlike the delicacies afforded Mrs. Magoffin.

Raven-haired Susan was pert and pretty when she married Samuel Magoffin, who was not only extremely wealthy but twenty-seven years older than his bride. The difference in age must have stirred up criticism for Susan wrote about how good it was to escape "the gossiping."

Susan and Samuel were still on their honeymoon when he was summoned to Santa Fe by his brother James. The Magoffin brothers were successful traders on the trail and they had made the journey numerous times. Perhaps that is why President Polk had sent James on a secret mission to Santa Fe—after all, it would not seem out of the ordinary for him to be making the trip. The object of the secret mission that the Magoffin brothers were entrusted with is not known exactly, but it had something to do with helping General Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West capture Santa Fe without having to fire a shot.

Since the mission was important enough to interrupt Susan's and Samuel's honeymoon, and neither wanted to be parted from the other, they decided she should go along.

SAMUEL fixed up a luxurious carriage, determined to make the journey as easy and enjoyable as he could. In her diary Susan describes her experiences in great detail. Her carriage was cushioned with plush pillows, and close at hand were books, medicines and all the necessities of life.

It was customary to halt the wagontrain for a mid-day rest. Susan wrote that they spread a buffalo robe and carriage pillows in the shade, for her and Samuel to rest on while reading. Some days Susan roamed the plains during her rest period, seeking flowers, wild berries and rock specimens. Her pet greyhound went along on her walks to protect her.

Susan compared her life to that of a wandering princess. Indeed, she did have a maid, Jane, to wait on her, and she did only those chores that she enjoyed doing.

At night, they put up a tent that had a dressing table, with mirror, a folding stool and a plush carpet. Susan slept between silk sheets on a bed that she claimed was as comfortable as those at home. At one campsite Samuel had the tent set up over a rose bush, so Susan had a whole bush of roses, both full-blown and buds, right beside her bed.

The meals prepared for the Magoffin wagon were not what one would expect on an overland trip in the mid-1800s. A typical menu consisted of soup, rice, chicken, and berry tarts for dessert.

Susan described her husband Samuel as "one of the kindest husbands in the world, all gentleness and affection." But despite her obvious love for him, she found herself homesick. Looking at the Arkansas River reminded her of the Mississippi, and she longed to be there.

When Susan became pregnant she suffered from nausea. An unfortunate accident, when a driver was careless in crossing a creek bed, added to her discomfort. The carriage rolled over, tossing her roughly. Samuel protected her with his own body, bearing most of the weight of the carriage, but it didn't save Susan from being terribly shaken.

She was left with pains in her back and side, and tried riding horseback, but couldn't stand the jolting. In fact, her condition worsened so quickly that Samuel summoned Doctor Philip Masure who was with another wagontrain ahead.

DEPRESSED, Susan wrote that she was going downhill and it was hard to be constantly under a doctor's care. Misfortune followed misfortune. One night a storm struck and the center pole of the tent was knocked down. It fell on Susan, and she was soaked by the rain before Samuel could get her into the shelter of one of the wagons.

When they reached Bent's Fort, Susan was put in a comfortable room where she could rest. Out one window she could see the busy inner patio.

Doctor Masure tried to persuade Samuel to cut short Susan's venture into the rough Western country so she could regain her health. However, neither of the Magoffins took him seriously.

Despite having a room of her own, Susan was not undisturbed. From the patio came the sound of wagons coming and going, men shouting at their teams, and the laughter of children. Add to this the incessant braying of the mules and the clanging of the blacksmiths and horseshoers, and one can understand why she had a hard time resting.

Finally, while still at Bent's Fort, Susan had a miscarriage and lay semi-conscious for awhile. She later compared her difficult time with that of a robust Indian woman who gave birth at the fort, and in half an hour walked down to the river and bathed both herself and her newborn baby.

(Continued on page 61)

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Those Thousand Colts That

Sam Colt and Sam Walker, from official compan

AGAINST the sultry jungle background of the Mexican port of Vera Cruz were drawn up four complete companies of the Second Texas Mounted Volunteers, more commonly known as the Jack Hays Rangers. Here, in October 1847, these men became the first military command of this, or any, country to be completely armed with repeating firearms. The quartermaster broke out the cases and distributed the Colts.

These now delivered were the products of two Samuels: Samuel Colt and Samuel Hamilton Walker, a very experienced Ranger captain who had a special commission from the Secretary of War to work with Samuel Colt and get the guns for the troops. It developed in the long run that this first thousand was only the beginning of the millions of Colts that the Army was to use for over a century and a quarter, all over the world.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Above, Frederic Remington's illustration of the shootout at San Juan Teotihuacan, where the Rangers, armed with Walker Colts broke the Mexicans' charge. At left, Samuel Walker.

The weapons that came out of the cases were unlike anything any of the troops had ever seen. Instead of the caliber .36 round balls (some seventy odd to the pound) of the early Colts these were .44 caliber, with an elongated conical bullet of a good full half-ounce, stronger and longer cylinders, heavier barrel—by far the heaviest repeating firearm in existence. Through the efforts of Samuel Walker and Samuel Colt they had just about eliminated the bugs from the earlier and lighter Colts.

Now began the break-in of the troops as a whole to their new fighting gear. While some forty or more had fired the old Colts, and more than half of these forty had used them under combat conditions, there were about a thousand men who would have to learn, and very quickly, how to handle them.

There was the item of getting that newfangled conical bullet faced the right way into the cylinder, otherwise the cylinder would blow up. In the big chambers the powder had to be measured, for the ordnance testers had caused havoc with a charge that Colt said "would split a six-pounder." This was adjusted by the Rangers later.

One recruit ignored the suggestion of old hand "Rip" Ford to remove the priming caps while fooling with the gun. Thirty seconds later it fired and killed the recruit's horse. This put him afoot—and in a combat zone, too.

However, in a few days the troops took the road of a campaign against seasoned guerrillas, proficient enough to project an image that has lasted over a century. Their weapons were named for the man who had helped design them and who had accompanied them to Vera Cruz to resume his command. These thousand were the Walker Colts; later, with few modifications to become the Colt Dragoon, with exactly the same weight and power. Opponents thought it was a new kind of artillery.

When Walker had gone to New York to place the order he faced many delays. He was sure a Colt factory existed, for he had seen the products of it in Texas, but he was soon to learn that the factory was completely closed, with the machinery moved out and stored in the custody of the sheriff, and a line of creditors that would reach around the block. Colt owed everybody in the country. And of course the thing Walker needed most was one of the old model guns so he could show Colt the desired modifications.

While the name of Eli Whitney comes to mind with any mention of the cotton gin, not everyone realizes that there were three Eli Whitneys—I, II, and III. The one who came to the rescue of Samuel Colt was Eli, Junior. All three generations of the Whitneys were conservative manufacturers of precision parts. The first one introduced the standardization of parts to Springfield Arsenal, giving the United States an advantage on the repair of arms as far back as the War of 1812. With the manufacturing expertise of Eli Whitney, Junior, as well as his confidence in the insolvent Sam Colt, the parts for "The Thousand" became a reality.

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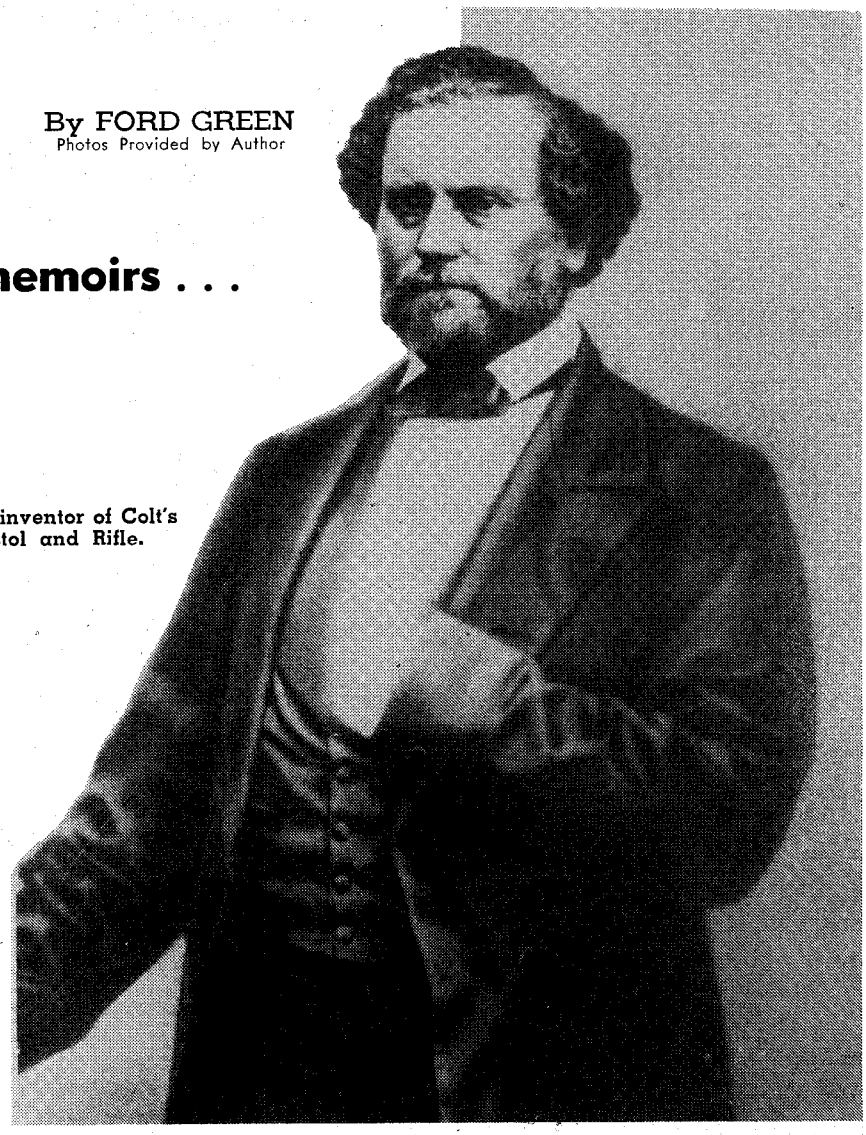
Went to War

By FORD GREEN
Photos Provided by Author

publications and Rip Ford's memoirs . . .

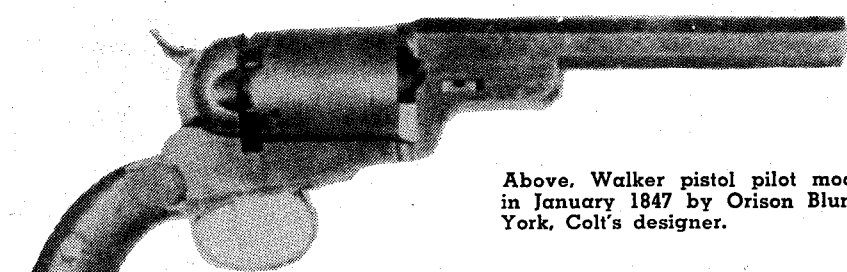


Samuel Colt, inventor of Colt's Revolving Pistol and Rifle.

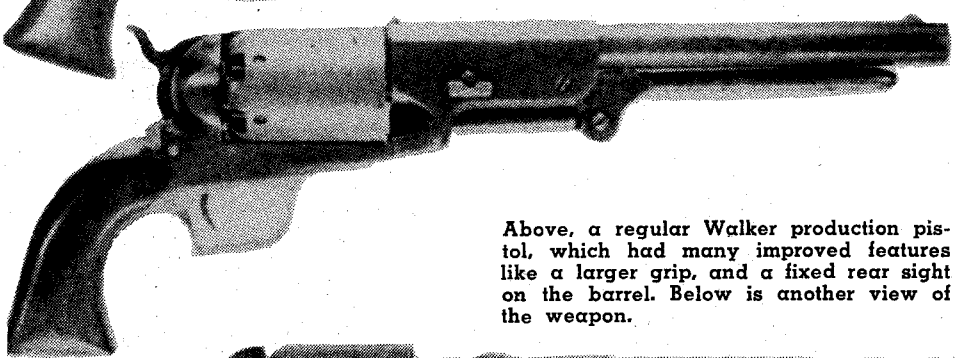
The deadliness of the Walker Colts stunned the Mexican population. Guerrillas who saw a Ranger fire his pistol got careless when he showed no sign of reloading; but then they found that the thing would repeat—no telling how many times.

A fable somehow got started among them: The arms were called "revolvers," and they rationalized that the ball traveled in a flat circle, circling and circling until it hit something. In this manner it was impossible for the bullet not to hit what was fired at! Range and accuracy were also the subject of a number of fables, such as the bullet being able to hit a mark around the corner. All of these legends were vividly recounted by *positive* witnesses.

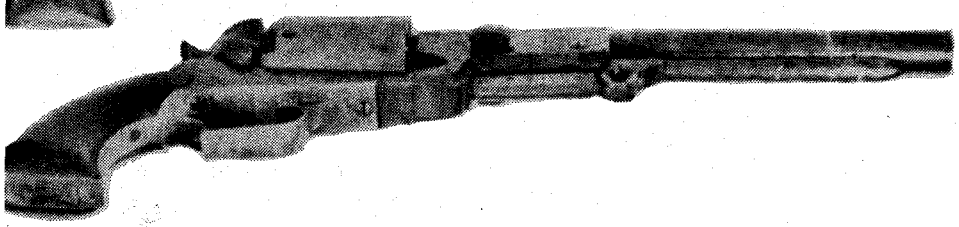
Though technically a part of the United States Armed Forces, the Texas Volunteers were dressed in a rag-tag collection of clothing—parts of captured Mexican officers' finery, rancheros' garments, and every kind of head-covering from coonskin caps to leather sombreros, with a sprinkling of both Mexican and American military caps. A good many wore buckskin jackets and breeches, with buckskin sacks and belt pockets attached at various angles. But the things that the Mexican population looked for were those two Colts and a big knife that swung from the belts of all. Most of the Volunteers had a couple of smaller pockets that carried two extra cylinders for twelve extra rounds, making twenty-four shots that could be fired in less than half a minute. (This is almost the equivalent of the fire power of the present GI .45 automatic, with a slight margin in weight of lead and accuracy for the Walker Colts.)



Above, Walker pistol pilot model, made in January 1847 by Orison Blunt of New York, Colt's designer.



Above, a regular Walker production pistol, which had many improved features like a larger grip, and a fixed rear sight on the barrel. Below is another view of the weapon.



THROUGH the political and military disorders of nearly forty years there had grown up a couple of generations of lawless elements in Mexico City, as well as in the open country. The two groups, however, were entirely different. In Mexico City were the léperos, a truculent urban guerrilla type who had no respect for anything but themselves and faded into the populace to hide, usually raiding only at night. The country guerrillas were quasi-military types who gathered in sufficiently large bands to be able to enforce their will on all comers, especially the largely unarmed rural population. Their arms were good for about twenty yards and a single shot, after which they resorted to sword-like machetes.

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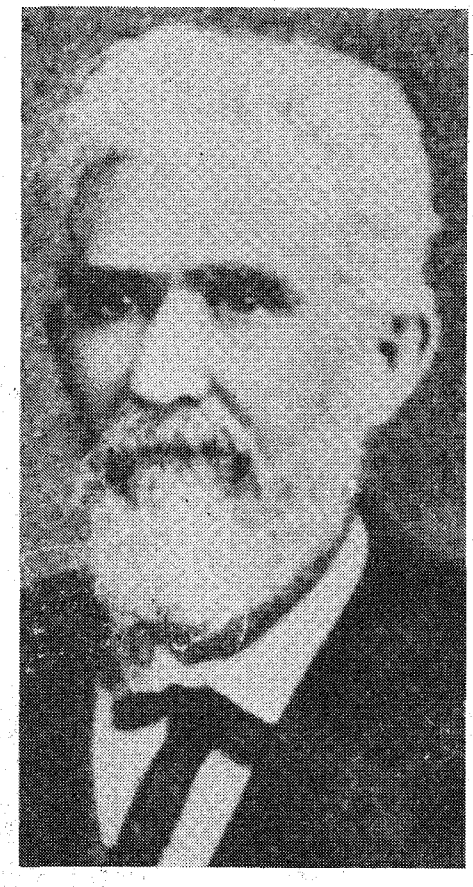
Both sets of these men had something to learn: That the sloppy dress of the Volunteers did not mean they were sloppy shooters. In the few weeks that they were on the road to Mexico City, sweeping out guerrilla raiders as they advanced, they had learned what the Colts were all about. They had learned the fine limits of the powder loads, and they had gotten the trajectory of the heavy bullets well under control.

While there was a sprinkling of fine hunting rifles among them, for the most part their rifles were what was called the "Mississippi Rifle," a heavy military product of Springfield Arsenal first used by Mississippi troops. These rifles also became legendary, for they were mainly for sniping beyond the range of the Colts.

The Ranger Volunteers rode into Mexico City with a convoy of several thousand replacement troops and some two hundred freight wagons. Even with a convoy of this size there had been brushes with the hit-and-run country guerrillas, but these skirmishes had been taken in stride, none occupying more than a squad for very long.

They came in via the route of Cortès, Ixtapalapan Causeway and San Antonio Abad Street into the Zocalo opposite the gigantic cathedral, already centuries old. There were thousands to see the arrival, for their reputation as fighters had preceded them. Just off the Zocalo a lépero tried to show off by throwing a rock at a sloppy-dressed Ranger some hundred feet away. (This was beyond the accurate range of Mexican pistols and rifles.) The Ranger was felled, but before the lépero could hide no less than four Rangers had fired at him, each placing his half-ounce bullet in the fatal spot. A little later a pickpocket received swift and sure punishment. With such incidents taking place within sight of so many, word soon got around that the Rangers were to be left alone unless a well-planned ambush had been set up in advance. Léperos were outlaws to the Mexican population as well as the occupation troops, though General Scott could see little difference between them and the law-abiding people.



John Salmon (Rip) Ford

SEVERAL ambushes were attempted but none was successful. As time went on, some of the Rangers got careless. Ranger Adam Allsens went into a quarter of town called The Peralvilla (this word is still the noun for *slum* in Spanish) and was trapped and literally sliced to pieces, though his horse brought him out. He died several hours later, after being able to describe what happened.

Adjutant Rip Ford and a couple of other officers were in Ranger headquarters the next night when a large volume of firing broke out that could only have been from Colts from the way it was sustained. It died out soon after, but the volume indicated that enough men had gone looking for trouble to take care of any situation.

The next morning there were no apparent Ranger casualties. However, before noon Mexican civil authorities had appeared with a complaint that "somebody" was responsible for the more than fifty bodies that were reported to the civilian police from the night before.

Who was firing the Colts was never determined, but diplomacy decreed that the "Bloody Texans" or the "Diablos Tejanos" (Texan Devils) should be a little farther out of the mainstream of Mexico City. A Carmelite convent about three miles to the south and built in the 17th century, was as strong as any fort ought to be. This was the place selected to isolate these unpopular troops. And it was from here that they went out on scouts after the guerrillas, from twenty to a couple of hundred as the situation demanded.

One particular thorn among the guerrilla raiders was a priest-general called Jarauta who usually had a hundred or so men—enough to give trouble if not seriously opposed, which he never intended to be. Living off the country, he could always stay ahead of the regular troops and their rules, so the situation demanded the special talents of the Rangers: quick mobility plus a fair concentration of fire power.

A heavy command of the Rangers left early on January 11, 1848 with absolute security about destination, but they were going after Jarauta. For two days they scoured an area twenty by forty miles, finally winding up cold and tired and half of them sick at the town of San Juan Teotihuacán, close to the monster pyramids. Here they appropriated a block-square compound that was used for barracks and warehouse.

Some of the men had "El Daño" (The Sickness, usually dysentery) and some had colds or flu. They all had been in the saddle for two days and most of the intervening night. Since they had scouted the countryside, they were not too apprehensive of a surprise attack. Only perfunctory sentries were posted as everyone piled down to catch up on sleep under the long arched porches of the compound.

The next morning one of the first risers, a Lieutenant Daggett, heard a roaring noise and climbed up to look outside. Over a hundred and fifty of Jarauta's guerrillas were in the square. Daggett let out a yell and dropped down for his guns just as the first guerrilla showed through the gateway. He was dropped with a half-ounce bullet in the chest. Jarauta was not far behind—and neither were the rest of the Rangers.

Below, an artist's misconception of the death of Samuel Walker. Walker and his men never dressed this formally, nor did a Mexican guerrilla look like this.

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American troops parade the Zocalo, in front of the cathedral in Mexico City. The Rangers proved themselves to be a force to reckon with in their battles below the border.

Jarauta got bullets in the wrist and shoulder as well as the buttocks.

Rip Ford and several others got to the outside to try to stop any more from entering. This finally meant a stand-up shoot-out against Jarauta's lancers. No more than half a dozen of these Rangers broke two determined charges. All the while there was guerrilla fire from the roof-tops around the square, but little of it was effective.

Most of the Rangers were inside this building compound from which they delivered such accurate fire that it wasn't long before Jarauta's men decided to try again another day.

The accuracy of the men with Colts was evidenced by the argument between two of them: One said that he had hit a man who went down in the square outside, positive that he hit him in the chest; the other was even more certain that he had dropped him with a bullet in the head. After Jarauta's band had abandoned the plaza the Rangers went out and examined the man in question. He had been hit solidly in both the head and the chest.

A LITTLE over a month later most of the Rangers were still chasing Jarauta as well as several other important guerrillas who had not surrendered. Seventy miles from Mexico City they stopped at the town of Tulancingo, then went on to Zacualtipan which was a much smaller town. Here, having fair intelligence of the opposition, the Rangers rushed the town and were soon well distributed inside. The cuartel (headquarters, fort) put up quite a fight, but the obsolete Mexican rifles (actually smooth-bore muskets called escopetas) had an effective range of less than 0 yards. The Colts were effective for almost 100% more. A few Rangers were detailed to keep the cuartel immobilized until the town had been scouted, then the main force returned. In their absence there had been some heavy exchanges. Major Ford had stood up to the concentrated fire from the garrison and now, with reinforcements, was able to carry the strong point.

Judging from military figures after the expedition there either must have been a lot of rough fighting, or a lot of Rangers got away with Walker Colts for future fighting back home! One company's 220 Colts dwindled to 82 pistols complete, of which only about 30 were serviceable and the rest fit only for parts or scrap (and the field time was only about seven months). However, the Ordnance Department was notoriously hostile to Samuel Colt, and was not likely to give him a favorable report.

Soon the westward tide to California gold fields and the new Western states that evolved would prove a bonanza to the bankrupt Colt factory. But all did not go well for everybody. In the New York *Herald* of November 15, 1847 was this report:

"From Puebla Mexico this morning is news of considerable interest, communicating the melancholy tidings of the death of Captain Samuel H. Walker of the Mounted Rifles. He joined Gen. Lane with his company at Perote, and upon their arrival near Huamantla found that the place was occupied by Santa Anna and about 1,500 men.

"Captain Walker's own company and that of Captain Lewis' Louisiana Rangers (total about 196 men) proceeded into the town in advance, and finding the Mexicans prepared to receive them, Captain Walker gave the order to charge.

"The lancers who did not fall beneath the deadly fire of the Rangers, fled. According to accounts Santa Anna, who was but a short distance off, used his wooden propulsion to good advantage to make another miraculous escape.

"In the melee Captain Walker killed with his own hand a young Mexican lancer. Skirmishing continued until they reached the Plaza, when all fled except the father of the young man who had fallen at the hands of Captain Walker, who seated himself behind a house until Captain Walker approached, when he sallied out, lance in hand, and made a desperate attack on Captain Walker.

"Captain Walker fired his revolver but unfortunately missed his aim, when the old man killed him with his lance and fled, exclaiming that he had avenged his son's death.

"Captain Walker's last words were: 'Although your captain has fallen, never surrender, boys.'"

Captain Sam Walker's body was eventually returned from Mexico and buried in San Antonio, Texas. One of the Colt pistols he owned, number 1020, is in the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, Connecticut. Just before his death Walker asked his colleague, Captain Bedney McDonald, to return the pistol to Sam Colt in Hartford, which he did, and Colt presented it to the Anthenaeum soon thereafter (this from a personal communication from Peter C. Williamson of Colt Industries, Inc., dated December 12, 1978).

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

pers, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This is a reprint of the scarce booklet first published at Emory, Texas, in 1917. The booklet contains much first-hand material on the early settlement of Rains County in the northeast part of the state. It is not the "dry" local history often found in such publications. Hebisen told about life in the 19th century—how people lived, were schooled, what they did for entertainment, what food they ate, and so forth.

A portion of the booklet contains excerpts from "Reminiscences of Sixty Years Ago" by Rev. Ambrose Fitzgerald, who came to Texas in 1846. Fitzgerald, after a colorful career, died in 1893.

Collectors pay handsomely for good copies of the 1917 edition. It is good to see a reprint edition available at such a reasonable cost. Recommended.

OLD CALIFORNIA MOTORING

Motor Touring in Old California by Don DeNevi and Thomas Moulin (Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Rd., Millbrae, Calif. 94030, 143 pages, $6.95 paperback, 6 x 9 inches).

If you can remember those days when super highways, high gasoline prices and crowded highways were nonexistent, you'll enjoy this delightful new book. Authors DeNevi and Moulin have blended together a fascinating collection of old-time photographs and words to show what motor touring was like early in this century. The photographs came from the California Historical Society, the California State Auto Association, and the Moulin Studios. Together with old maps and the authors' words, the book is filled with nostalgia, especially for anyone who ever did any driving in California between 1903 and 1939.

The book is nicely produced. It includes motorcar equipment ads from magazines of the period. For many readers it will provide a trip back in time. Recommended.

(Continued on page 53)

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By FLETCHER CROOM
Photos Provided by Author

Stubborn, opinionated, and extraordinarily consistent—that was

WOMAN-HATER NICK MERSFELDER

Nick Mersfelder

Photo from FORT DAVIS TEXAS 1583-1960, by Barry Scobee

NICK MERSFELDER stared in disbelief at the figure approaching his one-chair barber shop. With one foot on the first step and a gloved hand on the rail the figure slowly started up the ten steps leading to the shop's front porch. Heaving himself out of his captain's chair, strategically placed so he could see all that went on in the street, Nick pushed open the screen door and stood menacingly framed in the doorway. "Don't come any farther," he advised.

The young woman poised on the middle step hesitated and then smiled winningly. "I just wanted to talk to you about having my hair cut."

"Won't cut women's hair—won't have a woman in my shop—have never had a woman in here—and won't now, you hear?"

The young woman came one step closer to the top of the stairs. "But everyone is getting their hair cut, Mr. Mersfelder, and I thought—"

"You thought wrong!" Nick glowered. "Now, git!"

The young lady hesitated only long enough to meet Nick's enraged eyes, then fled down the steps. Nick looked with satisfaction as she scurried down the dusty street.

An old man sitting on the far edge of the porch spit a stream of tobacco juice over the railing and said, "Nick, you'd make a mint of money if you would just cut women's hair."

"I'd starve first," growled Nick.

Nick Mersfelder, woman-hater—but also barber par excellence, justice of the peace, photographer, musician, and cattleman—wasn't anywhere near starvation. He had come to Fort Davis, Texas in the 1880s, when his first cattle transaction was recorded. Born in Bavaria in 1858, he had early in life emigrated to the United States, remembering only that when he crossed the ocean he was "just big enough to play around on the deck." He served an apprenticeship with a barber in Ohio, and in 1881 ran a small barber shop in Austin, Texas for a few months. An old bill shows that Nick owed Oscar Samostz for the following items: "3 bay rum $1.80; 1 doz sticks cosmetics 75¢; ½ gall hairoil $1.39; Sal tarter 25¢; Etherical oil 50¢; glicerine 10¢."

The Texas Rangers claimed him for a twelve-month term of service, but he saw little action. He found his way to Fort Davis and apparently received his discharge there. An official record describes him: "N. Mersfelder, private... description: age 22, height 5 feet 4 inches, hair dark, eyes blue, nativity German, occupation barber."

Nick did a little barbering on the side while he was serving with the Rangers, and set up shop in Fort Davis in 1883 in a small house near the fort. Later he enlarged the house into a combination barber shop, law office, and living quarters. The location was directly astraddle the Overland Trail.

He cut hair until his death in 1939, steadfastly refusing to allow a woman in his shop. When hair bobbing became popular, local women tried to entice him to cut their hair since it was twenty-five miles to the next town and another barber, but he was adamant, and if a woman ever entered his shop, there is no record of it. A hand printed sign in his restored barber shop reads:

"Hair Cutting .50
Shave .25
No women's haircutting at *any* price."

A man now living in Fort Davis recalled that Nick cut his hair while he was a youngster, and that he learned to sit still because if he wiggled or said Nick was hurting him, Nick would "go after you even harder."

Another tale is that Nick once cut the hair of a youngster with the whooping cough and threatened to cut the boy's throat if he took the disease. When Nick promptly contracted the sickness the boy made a point of staying well out of sight if Nick was seized with a coughing fit.

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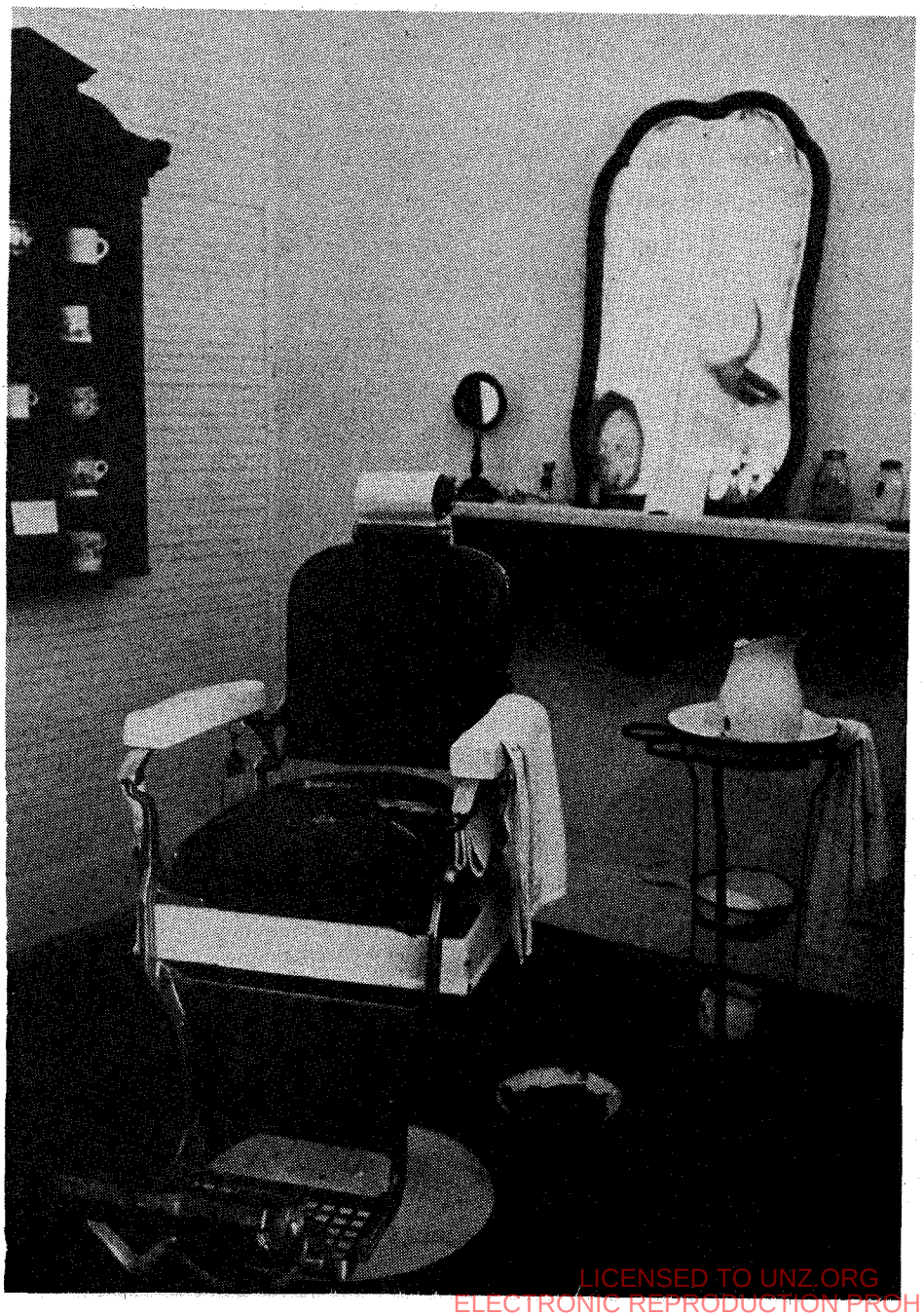
Above, Nick's restored house, now the Overland Trail Museum, at Fort Davis, Texas
Below, the interior of Nick's barber shop.



NICK was elected justice of the peace in Fort Davis in 1890 after losing a couple of elections for that position. He held the post off and on—being elected, then defeated, then re-elected. In the 1904 race he was victorious and never again lost the honor of being justice of the peace and coroner. He liked to brag he had held that position for a total of forty-nine years, a record of sorts.

Nick gained a reputation similar to that of Judge Roy Bean, ruling his courtroom with an iron hand and making decisions considered harsh even in those turbulent days. Then occasionally he would switch roles and become a model of compassion, releasing a young man to his parents, or placing him under a hundred-dollar bail to give him time to straighten up.

Nick is alleged to have told a visiting lawyer who began to quote the law to him, "Don't you go quoting any law to me. I don't care what your law is. I'm the law in this town!" And he was.

Once in his own court he sued a citizen to collect a debt owed to himself. The man protested, "You can't do that," only to be told by Nick, "I'm a-doing it!"

Meticulous records of his activities found in an account book among his papers at his death make it easy to trace the buildup of his extensive estate. He conscientiously entered his expenditures, over half of which were for food: 6 pounds potatoes—50¢; beef purchases made daily anywhere from 10¢ to 80¢; whiskey $1.10. Another column was a continuing total of his income from various sources.

With a passion for music, Nick organized an orchestra. In his restored house one sees his violin and samples of popular sheet music. His ledger shows many entries of payment for playing at the army post, sometimes as little as one dollar and other times as much as eight. Nick was also in demand as a caller at the community square dances held at the courthouse or in the army post barracks. One man recalled being sent across town to take music lessons from "Prof. Mersfelder."

In addition to his barbering and fiddling, Nick engaged in other income-producing activities. He entered the cattle market and apparently made a profit, even if a small one, since Nick seldom tolerated any venture that lost money. His cattle brand N I K was registered in 1889.

For a number of years he acted as the town's photographer and perhaps some of the dim pictures on display in his restored house are ones he took for sale.

As a financier he was most successful, lending money at ten percent interest. He was always good for a ten or fifteen-dollar touch from a hard-pressed citizen, but required papers and notes and bonds for bigger sums. When counties issued scrip for services rendered and the recipient of the scrip needed cash, Nick would buy it up at discount and hold it until it could be cashed for full value.

Other income sources listed in his ledger are fees for hide inspection, for dehorning cattle, for fixing guns of all

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types, for selling eggs and goat's milk, and for repairs. Nick was an expert tinker and repaired clocks, spurs, violins, umbrellas, saws, pots and pans, you name it. Nick would try anything.

One item shows his insistence on meticulous records: he lists the expenses of installing a bathtub in his barber shop, then records the number of 35¢ sums paid to him by dusty citizens who used the tub to soak off the grime of work or travel.

PERHAPS the outstanding feature of Nick's career is his being the first motorist in the county. He purchased the first car to arrive in Fort Davis, a Dart. It is still in existence in a Fort Davis garage, a one-seat buggy type called a runabout. Nick drove it for years.

Exasperated because he had to buy a license for it, which he swore he would never do, he was finally convinced it was imperative and sent a check to Austin, the state capital. Back came his check with a note that cash only was accepted for license plates. Enraged at the imagined slur on the integrity of his check, Nick drove the car to Keesey Miller's garage and left it there, giving it to Mr. Miller in 1931.

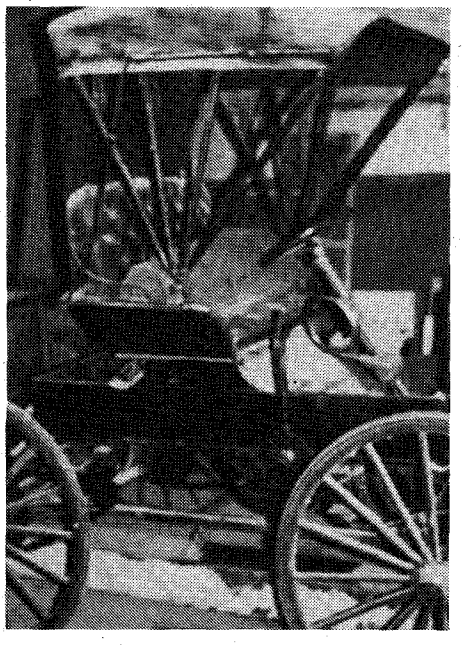
Nick's second car was a Black which he used for hunting trips instead of his horse-drawn hack. On one fishing trip Nick took his eyes off the road momentarily and the Black swerved into a ditch. Jumping out of the car, Nick found that stones wedged between the front wheel rim and the rubber tire rendered the car immobile. A good deal of sweat and strong language finally got the Black in condition to return to town, where Nick retired this car as he had the first one.

Nick Mersfelder died in 1939 and his estate was valued at about $35,000, quite a tidy sum for a penniless emigrant orphan to have garnered. His bequests showed his character and some typical sly humor. He left to his physician an Edison phonograph and a choice of 200 records. To a young friend he left his double-barrel shotgun. To one old friend he left "the remains of the hack he tore up." After all bequests were fulfilled, he donated the remainder of his estate to the orphans and widows fund of the Texas Oddfellows, of which he had been a long-time member. Perhaps he could not have been such a confirmed woman hater as his reputation leads us to believe since to a neighbor lady he left the house she lived in, plus the furniture.

The Fort Davis Historical Society restored Nick's barber shop, where the single barber chair and rows of individually owned shaving mugs and his hand-lettered sign decorate the front part of the building. The living quarters, consisting of a bed-living room and a kitchen-eating room, are furnished as nearly as possible as they were when Nick occupied them, the sturdy oak furniture reflecting Nick's solid and uncompromising taste. The court room is partially restored and other items of local interest are attractively displayed. (The building itself, called "The Overland Trail Museum," is open at odd hours, so call before visiting.)

Let's hope Nick's ghost is not too discomfited at the number of women who stream in and out of his house these days.

Nick Mersfelder's Dart automobile.



Indian Outbreak of '55

(Continued from page 16)

tunity to make sure of us without alarming the few settlers who kept wayside inns or hotels along the road.

As we passed them, Linville or I would manage to warn them of the danger, but to no purpose, for similar rumors were current every week or two, and they paid no attention to our warnings.

When we got to Cow creek, near the Umpqua canyon, we stopped, turned out our teams, and made preparations to camp for the night. The Indians came up and asked us if we were going to stay there all night. We told them yes. In a short time they started on, saying they were going to camp a mile or so below.

As soon as they were out of sight, I told the teamsters we would hitch up and drive through the canyon during the night.

But as we had already driven some forty miles that day over a rough and rugged road, our stock was tired, and the teamsters refused to hitch up their mules, declaring there was no danger, and it was only a "scare"—they didn't believe the Indians were on the warpath.

I tried to reason with them, showing our utter inability to protect the family in case of an attack, and told them that Linville and I had planned, long before reaching Cow creek, to go into camp there, and let the Indians pass us, believing we were going to stay there all night. If they knew that we were going to attempt to go through the canyon that night, after traveling as far as we had that day, they would never allow us to escape. Our plans had worked well thus far, and if we remained where we were, I didn't believe there would be one of us to tell the tale. Still they refused to move an inch.

LINVILLE stopped the argument by picking up a shotgun and saying that if they didn't hitch up and push on through the canyon, he would save the Indians some trouble, for the teams should go, "danger or no danger." This argument proved effectual, as I had in the meantime got hold of another gun. So we hitched up, and pushed on into the canyon.

This canyon is some ten miles long, and separates what is known as the "Cow Creek country" from the south Umpqua.

In the days of which I am writing, this canyon was a terror to teamsters. It used to take three or four days to get a wagon through it. To give the reader some idea of what this canyon was at that time, I will relate a story that was current in early days.

Some packers, while passing through this canyon, found a hat lying on the ground. One of them raised it up and found a man's head under it. The head exclaimed, "Put that hat back, there is a d——d good mule under me yet!"

I don't vouch for the literal truth of the above, but it was not uncommon tc see a whole packtrain mired down, the packers unloading and carrying the cargoes to less miry ground, then helping the horses or mules out and repacking them, only to repeat the performance many times while going through this pass.

Lieutenant Joe Hooker, later known as "Fighting Joe Hooker," afterward expended some $90,000 of government money in building a military road through this pass and, contrary to the general rule, he did a first class job for the money expended.

All through that long, weary night we moved on, over rocks and through mud and water. Toward daybreak we came out at what is now Canyonville—then there was only a "hotel" there.

Men women and children were give out, as were our mules and horses. Stripping off saddles and harness, we sank down on our blankets to rest, and slept till we were awakened about ten o'clock by a horseman who came dashing through the canyon. He stopped and tolc us that the Indians had killed everybody between Jacksonville and the other enc of the canyon, and burned all the houses

This report was nearly true, as there were only two or three exceptions—one a Mrs. Neida, and another, Mrs. Harris with her wounded child.

These two brave women, after thei husbands had fallen dead, seized thei guns and defended their homes. How i happened that the Indians allowed thes two women to escape, after fighting ther for hours, none can tell—but they did.

This was the commencement of th Rogue River Indian war of 1855-6.

We had had a close call, and I mus confess that I was scared worse and fo a longer period than at any other tim in my life, as during the entire tri from Evans' ferry to the mouth of th canyon, I had fully realized that the leas thing that would indicate to the Indian that we knew they meant mischief woul have precipitated a fight, and w

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only had one rifle, a shotgun and three revolvers among five men and one of them sick. Hampered with the women and children as we were, there would have been no other alternative than to make the best fight we could with no hope of rescue from any quarter.

After resting a day and reluctantly taking leave of Linville we continued on our way to the Willamette.

Linville, I afterward learned, returned to Jacksonville and took part in the war that followed. At its close he returned to Yreka and thence back East.

Generous, brave Linville, if you are still living and chance to read this poorly worded account of that day and night in the Cow creek hills and Umpqua canyon, you will realize that an old-timer never forgets a friend who stood by him in the hour of his greatest peril and need.

I was resolved to return as soon as my mother and sisters reached a place of safety.

We reached Corvallis without further adventure, and there heard that all the Indians in the Northwest, except the Nez Perces, had gone on the warpath.

THE Governor of Oregon Territory had issued a call for volunteers to go east of the Cascade mountains, to what was then called the "Walla Walla country," embracing eastern Oregon, eastern Washington and western Idaho, and now termed the "Inland Empire"—the grandest farming country in the whole Northwest.

They were organizing companies in nearly every county in Oregon to go to the "front." I bought another horse, a fast animal, and returned home with it. My mother, well knowing what was going on, met me at the door and handing me my gun and pistol, said: "Go, George; if I was a man I'd go with you."

So after taking an affectionate and tender leave of my mother and sisters, I, in company with some other young men of the neighborhood, went and enlisted in Captain Munson's Company I, Benton County Volunteers.

Among others who joined this company were George Elliott, David White, Lint Starr, Richard and Thomas Richardson, Wesley and Warren Hinton and Al Floyd. I mention these names because many of them are still living.

Our company, numbering about seventy-five young men, was organized at Corvallis and immediately left for Portland, the place of rendezvous for all the volunteers, where we waited a few days till all the companies arrived, so we could be mustered into service by the Governor and furnished with supplies.

The ladies of Portland made beautiful flags for each of the companies and presented them to us through the Governor on the day we were mustered in. The Governor in presenting them made some very appropriate remarks in behalf of the ladies. It so happened that our company's flag was handed to me; I carried it awhile, as will be shown.

Having been fitted out for the expedition, we were furnished with ponies; we called them "cayuses" (pronounced "ki-yuse," after the Indian tribe of that name, which seemed to make a specialty of that kind of stock). On these we were to pack our supplies and camp equipage; so early one morning we packed up and started eastward from Portland through the timber of Big Sandy, where a barge was waiting to convey us to the Lower Cascades in tow of a steamboat. Most of the cayuses were wild, and the rattling of cups, kettles, pans, etc., naturally inspired them to activity; then the fun commenced.

Each pony went on his own hook through the timber; the air was full of kettles, pans and curses. Well, we got *some* of the ponies and outfit to Sandy, where we embarked horses, men and outfit on the hull of the steamer *Gazelle*, which had blown up some time before at Oregon City. The hull was towed here to be used as a lighter. The steamer, not having the power to breast the current, we were landed on an island just below the Lower Cascades; from this we waded and swam to the main land and went on up the river trails.

About this time an election was held for regimental officers, resulting in the election of J. V. Nerzneitt, Colonel; J. K. Kelley, Lieutenant-colonel;——Chinn, 2nd Major; and ——— Armstrong, 1st Major. Among the minor regimental officers elected, I remember Sergeant-major Miller. More of him hereafter.

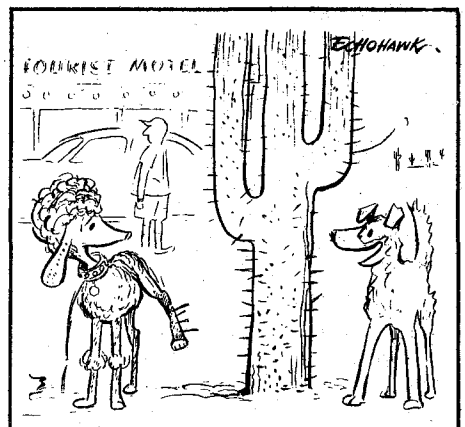
We reached The Dalles without noteworthy incident except that two or three of the boys had carelessly let their guns go off when pointed toward themselves, which we called "accidental shooting."

We had been assured that we would be furnished with tents and blankets at The Dalles, but the promise was about all we got in that line; so we averaged two thin single blankets to three men, all through that winter campaign.

On my arrival at The Dalles I was detached as a scout by Major Armstrong, a brother of the Mr. Armstrong I mentioned as having been killed by the side of General Lane, in the Rogue river war of '53. There I had to let go of our company flag, and I turned it over to George Elliot, upon assuming the duties of scout.

MY FIRST ACT at The Dalles was to go to the Mission, to see Father Mesplee and John Haligan, and it was a glad meeting, especially to Haligan and myself. I remained with him overnight, and told him of my father and the family, my adventures, etc. Then I went with my company which was ordered to Indian creek or Tye valley some forty miles south of The Dalles, as it was believed there were Indians all through that part of the country.

One morning I was ordered by our captain to take a few men and make a scout of a few miles in the direction of John Days river. I selected Dave White, Geo. Elliott, and Dick Richardson. I wanted Lint Starr, but he was on picket duty about a mile from camp, so I couldn't get him, though he told me to come past his post. I did, and he went with us, leaving the post to look after itself.



"Kinda new around here, arn'tcha?"

We were gone some hours, and finding no sign of Indians, were returning to camp, when on nearing the picket line to leave Starr at his post, while passing through a grove of scattering trees, we saw four or five of the pickets huddled together in a knot, showing every indication that they fully believed we were Indians. I saw that here was a chance for fun. We all wore coats that were lined with red flannel. I told the boys what I believed the pickets thought, and asked them if they wanted some fun; they all said yes. Then said I, "Obey my orders and we'll have it."

When I was sure we were in plain sight of the pickets I ordered a halt, and we stood as if watching the pickets for a short time, then turned into a gulch, jumped off our horses and turned our coats, this gave us the appearance of having red blankets wrapped around us. Then remounting we trotted to the top of another ridge, stopped, took a hasty look, and then, in true Indian style, dashed down the sloping hill and indicated that we were trying to cut them off from camp, dropping from side to side of our horses as we rode at full speed down hill.

This was too much for the pickets; off they started for camp, and we followed, so as to leave Starr on his post. The race became a stampede. The pickets no doubt thought they must ride for their lives; and, as they passed out of sight going into camp, we stopped at Starr's post and had our laugh out. Shortly afterward we saw mounted men coming from our camp. *This was more fun;* for we were sure the pickets had alarmed the camp, and probably nearly all of the company was out after us.

This was too good to be lost; so away we went, leaving Starr, and completed a circle of the camp. When the company came near Starr, he started off in good shape, the company after him. This race lasted for a mile or so, when some of the pursuers began to fire at Starr. This warned Starr that the joke had gone far enough; so he pulled up, and bawled out, "What the Sam Patch are ye shootin' at me for?" The boys, coming up to him, asked what he was doing away from his post, and what he ran away from them for? He answered: "I wasn't runnin' from you; I saw you all comin' this way, and I thought you saw

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something—thought I could find it first!" They asked him if he had seen any Indians with red blankets on? He said (with a grin): "No; did you?" Charley Hand, our second lieutenant, coming up at this time, "took a tumble to himself," and said to the men: "There have been no Indians here, so march back to camp."

Starr was relieved from his post, and all came to camp, where they found us eating our lunch. We had asked them where they had been, but received no satisfactory answer, as all had become aware of the facts in the case by this time.

We were soon given to understand that a few such jokes would go a long ways, and if we were not prepared to lick the company, the better part of valor would be able to keep our mouths shut —*for a few days at least.* We took the hint, and looked as serious as a government mule after a hard day's drive. Next day we were furnished (?) with an *escort* (!) to headquarters (The Dalles), where we were "interviewed" by a board of examining officers—a sort of flexible court-martial—on a charge of *causing the company to run their horses down.*

Seeing that we were about to be disgraced by being dishonorably discharged, whereby we would have to relinquish all our bright hopes of fighting, freezing and starving to death in the interest of the budding Northwest and for the protection of women and children, at a dollar a day and furnish our own horses, guns and "rigs" (through the mighty effort of Oregon congressmen some of us did get a dollar a day for what time we served, but it was years afterward), we, of course, *felt very bad* about it, and we made the Honorable Board *aware of that fact.*

At the request of Major Armstrong, I told *our* side of the case, and when I had concluded, one of the officers asked me if it was true that some of the pickets had used their *ramrods for horsewhips?* I answered suavely, "Some of those pickets are present; an examination of their ramrods may answer that question." They "inspected," and found the rods badly kinked.

"Why, Dutch! You never told me you had warm hazel eyes!"

Finally we were turned over to Major Armstrong, to be reprimanded. He told us that it was very wrong to cause the company's horses to be run down, or jaded unnecessarily, for we had a hard and dangerous campaign before us, and much, if not all of our success, depended on our horses. He hoped we would be more careful in the future, and if we should find it necessary to drive in the pickets, we should be more careful, as we might *run against the wrong man,* and he didn't want to lose any of us from the command, for he was satisfied that if we could run the pickets in we could fight if called upon. "Now," said he, "go back to your duties, and *remember, you have a friend in Major Armstrong*" (and a better one, men never had). So ended the "court-martial."

LATE in the fall of 1855 we started for the front. Part of the regiment crossed the Columbia into the Klickitat and Yakima country, and the rest under command of Col. J. K. Kelley and Major M. A. Chinn started up the Columbia river to the Walla Walla. Our company was with the latter division.

All went well till we arrived at the old emigrant crossing of the Umatilla river, the site of the present thriving town of Echo. Here had been an agency, and here we built a stockade and named it Fort Henrietta. Why this name was chosen I am not now able to state, but it was probably the name of the sweetheart of some young officer who had determined to "sacrifice himself" in the campaign, and took this method of leaving a memento to his "loved and lost Henrietta." Here the command remained a few days, to rest the animals and give the scouts time to look over the surrounding country. Lint Starr, Dave White and myself crossed the rolling prairies, a wilderness of grass.

Excuse me for "slopping over," but as I recall the incidents of '55, and the trials, hardships, sufferings, heroism, and fortitude of the boys who volunteered to secure immunity from danger to those who chose to settle in this portion of the Northwest, and realize the changes that have since taken place, "I can't write for thinking."

The Umatilla "meadows," then covered with a thick growth of wild rye grass taller than a man's head on horseback, were settled soon after the close of the war, and are now dotted with fine residences and out-buildings, orchards, tame meadows and wheat fields. The low hills over which we rode through luxuriant bunch-grass, belly deep to our horses—at the time believing that it would never be utilized for any other purpose than grazing—are now most all fenced in and fast yielding to the plow-share, every acre yielding, when properly tilled, from twenty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. What we then denominated a desert is fast becoming the garden spot of the world. Thriving farms have taken the place of bunch-grass and sage-brush; the spade and hoe outdig the badger, and children outcry the ground-owl; the millions of sheep that roam the hills furnish our woolen mills with the finest texture of wool, and food for the frisky Kiota; railroads have been constructed on many of our old trails, and more are located on others; fine towns have succeeded our stockades—and developments have only commenced. *There is room for more.*

But, to my story. We three crossed over the rolling country northward and crossed the Walla Walla river about four miles above its mouth, near which was old Fort Walla Walla, afterward called Wallula. This "fort" consisted of an adobe building, constructed by the Hudson's Bay Company many years before, but abandoned by them for some years, they leaving some old iron cannon, blunderbusses and some provisions in the fort. It being night when we struck the river, we worked along down to near its mouth.

Then, leaving our horses with White, Lint Starr and I crept down over the sand-hills till we got near the old fort, where we could see Indian camps or "lodges." As we had gained all the information we came for, we returned to White as noiselessly as we went. Mounting our horses, we rode slowly for a mile or two, then as rapidly as our horses could stand it rode back to Fort Henrietta, where we reported what we had seen. A detail from each company was made to garrison the fort and look after the worn-out horses, provisions and ammunition. The companies, or what was left of them—as we had left men at several points—numbering all told about two hundred and fifty men, started one afternoon for the Walla Walla valley via old Fort Wallula.

Just as the day was breaking, we came in sight of the old fort, and saw several canoe-loads of Indians crossing the Columbia. Some of the boys rushed down to the beach and fired at them They returned the fire, but the only result was wasted ammunition, as neither the whites nor Indians had guns that would carry across the river at that point. We took a good look at the fort took some pickled pork and one of the iron cannons, then went up the Walla Walla river, going into camp at the mouth of the Touchet (pronounced Too shy) river.

The next morning, leaving a guard with the ammunition and provision train the command moved up the Touchet After going some distance up the stream the advance scouts (six or eight in number, and of which I was one), in crossing the spur of a hill over which the trail led, suddenly met six Indians. We instantly covered them with our guns and, being so close to them, they dared not attempt to retreat, so they raised a flag of truce, and we came up to them

Many of us could talk the *Chenook* jargon (a simple language constructed by the Hudson's Bay men, pronounceable by Indians, and used as a medium of conversation between the different tribes as well as between whites and Indians in the Northwest).

We soon learned that one of them was no less a person than Pu-pu-mox-mox (Little Yellow Serpent, or, as history

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has it, Yellow Bird), the leading war chief of all the hostile tribes east of the Cascades. The others were members of his own tribe, with the exception of one Nez Perces (friendly to the whites).

Mox-mox said his people didn't want to fight the "Bostons" (Chenook for white men), and if we would go up the stream a-ways to his camp, the Indians would make a treaty of peace.

We *conducted* (?) him and his fellows back till we met the command and Colonel Kelley, who put them under guard, and told Mox-mox he would go on up to his camp and *treat or fight*, as occasion required.

It was about nightfall when we scouts neared the mouth of the Touchet canyon, which was about half a mile long, and so narrow at each end that not more than three men could enter it abreast, though the bottom widened out till there was a hundred or two hundred yards of prairie between the brush and perpendicular walls.

Nathan Olney (who had married an Indian woman, of whose virtues many things could be said) was the Indian Agent at The Dalles, and accompanied our command. He knew the country and the Indians well. Hearing of what had happened and been suggested, he came galloping up, and said: "Boys, don't you go into that canyon tonight! That old scoundrel, Mox-mox, has laid a trap for you, and if you go in there there won't be a man left in the morning, and I propose to start for The Dalles while I have a chance."

We told him he had better report his belief to Colonel Kelley, and he probably did, for we soon received orders to go back down the stream a short distance to a nice little bottom, which afforded a good position for a fight, and camp there. While marching down there, Mox-mox and some of his Indians attempted to escape by running; but our boys could outfoot them, and caught and brought them back to camp, where they were closely guarded till morning, when we scouts were again sent forward to see if the command could pass through the canyon.

On gaining the top of a bluff, we could see that there were no Indians in the canyon; so we proceeded to closely examine. It was evident that Olney was correct in his surmises, for everything indicated that a large body of Indians had been there in waiting for us during the night.

The command moved up, and after passing through the canyon we came to the recent camp of the Indians. There were hundreds of lodge poles standing from which the rush matting, skins and other articles then used by the Indians to enclose their wickiups had just been hastily stripped. Their fires were still burning and there were hundreds of warriors to be seen scattered around on the adjacent hills.

Here we stopped for some time, as the Indians made us know that they wanted to speak with us and their chief Mox-mox. They came up a few at a time under flags of truce, talking with Olney, Kelley, and their chief, and finally told us that if we would go back to the mouth of Touchet, and thence up the Walla Walla to Whitman station, they would come in and make a treaty, for *they didn't want to fight us.*

So we returned to the supply-train, many of the boys regretting that they had to forego the pleasures (?) of an Indian fight. But those of us who had participated in other Indian "troubles" were not sorry, but believed we would yet have all the fun (?) we could relish, *and we did.*

THE next morning as we moved up the river toward Whitman station, our company (Company "I"), in ascending a bank of the stream, were greeted by two or three hundred Indians mounted on fleet ponies. They formed a circle, were riding at their utmost speed yelling and shooting at us as they approached, careening over on the sides of their horses for shelter from our squirrel guns, yagers, "old hammered barrels," revised flintlocks and shotguns. This "opened the ball," the Indians maintaining their *circulation* with the usual accompaniments to these *friendly receptions*, and we had a running fight from the mouth of Touchet to what is now called Frenchtown, some twelve miles below what is now Walla Walla City, and about five miles below the mouth of Mill creek.

Whitman station (the Indian name is *Wa-eel-at-pu*)—the scene of the Whitman Massacre, which occurred in 1847, I believe—is just above the mouth of Mill Creek.

But before proceeding to describe the battle at Frenchtown, I must digress some. Dr. Marcus Whitman came to the Walla Walla valley years before as a missionary. He was accompanied by his family, Rev. Eels and family and Rev.

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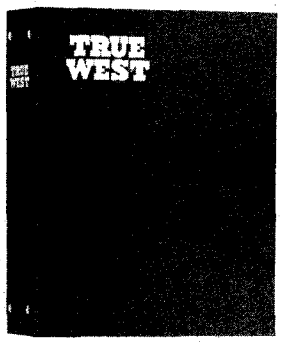

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Spaulding. Dr. Whitman located here, Rev. Spaulding on the Lapwai among the Nez Perces, and Rev. Eels among the Spokanes. I think I am not clear as to the location of Father Eels, but I know that to *his* energy and devotion belongs the honor and credit of founding and erecting the Whitman College at Walla Walla, in memory of the man who with many others was foully murdered.

To Dr. Whitman, it is believed, belongs the praise and credit for saving the State of Oregon and the Territory of Washington for the United States by his timely appearance at the capital, and showing the worth of this part of the Pacific Coast to the Government. Sure it is that he was a great and good man, and that he lies in an untimely grave. A monument to his memory will soon stand out in bold relief as a reminder of the trials, hardships and vicissitudes that old timers and pioneers had to pass through and suffer before less venturesome but more wealthy men could be induced to come forward and assist in making two of the finest States in the Union.

Of the massacre at Whitman station, which has been thoroughly written up by many able writers, who had statistics to assist them in compiling their works, I shall make short mention, as I am writing mostly of myself, and of men and incidents that came within my own knowledge. But I shall venture, from time to time, to give my opinion on matters that I am forced to speak of, in trying to portray to the reader the incidents that occurred prior to my arrival in this country, and of circumstances as I remember of having heard them related by eyewitnesses a few years after their occurrence.

From the many conversations I have had with different survivors of the Whitman family (those who were living at the station at the time of the massacre)—prominent among whom were the Kimball family of four: Mrs. Munson, *nee* Miss Sophia Kimball, Mrs. Wert *nee* Miss Kimball, and Nathan and Byron Kimball, all of whom were my neighbors for some years at Shoalwater bay, and each of whom are, I believe, now living in Astoria, Oregon—and from my own knowledge of the Indians and their superstitions, especially in regard to *doctors* and *being doctored*, I am led to give some opinions, and my reasons for having formed them.

It appears that some emigrants, who wintered with Doctor Whitman, had the measles; that the Indians contracted the disease; that Doctor Whitman attended many of them; that they would take his prescriptions and then revert to their own mode of treatment, which consisted of coming out of their sweat-houses reeking with sweat, and plunging into cold water, *and*—well! "another good Injin," and, as is usually the case, *mischief-makers saw their opportunity*, and at once commenced to inflame the minds of the ignorant savages. Some of these mischief-makers had been fostered by Doctor Whitman. Although they were half-breeds, they persisted in their misrepresentations and inflamed the superstitions of the Indians until the latter were worked to a pitch of excitement which culminated in the fiendish, brutal and hellish atrocities that took place at the Whitman mission.

As Judas had done with his Master, so did Whitman's half-breed friends with him, with the exception that the one acted from pecuniary motives, while the others were prompted by prejudice and superstition to commit their fiendish crime.

I do not believe that the representatives of any Christian Church would lend aid to or countenance so damnable an outrage, nor do I believe there is a particle of evidence that would lead a reasonably intelligent and unbiased mind to think they did.

I will say that it is well known among old pioneers, who have had any considerable acquaintance with the Indian modes and habits of doctoring among themselves, that when a "medicine man" loses a considerable number of patients he is held responsible, and not infrequently his life atones for the *offense* of having failed to cure.

And the fact of Whitman having prescribed for what to them was a new and strange disease, and the fatal results following because of their own ignorance, led to the dreadful scenes at Whitman station on that fatal day. But I must return to the fight.—*To be continued in the November '79 Frontier Times.*

Previously published episodes appeared under the titles: "A-footin' Alone"—July '79 *Frontier Times*, "Panning at Old Humbug"—August '79 *True West*, "Rogue River Indian War"—September '79 *Frontier Times*.

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A Folsom Graduate

(Continued from page 8)

time newspapers and other sources had been suggesting that Evans and John Sontag were making plans to storm the prison and release George. As unlikely as this seemed, Aull knew that as a lifer George Sontag might very well be the center of any escape plot.

When Aull received word that Dalton, Williams and other lifers were constantly in each other's company, he had them watched even more carefully. Neither did he miss the fact that young Fredericks had become a member of the select group. Just before Fredericks was released on May 26, 1893, he was summoned by the warden.

"I brought him to my office," recalled Aull, "and talked to him at some length about the friends he had made and about his [rumored] return to the prison to help his friends escape. I warned him that any such attempt would result in loss of life."

Fredericks played dumb about the whole matter, although he must have been startled that the plot was suspected. "He never flinched," as George Sontag put it. Later that day William Fredericks became a free man.

IMMEDIATELY heading south for Visalia, the ex-convict nursed the few dollars he had by riding the rails. He was thrown off several times as the railroad men recognized the cheap clothes of a convict.

In Visalia he first heard the news that Chris Evans and John Sontag had been captured. Ambushed in the hills by a U.S. Marshal's posse, both men had been dangerously wounded after a desperate, all-night gun battle. They were in the Fresno jail.

Fredericks hesitated about what to do. Finally he decided to go ahead with the plan and was able to locate the Evans family who were living with relatives of Mrs. Evans in Visalia.

It wasn't too difficult for Fredericks to play the part of a tramp when he knocked on the door of the Byrd home. When Eva Evans, Chris' daughter, brought him some food in the back yard he quickly told her of his purpose. Since he had no money or friends locally, Eva must get the guns for the escape plot. "George feels bad in prison," Fredericks told Eva in his German accent, "and is willing to take any risk to get out."

Sixteen-year-old Eva was in a quandary. To aid George in his escape plot was to possibly participate in the death of both prisoners and guards should something go wrong. It was a terrible decision for one so young to have to make. To further complicate matters, she was engaged to John Sontag who lay mortally wounded in the Fresno County jail. Could she in good conscience refuse to help the brother of her dying sweetheart? Of a wild and romantic temperament, in the end Eva gave in. After being assured that the guns would not be used unless in an absolute emergency, she agreed to help.

Eva was really in pretty much the same shape as Fredericks so far as obtaining guns was concerned. She was the daughter of the most famous outlaw in America at that time and could hardly make a move without being observed by a battery of lawmen or railroad detectives hoping to catch her with some of the train robbery loot. No, it wouldn't do for her to try to obtain any weapons, but she had an idea that was even better.

Many of the men who made up the posses that had been hunting her father for the reward money made Si Lovern's Visalia saloon their headquarters. While

"No, no, tenderfoot—that ain't what we mean by 'bottoms up!'"

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drinking and playing pool out front, the men usually kept their weapons stacked in Si's back room. Wouldn't it be poetic justice if Fredericks could steal those guns and use the lawmen's own weapons to free George Sontag?

The scheme was quite practical. Late that night Fredericks broke into the saloon and the plan went through without a hitch.

When Fredericks again showed up at the Byrd home, Eva helped him wrap up two Winchesters, two pistols, a knife, and some cartridges in a blanket. As he made his way north, Fredericks would look just like any other hobo with a blanketroll on his back. Eva wished him luck as he walked up the road.

We know nothing of Fredericks' trip back to Folsom, but on June 15 a stagecoach robbery was attempted in Amador County and the guard was killed. The dead man was one of the most famous of the Wells Fargo express messengers, Mike Tovey. The killer was never caught and since Fredericks was at that time on the road between Visalia and Folsom, he was later accused of the crime.

Nearly a month had elapsed by the time Fredericks made his way back to Folsom. Williams and the other convicts were concerned that maybe their confederate had decided to just keep going after his release. George Sontag voiced the suspicion that Fredericks "had been attacked with a chill in his pedal extremities."

AFTER secreting the guns in the stone quarry according to plan, Fredericks made some chalk marks that would tell the prisoners all was ready. He left a note with the gun informing his friends he would meet them with supplies at a deserted stamp mill near Bear Valley. Then he headed south.

George Sontag had been jolted by the news of the capture of his brother and Chris Evans, both of whom had been badly shot up with Sontag probably mortally wounded. It must have made George think twice about the escape venture.

Then it happened. On June 25 he was told by Williams that the guns had arrived and everything was set. The afternoon of June 27 was to be the day of the break. Final plans were made.

On the 27th Sontag joined his fellow conspirators in the quarry. It was about 3:30 in the afternoon and as he sauntered past Lieutenant Frank Briarre, the guard looked up and told him to halt. Sontag had no business being in the quarry.

As Briarre questioned him the guard was seized from behind by the powerful Dalton. Briarre was really startled when Williams then ran up with two rifles and gave one to Sontag. The two revolvers were given to convicts Henry Wilson and young Charles Abbott. A convict known as "Buckshot" Smith wielded a hammer while one of the others grabbed Briarre's rifle.

Pushing the guard in front of him, Smith hooked his hand in Briarre's belt while the other convicts scrambled in front of them. Facing away from the gun towers, the convicts lined up in front of Briarre, using him as a shield. Only Smith was exposed to fire, but if he were shot at, Briarre had a good chance of being hit also. Feeling perfectly safe, the convicts began walking with their hostage toward a brush-choked gully.

As they crossed a rocky precipice, Briarre either slipped or deliberately jumped over the cliff. Smith, his hand hooked into the back of the guard's belt, tumbled screaming after him. It was nearly a seventy-five foot drop, but the two landed virtually unhurt at the bottom. "I guess Buckshot acted as a drag and saved me," recalled Briarre.

Although dazed, Buckshot threatened the guard with his hammer, but was smashed in the head with a rock by the alert prison guard. On top of the precipice the rest of the convicts were suddenly without their protective hostage. In a moment the Gatling guns and Winchesters of the tower guards were pouring a deadly fire into the rocky area where the convicts clambered for cover.

It was all over in less than an hour as noted in the San Francisco *Chronicle:* "Sontag was the first to appear. He crawled out into the open from behind his battered fortress seeming more dead than alive. Blood covered him from head to foot. . . . After him came his fellow-desperado Abbott, who was also bleeding from several wounds, and who, like Sontag, was too weak from loss of blood to walk. . . ."

Warden Aull and several guards then approached the two wounded convicts and looked over the scene.

"The men advanced," continued the *Chronicle*, "and on turning the corner beheld a sight so ghastly that it tried even their nerves of steel. There lying, piled one on another, in a little hollow that was splashed with their lifeblood, lay the dead bodies of Dalton, Wilson, and Williams . . . riddled with bullets."

It was a bitter end to a daring break and only the fact that no guards had been killed prevented a thorough investigation that might have led to Eva Evans' door. As it was, she must have been quite nervous for the next few months.

AFTER waiting several days for his convict pals at the stamp mill near Bear Valley, Fredericks knew something had gone wrong. Afraid that he too would be discovered, he burned the supplies he had brought and made his way into the valley. He first read of the escape try in one of the valley newspapers and must have been shocked to read that he was immediately suspected of supplying the guns for the break.

Fredericks had picked up a hobo companion in his recent travels and the two men immediately jumped a freight train headed north. Under his coat Fredericks carried two holstered pistols and he made up his mind never to go back to prison. When a brakeman ordered him off a train near Colfax, the two protested that they would be injured. As the trainman grabbed at Fredericks, anyway, Fredericks pulled a pistol and shot him dead. His companion was horrified and fled to the opposite end of the train; Fred-

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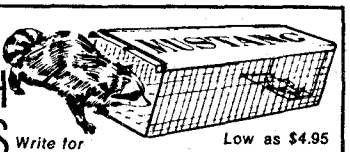

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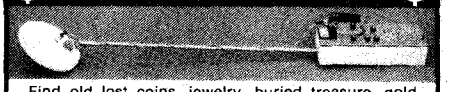

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ericks jumped and disappeared into the landscape.

Hunted and always looking over his shoulder Fredericks began a roving existence which is difficult to trace. He was accused of the murder of Sheriff Pascoe of Nevada County, but it was never proved. Reportedly he was walking down the street in Grass Valley shortly after the brakeman's murder when he was spotted as a suspicious character by the sheriff. As the lawman began trailing him, Fredericks suddenly whirled and shot Pascoe down. Posses were quickly on the trail of the killer, but he disappeared into the wild surrounding country.

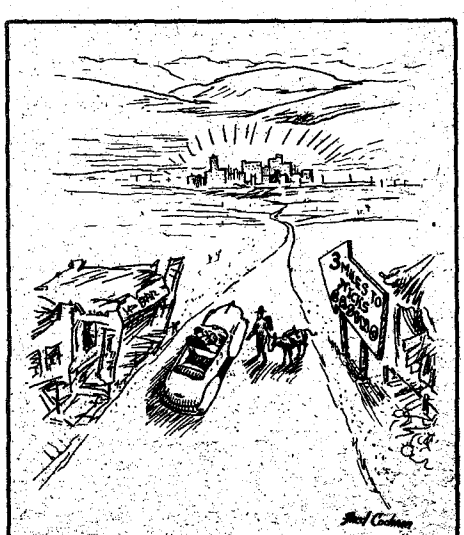
Riding the rails and stopping in the larger cities so he could more easily remain inconspicuous Fredericks traveled through Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. He kept a notebook and made references to each of the holdups and burglaries he committed during his travels. Eventually he landed in Butte, Montana, where he used the name of William Berrigan.

In Butte, Fredericks engaged in a number of holdups, including the reported murder of three Chinese in their cabin late in September 1893.

By January 1894 Fredericks again felt compelled to move. He made his way to Salt Lake City. Here he committed another robbery, although in all his travels he seems to have netted a mere $350 by this method. In early March he was back in California, broke and living from hand to mouth.

On the evening of March 14, Fredericks stopped in at the saloon of Dick Hanley in San Francisco. He told Hanley he had just come from the East and wanted to exchange his sealskin cap and a small bag for some food and drinks. Hanley agreed and Fredericks left about nine.

Walking over to Golden Gate Park, Fredericks accosted a man named Martin Smith. In the course of the holdup he shot Smith and got away with $150. The following morning he turned up again at Hanley's saloon where he redeemed his cap and bag and bought several rounds of drinks for the crowd.



"Out here they're either uninhabited or uninhibited!"

In looking about for his next opportunity, Fredericks noted a particularly vulnerable-appearing bank at the corner of Market and Fell Streets. It seemed a getaway would be quite easy. Going into the Savings Union Bank on March 21, he noted that only two tellers were present and that ample money seemed to be lying about. The place was a pushover.

That night in his room Fredericks made plans for the robbery. He printed up a note in red ink, worded so as to appear to be the work of an anarchist. He filled a small vial with alcohol to simulate nitroglycerin since part of his plan was to threaten to blow up the place if they didn't comply with his orders.

At 9:30 the following Friday morning Fredericks stepped into the bank. He was nattily dressed in a light suit and overcoat and looked like a young businessman as he strolled up to the teller's cage.

By the time Captain Lees had finished reading the bank robber's notebook, a subordinate had returned with a wanted poster. The old detective grabbed the notice and quickly read it. The description seemed to fit perfectly, even to the numerous tattoos. The man being held at the receiving hospital was none other than William Fredericks, the ex-Folsom inmate wanted for supplying guns in the prison break the previous year.

Lees lost no time in rushing over to the hospital. A dangerous killer was lying only slightly wounded, with a single guard. Lees quickly made arrangements to transfer the prisoner to the city jail after being assured by the doctor that his wounds were minor. In a short time Fredericks was securely locked up and Lees could relax.

After permitting his prisoner to rest for a time, Lees summoned him to his office. "Well, Cap," Fredericks is reported as saying, "I knew it was only a question of time anyway until you would find out who I am." He freely admitted smuggling arms into prison, and the attempted bank hold up, but insisted he had shot Herrick in self-defense. He also denied robbing and shooting Martin Smith or having any knowledge of other crimes. He claimed that the police would try to pin all local unsolved cases on him, as was their policy.

The capture of Fredericks was big news and for some time the prisoner basked in the light of a celebrity. Captain Lees and Chief Crowley referred to him as "one of the worst men in America" and besides the murders of brakeman Bruce and Sheriff Pascoe, he was being accused of killing the Wells Fargo guard, Tovey, the previous June.

In a speedy trial the following month, Fredericks was easily convicted of the murder of William Herrick. He was sentenced to death, but an appeal made the appointed execution date invalid.

As time dragged on and it appeared that a new execution date was going to be set, Fredericks took matters into his own hands. He began acting strangely and generally behaving like a madman. On May 16, 1895, when he appeared in Judge Murphy's court for sentencing, he behaved even more violently and had to be restrained several times. All except Fredericks' attorney believed that the prisoner was feigning insanity in order to be given a life sentence.

Five days later another hearing was held at which a number of physicians testified that the prisoner was indeed sane. Fredericks was sentenced to hang on July 26. The end had come. In those last few days allotted him, Fredericks accepted the Catholic faith and became a model prisoner. When he was hanged at San Quentin he was the calmest man in the room. One of the sons of the murdered Sheriff Pascoe witnessed Fredericks' death and commented that he had "lived like a brute and died like a brave man."

Charley Michelson, a writer for the San Francisco *Examiner*, also witnessed the execution. Later he was to become chief speechwriter for Franklin Roosevelt's administration, but at this time he was just a young cub reporter.

"Fredericks," he wrote, "was the gamest man I ever saw hanged. . . . In one of my talks with the condemned man he told me that when he had left the little school in Germany his ambition was to be a soldier, and the career that he had marked out for himself was that of a commander of men. . . . Possibly if the boy Fredericks had been given a cadetship instead of being forced by his necessities to go to sea and generally make his way among the hard walks of life, there might have been a Captain Fredericks or a Colonel Fredericks, whose dashing courage would have made him world famous. At all events that is the thought that came to me when they cut his muffled body down."

Apparently the destiny of young cashier Herrick never occurred to reporter Michelson.

Canyon Country Cowpuncher

(Continued from page 31)

get a few cows together, that looked good. Cowpunchers were making from $35-$50 a month and found, only a lot of the cowmen never found it! They were mostly greasy sack outfits, trying to get rich off of your belly. Boiled beans, biscuits, coffee, "no cream," was the usual fare.

One spring during lambing, about 45 days, I worked for a small sheep outfit owned by Bill Wier. There was also another short-time employee, a young Eastern dude who had an accent that cracked us up. Most of the time we couldn't understand him. We were a pack and drag outfit—pack mules, tent, etc., including Dutch ovens to cook anything and bake biscuits in.

We were camped at Maybell, Colorado on the west side of Yampa River. There was a grave up on the hill a little way off the road, fenced in by four posts with some boards nailed to them. It was the grave of some old-time cowboy who had drowned swimming cattle across the river before the bridge was built.

We watched the dude carry his bed up there and bed down for the night in the little sunken place. (I don't think the old cowpuncher minded.) No one said

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anything until the next morning when he came down to camp and told us about what a nice place he had found to roll out his bed. Then someone told him he had slept on top of a grave.

About this time we thought we ought to have some fun out of him, so we told him to always bury the Dutch oven lids because the sun would warp them. This he did every morning, not realizing they got almost red hot when we cooked with them. This was a lot of fun; we nearly split our sides laughing when he wasn't around!

At one of our stops there was a party of tourists or whatever, and the dude went down to camp to visit. There was a couple of good looking young ladies, so our eastern friend thought he would put on a little show or something to mpress them. He came back to our camp ınd asked Art Lyon, the foreman, if he ould borrow Art's angora "woolly" chaps.

He put them on and started back to he tourist camp. The old horse he was iding was gentle as a dog, but had probably at one time had fire. The dude hung is spurs in the old horse's shoulders, and or a minute he must have thought he was once again in somebody's rough string. He bucked the dude off head first, and all you could see was a pair of legs encased in woolly chaps sticking up in the brush.

The outfit lambed around Duffy Mountain above Juniper Springs. That country was literally alive with rattlesnakes; here was seldom a day we didn't kill three or four. We had a tent set out about a mile from the main camp. Art Lyon and I was there one night when it started to rain. Pretty soon the water began to seep up right to our bed. If you laid still in the same place it wasn't so bad, but if you moved it was a cold shock. Neither one of us was asleep but we veren't talking.

Suddenly Art rolled out of bed into about an inch of water and said, "Jesus Christ, there's a rattlesnake in bed with us." I gently rolled out on my side into my own cold water.

Art had a big long-barreled six-shooter. He struck matches with his thumb nail, while I turned down the bed. All the ime he had his pistol at the ready. Pretty soon I got the covers turned back ar enough to expose a little baby mouse. He was just as cold and miserable as I was. I put the little shivering creature n my shirt pocket, and when the morning un came out I turned him loose with est wishes.

Duffy Mountain isn't most people's dea of a mountain—it is just a long luff of sandstone chunks the size of a ouse that have fallen away from the ace of the main bluff. Our camp was wo or three hundred yards away. One vening we were shooting a .30-30 at a ark on the bluff when our dude friend sked us to hold up long enough for him o get behind one of the big rocks. He said e wanted to see what it would be like.

We waited for him to get set and he elled, "OK!" We poured four or five ounds into the bluff before he let out a quall to stop. He was a little shook up, guess, at the ricocheting.

About this time the dude wasn't needed any more, so the boss took him to town. When we went to dig up the Dutch oven lids, we found he had buried them about ten feet deep and filled the hole with rocks, cactus, tin cans, horse manure, garbage, and anything else he could lay his hands on. He had wised up somewhere along the line and went along with our joke, biding his time!

We had a lot of laughs out of him, but he had the last one. Dudes may not always know the customs of the country—but not all of them are dumb!

LADDIE was about the best pack horse anyone could ask for. He only had one eye. I don't know what happened to his other eye. We only led Laddie far enough to get him away from camp, then we tied up his lead rope and headed him down the trail we wanted to go. He would peg along, and if we wanted to branch off from the trail all we had to do was ride alongside of him and turn him. This is just to give you an idea of how gentle and cooperative he was.

Laddie belonged to my good friend Charlie Mantle. When Charlie got married to Evelyn Fuller, and they were moving from the summer camp down to the winter camp in Pats Hole, they sent out for a dozen hens and a rooster to be delivered by the mailman, Mr. Carver. When Mr. Carver brought the chickens he used his own cage, which he wanted to keep. So we whipped up one of our own out of willows, brush, barbed wire, spit, and chewing gum.

We packed old Laddie with a barrel on one side, a trunk on the other, and the chicken cage on top. All went well until Laddie struck a little jog going across a wash. Then one of the white leghorn hens ran her head up through our homemade cage and said, "squaaack." Laddie went crazy! He scattered chickens over about a square section of sagebrush, and we had to run them down. We'd catch one, tie it to a saddle string, and take off after another. We finally ran them all down, along with our horses. White leghorn chickens can fly like a sage chicken, or almost like a buzzard.

After we repaired our chicken cage and gathered up the rest of our pack, we led Laddie. When we reached Rat Spring, which was about half-way to the winter camp, the chickens were about to expire from the chase and the heat. Charlie said, "I think we better water our chickens." I agreed, so we turned them loose to water—a stupid thing to do, but it was the only way we could water them because we had no cup, or any other way to give them water.

They drank and fluffed in the spring, and recovered from their chase. And when we went to catch them again, the same thing happened, only this time we were on the side of a mountain. If they get airborne they could fly a mile. We got some of them, but the rest went wild and roosted in the cottonwood trees at Rat Spring. Charlie went up there and pistoled them. They would have frozen during the winter anyway, and they made a change in our diet.

CHARLIE'S winter camp was along Bear River at the foot of Hell Canyon, and usually along in the spring our horses would swim the river to better grazing on the other side. Once in a while we could coax the dog to swim over and chase them back, but the dog was too old and smart to hit that ice water more than once or twice a year. Then we had to get up on the rocks with a .30-30 and shoot across the river until we spooked the horses back onto our side. This used up our ammunition and didn't always work.

Years before, there had been a crew surveying for a possible railroad down the Yampa Canyon. They had camped in Hardin's Hole, about six or seven miles above Charlie's camp, and had left a handmade rowboat made of very rough 1 x 10 boards. It had laid out on the bank for years and had cracks in it you could throw a pack-saddle through.

One spring after shooting all of our ammo to get our horses back on our side of the river, we decided that we would drag the old boat down on the ice the next year. So that winter, along in the spring, I drug the boat down, broke my horse through the ice, and had a hell of a time getting him out. Anyway, I got back with the boat, which laid on the river bank for a month or two.

Sure enough one morning there were our horses on the opposite side of the river, which was at flood from the runoff of snowbanks above. We tried the dog but he wasn't even a little interested in swimming that ice water. Charlie said, "It looks like we're going to have to caulk up our boat."

While Charlie chopped a pair of oars out of a small cottonwood tree—they were five feet long with a blade of about four inches in width—I whittled some willows into a sort of wedge and wrapped them in strips of underwear, and drove them into the cracks of our boat. No tar, no pitch, no anything, not even time to soak the thing up before launching.

We were ready to float our man-trap when Charlie said, "Maybe you better go back and get some cans, it might need bailing." Little did we suspect how much!

We loaded the dog and launched our ark. Charlie paddled furiously, I bailed furiously, and we made it across the river even though we were about to submerge. We went up the river to where the horses were and set the dog on them, and he boomed them across, but when we

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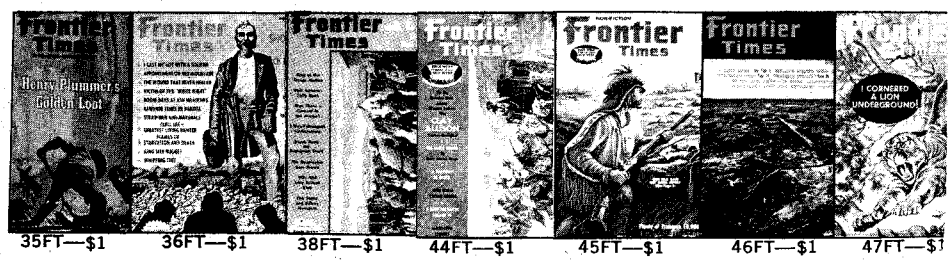
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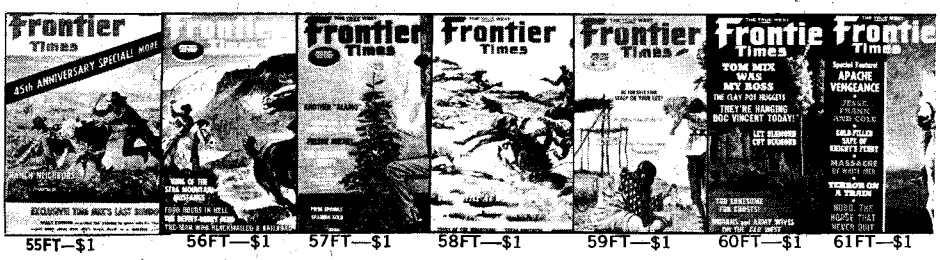
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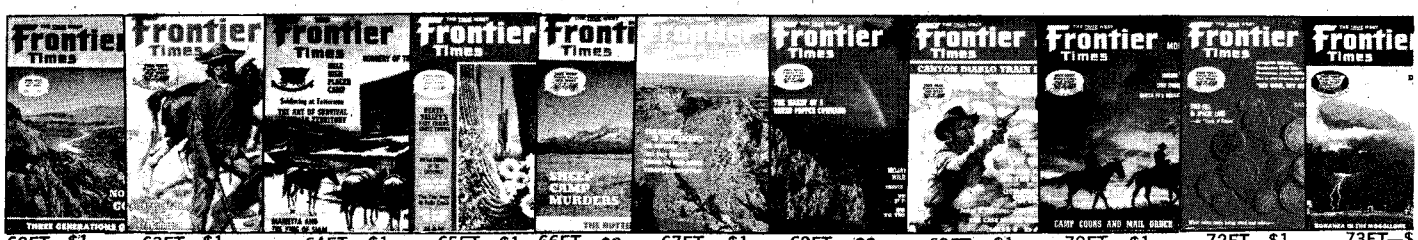
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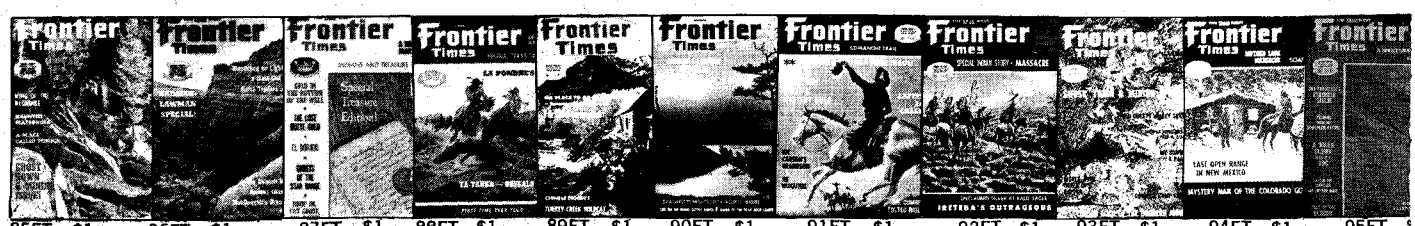
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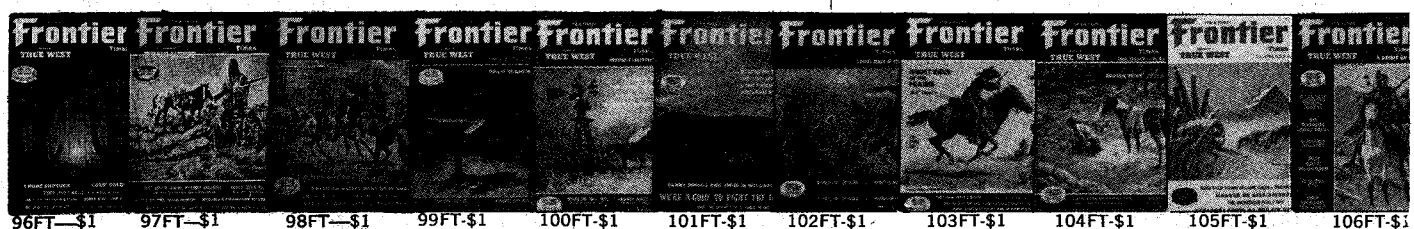
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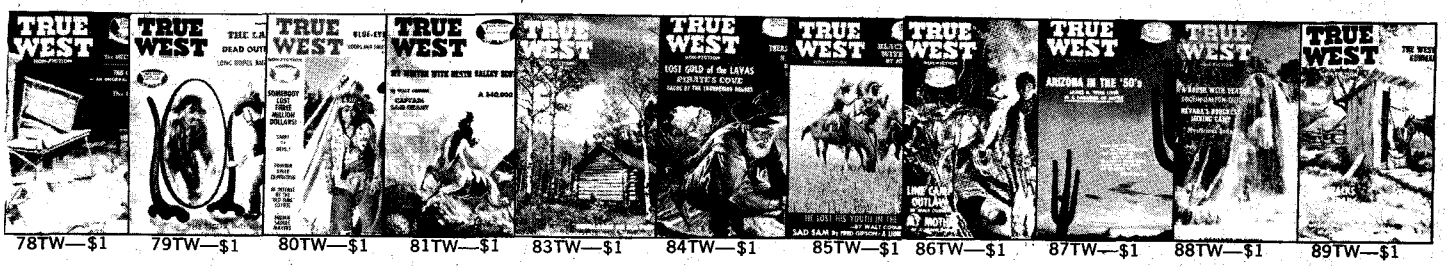

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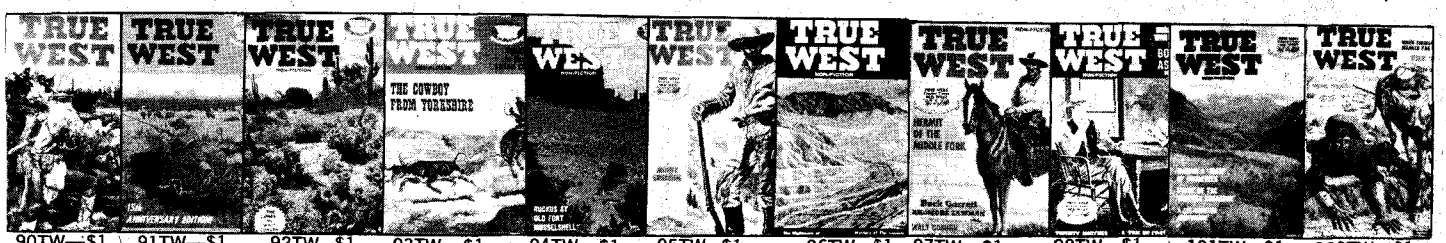

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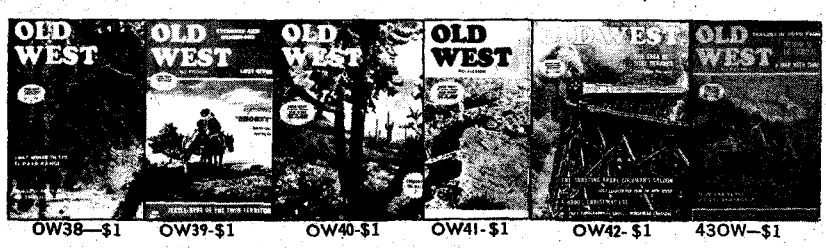

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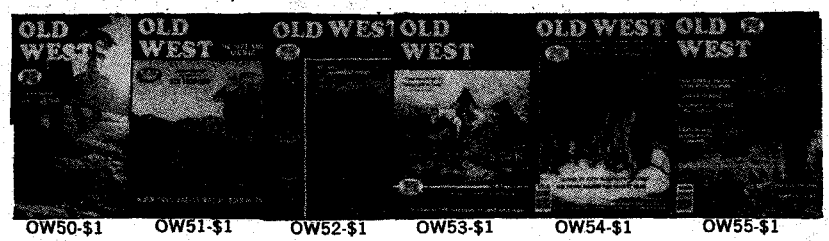

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went back to where we had tied up our boat, all there was to show where it had been was a rope going down into the water.

We got down into that ice water up to our armpits and brought up our boat, turned it over to get the water out of it, at which time most of my caulking fell out. Anyway, we loaded the dog and started for the opposite shore. More furious paddling and bailing, but it was a losing game. The dog saw that and abandoned ship about mid-stream. I would have done the same, but I couldn't swim. When we made it close enough to the bank to grab some willows and pull ourselves up on the bank, we let the ship go down without a captain!

The last time I saw Charlie and Evelyn we were laughing about that time, when Evelyn said, "That was not the last time either." She said, "That was a recurring thing after someone gave Charlie a raft, a round one, with a sort of doughnut ring around it, and a two-bladed paddle like the Eskimos use on their kayaks."

It seems that one morning the horses were on the opposite side of the river, so Charlie got his raft and double paddle and started over after them. The river was high and like most streams with a lot of fall, it crested in the center. Charlie made it fine until he reached the center of the river, then he just bobbed along the crest of the stream. Whichever way he paddled he would spin to right or to left. Evelyn was running along the bank yelling advice. Finally, just before going into the canyon at Outlaw Park, Charlie gave up and swam to shore.

CHARLIE and I ran cattle together and our cavvy ranged around the Red Onion School. One morning early, Charlie came up out of the "Hole" looking for me and said he had found a dead man in the river. He had tied him up to keep him from floating away, and would I go to Bear Valley and phone the sheriff, Tom Blevins, and have him come down, then find our saddle horses and bring the sheriff down to the winter camp.

I rode to Bear Valley, about fifteen miles to the nearest phone, which was not a direct connection with Craig, Colorado, so I had to relay my message through the woman at Elk Springs. She said, "The sheriff wants to know if he met with foul play." I said, "Tell him we don't know."

The Elk Springs operator then said "You don't want the sheriff, you want the coroner." I said, "I don't care who comes. I will have horses for them at the Estes place tonight. Tell them to bring their own saddles." She said, "The sheriff and Deputy Long will be there sometime tonight."

Deputy George Long was also a brand inspector, and I was well acquainted with him and the sheriff. The two of them arrived at my uncle's place about midnight, and we saddled up to go down into the hole over the Hell Canyon trail. It wasn't much more than a deer trail from Martha's Hole down to Charlie's camp. The sheriff, Tom Blevins, told me the coroner couldn't come because he wa

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about eighty years old. He had deputized Tom to act as coroner.

We got down to the winter camp about one or two in the morning, and Charlie came out of his dugout wearing the longest nightshirt I ever saw. He said, "Turn your horses loose and bed down in the other cabin." That morning, after it got light, we went down to Laddie's Park, named for our old one-eyed Laddie pack horse. (It was his favorite place.)

We found the dead man, and as Charlie had said, he was tied up by one leg to a willow. This was in August and about 110° hot. He was in awful shape. We later learned he had been dead for over a week.

From identification on the body, we learned he was the same Mr. Elliot who had rented the place from Tom Smith in Bear Valley, and had waded across Yampa River at Hardin's Hole and camped. There was a little flash flood, and evidently he panicked and had tried to make a raft out of cottonwood logs (we found his raft). Two days later a person could have walked across Yampa River on the rocks.

Anyway, I took one look at the situation and told them, "Look, I'll help and dig a hole or anything, but I'm not getting paid to do this." I did lend my rope to tie the dead man to the skid boat we made. Afterward the rope smelled so bad I hung it on a bush and never used it again. George Long found a flat rock and made a headstone, carved with his pocket knife, while we dug a grave hole.

Evelyn Mantle had provided a quilt to serve as a coffin. There was no lumber to make one out of, and there was no possibility of transporting Elliot to suitable burial grounds. I think where he is buried is just about as suitable a place as any I can think of. I wouldn't mind being buried there in Laddie's Park.

The last time I ever saw Charlie Mantle was several years ago, before he was murdered in Mexico. We were talking about that time and he said, "I was down to Laddie's Park the other day and looked for Elliot's headstone and couldn't find it."

Years take their toll, but who wants to be remembered forever?

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

which they carried him, but in Tom's account he seems to have remembered only Col. Swisher and a man named Louis Clemens carrying him back to camp.

Capt. John F. Tom was my great-great-grandfather on my mother's side of the family. My grandmother, Laura Jane Long Sample, was his granddaughter.

I believe some of the Tom descendants still live at Campbellton, Texas. If any of them should read this I would be happy to pass on any information I have about the Toms if they are interested. Grandmother told us that Capt. Tom could neither read nor write until after he married Mary Ann Moffitt of Philadelphia on July 2, 1840. She was a schoolteacher and she taught him to read and write. I have a number of letters he wrote to his family while he served as a legislator in Austin. Some of them are still very legible but the ink on others has almost faded away. His wife taught him to read and write but she didn't do much for his spelling. He spelled everything just the way it sounds.

Years ago a little booklet, *Capt. John F. Tom: A Biography* was compiled by A. J. Sowell. Your readers might find some familiar names in the first part of it.

"The writer while on a trip to Frio Canyon in 1898 had the pleasure of spending a few hours with the old Veteran Captain John F. Tom, one of the few survivors of the famous battle of San Jacinto. Captain Tom has a beautiful home in the Frio Valley a few miles above the town of Leakey. He was born in Maury County, middle Tennessee, April 22, 1818. His father William Tom was a soldier under Gen. Andrew Jackson in the war with the Indians and was present at the famous battle of Horseshoe Bend. His uncle John Files, on his mother's side, was a soldier under General Jackson in the British war of 1812, and was killed at the battle of New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815. His great-grandfather was killed by the Tories in South Carolina during the Revolutionary war of 1776.

"Captain Tom came to Texas with his father in 1835, landing at the mouth of the Brazos River in February. Quite a lot of people came to Texas in those days who were refugees from justice and bore bad characters generally. So William Tom brought with him the following recommendations of good character and citizenship:

"State of Tennessee, Maury County, November 15th, 1834. Whereas William Tom, a citizen of the state of Tennessee and the county of Maury, is about to remove from here to the province of Texas with his family, consisting of the following members: his wife Kissiah, his oldest son John, second Charles, third Alfred, fourth James, fifth a daughter named Sarah, these being children of his first wife, Mary Files; 'Hughes' (Houston or Huston), Caroline, and William, children of his second and present wife, Kissiah.

"And whereas, we whose names are assigned below, being citizens of the state and county aforementioned, and being neighbors and acquaintances of said William Tom, and some of us knowing him as a citizen for the most part of twenty years, do hereby certify said William Tom is an orderly citizen of honest character and industrious habits, and that the above respecting his family and all herein mentioned is correct.

Samuel Whiteside
Eli Asken
James Lusk
John Prewitt
Thomas Kindrick
W. J. Young
Robertson Whitehead
Michael Higgin
Joseph Tom
Jonathan Talle
John Eddring
Daniel Neilser

Mary Ann Moffitt, John Tom's first wife.

Frances Bell
B. Erwin
John Kingston
James Lessoms
Henry Higgins
Archibald Brown
William Brown
John Neilser
Samuel Lusk
S. Whiteside
George W. Sessums
James Lusk
Samuel Johnes
J. C. Aydetalatt
Robert L. Brown
Dudley A. Lobeston
Pen Gill
William Gounett
Gideon Strickland
Wm. C. Malone
Milton Whiteside
Jourdon Thompson

"William Tom and his son John joined Austin's command and went out to San Antonio to fight Cos and his army. They participated in the battles of Mission Concepcion and the Grass Fight, and then father and son joined the artillery under Colonel Neill, who was an old comrade of the elder Tom in the Creek war under General Jackson.

"Some ditching was done and cannon planted within 600 yards of the Alamo and fire opened upon it, but the pieces were too light and no impression was made upon it. When the Mexicans opened fire on their position the Texans lay low and avoided their shots, and when night came they retired to the old mill at the head of the river. This demonstration against the fort of the Alamo was to draw the attention of the Mexicans from Colonel Ben Milam, who was entering the city with about 300 men west of the river. After some terrible fighting the city was taken and Cos and his men surrendered. Before this was accomplished however, the brave Milam lost his life, with many others who followed him.

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"After the capture of the city, William Tom and his son returned home, and in March 1836, John joined the army under Gen. Sam Houston on the Colorado. On the release of Gen. Cos and his men they went back to Mexico, and President Santa Anna, who was the brother-in-law to Cos, at once invaded Texas with a large army and recaptured San Antonio and stormed the Alamo, which was garrisoned by less than 200 men under Col. William B. Travis, all of whom perished, fighting to the last. Col. Fannin and his men met a like fate at Goliad, and none now were left of the defenders of Texas except the small army that had assembled under Gen. Houston.

"When John Tom, then a youth of seventeen, announced that he was going to join the army his mother tried to keep him from going on account of his tender years and as an argument stated that he had worn out his socks in the previous campaign, and that he could not go until she knit some more. A neighbor girl was present and heard the remark, retired, pulled off her stockings, presented them to John, requesting that he wear them to the army. He put them on and then a pair of buckskin moccasins, mounted his horse, bid farewell to all and set out to find the retreating army of Houston. He joined the company of Capt. W. W. Hill, but when the battle of San Jacinto came off the Captain was sick and the men were led into the fight by Bob Stephenson.

"The Mexicans were in an entrenched camp on the prairie three quarters of a mile south of the Texans. General Houston seemed to be in no hurry to bring on the battle. He sat quietly and calmly in his tent until 4 o'clock on the evening of the 21st of April, in the meantime, however, he had sent Deaf Smith, his trusty scout, and one other to cut down the bridge across Vinces Bayou which was the only outlet of escape for a defeated army. When the general thought that ample time had elapsed for this to be accomplished he ordered the twenty-two captains who commanded the companies present to come before him. There was a great stir in the patriot camp when the men saw their Captains assemble and the horse of their General saddled in front of his tent. He came out with his sword buckled around him and in a few words told the Captains to parade their men in line. When the order was communicated to the respective companies the men obeyed with alacrity and soon formed in one rank and quietly extended out into the prairie.

"General Houston rode down the line and gave his orders, telling the men that he was going to attack the enemy. . . . No man [was] to stop to assist a falling friend or comrade, but to press on straight ahead and not fire until they could see the Mexicans' eyes, and to penetrate the Mexican line and fight them hand to hand. The men went to a full running charge, yelling loudly.

"Comrades dropped out here and there stricken by the musket balls which were striking among them like hail. John F. Tom, the boy with the moccasins, was in all this wild charge, and was finally

John Files Tom at age 52, shown wearing his Masonic uniform.

hit by a big musket ball and knocked out of line. The men were true to the orders they had received and pressed on. Two neighbors of the boy gave him a quick glance as he went down with his leg badly shattered but did not stop.

"The hand to hand fight pursuit and great slaughter of the Mexican army has oft been told and needs no repetition here. Captain Tom said that he never heard such a noise in his life after he was left behind. He tried several times to raise himself high enough above the tall grass to take a look at things, but soon became very weak from loss of blood and had to be still. Fortunately he fell in what old-timers called a hog wallow and it had mud in it which he banked around his wounded leg and helped to stop the flow of blood.

"It was several hours before the pursuit was over and the boy suffered very much, but finally his two neighbors, Milt Swisher and Louis Clemens, who had noted his fall, came hurriedly to the spot and bore him to camp. He suffered for a long time and was carried home as soon as possible, where his wound was nursed until the limb was cured."

In 1846 Captain Tom moved to Guadalupe County, before it was organized, and in 1856 was elected sheriff, which office he held for four years, that being the limit in that day and time.

"On one occasion a Kentucky outlaw escaped jail in San Antonio. Capt. Tom happened to be at his home five miles west of Seguin when he received a message from Captain Henry, sheriff of Bexar County, advising of the Kentuckian's escape and the probability that he would call on his relatives at Seguin for assistance to get out of the state. Without a second's delay Capt. Tom saddled a horse and proceeded in a gallop and alone to the designated house. Arriving there, and knowing the family well, he entered the premises by the back way and was not surprised at seeing that a pair of horses had been harnessed to a light vehicle and apparently were waiting for a driver and load. At the back door he met a young man of twenty-five, son of the widowed head of the family. To him Tom explained the object of his call, and added that he was certain the fugitive he was after was in the house. The young man protested, but did not convince the Captain.

"'If you do not produce him my duty as sheriff will compel me to search the house', said the Captain, after some ten minutes of wrangling. 'Under most any other circumstances I would take your word without hesitation, but now I am sure you are only doing what I would do were I in your place and a relative came to me for assistance.' Capt. Tom persisted and finally won his point and began the search of the house. It was a two-story house. Having explored the lower story without results, Capt. Tom ascended the stairs and commenced exploring the upper story. Every room was open and he critically searched every one of them.

"One of these rooms was occupied by two young ladies apparently busy reading, one of them sitting in a chair tipped back against a walnut wardrobe. Every inch a gentleman, his task had become so disagreeable that he about decided to abandon the search.

"He finally decided he would look in the wardrobe. When he conveyed his decision to the young lady she kindly and gently moved her chair away, but he noticed a look of distress flash across her face for a moment, and this convinced Capt. Tom that he had at last cornered his man. Three minutes later he changed his mind, however, for probe where he might with barrel of his pistol thrust where he could with his left arm and feel as carefully as he could with his left hand and arm he encountered only soft and yielding dresses, winter clothing, unused pillows and other like articles usually stored away during summer months.

"Ready to do his duty at any and all hazards, he was yet relieved at finding his search fruitless and, closing the wardrobe door he said to the ladies 'Well girls, I am glad he is not here.'

"Just as the door went closed, however, he saw what appeared to be hanging dress move slightly. Another instant and the Kentuckian had lost his balance and stumbled forward.

"'Why did you move?' exclaimed the young lady. The Kentucky lad had been wounded in the leg in making his escape from San Antonio. 'I just couldn't help it,' he said. 'This infernal old ankle was giving me hail Columbia. I had to stand on one foot. I was under constant apprehension of being discovered, and between

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uneasiness of mind and physical pain I was in such a state that when Capt. Tom said he was glad I was not here I could not help from moving. Besides, I thought when he spoke in that way that he had shut the door.' Anyway Sheriff Tom had his man.

"Capt. Tom had many similar experiences in his life as sheriff. In 1873 he was sent to the Legislature from Atascosa County. He moved to the Frio Canyon several years ago, and in 1893 had the misfortune to get a leg broken in attempting to dismount from a horse. This coupled with his old Mexican wound compelled him to use crutches. He died March 26, 1906."—Mrs. Terry J. (Blake) Reed, 733 Wildwood, Corpus Christi, Texas 78410

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 37)

BIG THICKET OUTLAWS

Outlaws in the Big Thicket by Wanda A. Landrey (Nortex Press, Box 178, Burnet, Tex. 78611, 128 pages, $7.00 hardcover, 8½ x 5½ inches).

When the author was a young girl, she heard her father tell stories about outlaws who made the Big Thicket of southeast Texas their headquarters. Later when she obtained her master's degree at Lamar University in Beaumont, she chose to research and write about lawlessness in the Big Thicket. Since then she has rewritten her academic thesis and produced this highly readable book.

The volume is divided into six chapters, each looking at various aspects of lawlessness in the Big Thicket. Her chapter headings tell some of the story; "Murders in the Bay Galls," "Mysteries From the Past," "Big Thicket Boom Towns," "The Violent Era," "East Texas Desperado," and "Death's Duo In The Thicket."

Landrey's book is a fascinating chapter in the history of a region that has been a natural hideout for badmen including Thomas Jefferson "Red" Goleman. Unfortunately, the author (or perhaps the publisher) has not included footnotes or source material or an index. Such things would have improved the value of the book as a reference work.

Former U.S. Senator Ralph W. Yarborough wrote a long and informative foreword for Landrey's book, now in second printing. It adds much to this interesting and valuable effort. Recommended.

Hosstail's "Small Talk"

(Continued from page 3)

hat trip I've dreamed about all my life vas too good to be true. Imagine, just eading out with no set time limit and o particular destination in mind—just series of visits with you readers. I ave enough invites to travel the rest of ny life. I know pretty well what most f you are like. You aren't like the people hear about from passing travelers. I ear things like: New Jersey people are ude. In the East, people are money-mad.)n the West Coast, people are too careerninded to really live. In St. Louis, Misouri, people will bump you four times in a grocery line without saying "pardon me!" These are generalities heard from a wide variety of people. They do not apply to most *True West, Frontier Times* and *Old West* readers—and after twenty-six years of publishing these rags, talking to you and receiving tens of thousands of letters from you (over fifteen hundred in response to one of these little talks asking for your opinion on something) I ought to know a good bit about you. I'm not vain enough to believe that by reading these magazines you become a more human person, but perhaps folks who are attracted to our rags still have some of that old pioneer courtesy and love of life and people left in them. Don'tcha reckon?

Sensing that this is about all you can take of such heady philosophy in one dose, I'll ring off with one admonition. Keep your hocks clean and, for gosh sakes, don't step on a whooping crane!—Hosstail.

Attacked by a Rabid Horse!

(Continued from page 9)

ever, and believing the horse could be driven away, reached out with his whip, when he got the team on the road again, and cut the beast a few blows in the head. The animal paid not the slightest attention to the blows with the whip, but continued to threaten and snap at the near horse.

REALIZING now that he had a rabid horse to deal with, and that his own and his wife's safety were in imminent peril, Stephenson turned his team around and, giving them free rein, started back over the same road at top speed. This effort to shake off the mad attack, however, proved unavailing.

Sometimes the horse would gain the flank of the now frantic team, biting first one and then the other, flecking their sides with bloody froth that poured from his mouth. Then he would drop behind to snap viciously at the buggy top, which did give some protection to the Stephensons, before spurting ahead to renew his attack on the team. The road was empty of travelers or help of any kind.

Stephenson continued to lash the beast over the head with the whip until, piece by piece, it broke away. By this time the near horse's sides were lacerated and bloody; the right ear of the off horse had been torn to shreds. When the last stub of the whip flew out of his hands, Stephenson concluded that their only hope was to crowd the crazed animal off the road and escape before he could get his bearings.

Remembering a ditch crossing the road near the McFarland place, Stephenson turned his now almost exausted team into the lane leading to the bridge. The ditch had a sheer drop of some five or six feet and Stephenson guided his team as close to the bridge railing as he dared.

The half-blind, enraged animal, still clinging to the flank of the near horse, failed to see the danger and was literally scraped off by the bridge abutment. He fell end over end into the ditch.

Stephenson slowed his team after a

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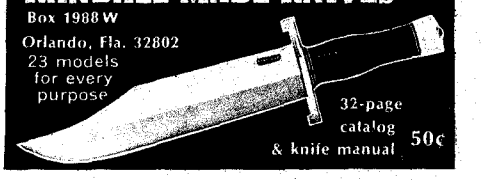
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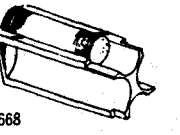
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few hundred yards and looked back for some sight of pursuit. Seeing no sign of the horse he drove to the nearest farmhouse to alert them of the danger. Other neighbors were summoned and a group of men soon gathered at the scene, armed and prepared to dispatch the horse quickly if it were still alive. This proved unnecessary as the horse died shortly after the men reached the bridge. The Stephensons' horses, of course, had to be shot, as there was no known preventative for rabies. They were doomed.

The story was repeated many times in our family, but I never knew what happened in terms of my Aunt Crete's liability in the matter, whether she paid for the Stephenson horses or did not. However, since she lived in a small rural community, a widow with two young boys to raise, it is possible that these factors were taken into consideration, or that the incident was accepted as unavoidable—"an act of God."

Recounting the experience later, Mr. Stephenson said that none of the several battles of the Civil War that he went through scared him half as bad as this affair with a mad horse; and that he hoped he would never again have the occasion to wish so hard for a gun. He could have shot the horse time and time again, he said, and so ended the terrifying experience, had he only happened to have carried one with him.

Top Western Photographer: H. C. Eklund

(Continued from page 28)

published a letter by Eklund with a trick picture he had made. Eklund called the photograph "Beating Himself at Checkers," and it showed Russell playing the game with himself as his own opponent. Eklund had covered half of the photographic plate, and shot the picture of Russell at one side of the table; then he had Russell transfer to the other side, and shot that half of the plate. The picture has excited much comment through the years, and it too was shot just a few days before the artist's death.

Throughout his busy career, which also included mining interests west of Great Falls, Eklund was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce.

He worked diligently for goals he thought worthwhile, such as procuring a Russell Memorial Stamp, which became a reality, as well as a likeness of Russell in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C. He enjoyed collecting books and art with a Western motif, as well as the work of other photographers he admired.

It was men like H. C. Eklund who made the West a better place in which to live. There was nothing small in his thinking. He once wrote a very detailed study proposing his own plans for world peace. He was loved by all who knew him well. Eklund made yesterdays happy days.

In Memoriam

Carl C. Seltzer, a well known history buff and son of noted Western artist Olaf C. Seltzer, died April 24, 1979 in Great Falls, Montana, his birthplace. He was seventy-five.

Owen Wister's Pop Call to Texas

(Continued from page 17)

dancing was absolutely taboo but young folks were permitted to have Play Parties.

It was not at all like other Western towns, decreed Wister, "but there are breezes of hypocrisy in the air, and I am inclined to think that virtue in Texas is not more rampant than in other states." (In 1889 the Baptist Church had established Howard Payne College, which is still a great influence in all that section; in the same year the Presbyterian Church had started Daniel Baker College. Any Texas town with two colleges in 1893 could justly boast.)

The next morning the party of four started on the fifty-mile trip to the Savage ranch, riding in some undefined vehicle drawn by four Texas ponies. Wister was thrilled when allowed to drive the four-in-hand team—A, Ink, Ellis, and Molasses. He mentioned only one other horse for the entire stay in Texas, although Savage and Frank Conover were buying and training polo ponies and had shipped some to Philadelphia.

Wister wrote that they traveled over lanes enclosed by barbed wire fences but later got into enormous pastures and passed through a succession of gates. They ate dinner at the stage stop and changed teams also. He noted that the living quarters of the stage station was in disorder.

Wister noted that the country was brown and dry, which was about usual for that time of the year. He made no mention of the devastating drouth of 1893 in all that section of Texas. Herds of cattle were moved out to pasturage elsewhere and the loss by starvation was enough to break many cowmen.

The Savage Ranch headquarters reminded the visitor of a New England farm. The owner had a separate house for his bachelor quarters, a little house some distance away for the foreman, and a third house near the stables and corrals for hired hands. In Wyoming this last building was a "Bunk House" but one of the Savage ranch hands had dubbed theirs "The Boar's Nest."

The Wister journal was noticeably silent concerning the operation of the ranch. Not one word described the training of the polo ponies or the games played. Other accounts stated that the guests played polo in the afternoons, played poker, drank whiskey and frolicked at night. Wister made one entry that he and his hosts one Saturday night "acted like undergraduates" (Harvard of course, not Howard Payne College of Brownwood). After the all-night frolic and still wearing "pyjamas" they walked about a quarter-mile and went swimming. Wonder what those old cowboys in the Boar's Nest thought of pyjamas on a working ranch at the time?

WISTER had written stories for *Harper's Magazine* and other publications before coming to Texas, and he wanted Texas material first hand. Fitzhugh Savage was most helpful in telling him stories and in introducing him to old-timers in the area.

One was Bill Montgomery who lived on a neighboring ranch. Montgomery fed his guests and was friendly enough but neither Wister nor Savage could induce him to talk about his trips across the Staked Plains or any other experiences. A trapper at Montgomery's was equally uncommunicative.

In apparent disgust, the Easterner wrote in his diary: "There is never any hope of extracting songs, anecdotes, or anything from people of this sort. You must sing to them first and by so doing gradually lure and warm them till bye and bye out of sympathy they will unconsciously dance for you."

Wister had no more success in interviewing old-timer J. S. Neal. (Wister called him Jim Neil.) Neal had moved to Little Brady Creek in McCulloch County in 1886. Before that, in San Saba County, he had been warned to leave the country but he stayed on. He did, however, take the precaution of being armed at all times, and according to Wister "avoiding thickets."

Neal ate supper at the Savage ranch one evening. Wister and the other city men tried to show how ignorant they were about everything Western, hoping to get Neal to talk. They got nothing.

All was not lost however, for Neal had told the story of the swapping of the babies at the dance to Thoroton, another bachelor in the neighborhood, and the latter believed the story to be true. Thus Wister had to get the story from a second party and not from Neal.

Wister wrote in his journal that it was one of those "regulations dances where the babies are all brought and piled in a corner while their parents jump to the music." Some unknown person or persons changes the clothes of the children and in the dim light none of the parents noticed that they had the wrong baby until they reached home.

Savage told Wister that the yarn was Neal's invention but Wister wrote that Neal could not possibly invent a story of "that high level."

J. S. Neal was a respected old settler of McCulloch County and he told the story of the mixing of the babies at the dance on himself, after it was safe to do so. Neal and a cowboy named Kendricks were not invited to the dance that night, and the prank was their revenge. It was all in fun even if it took many hours and countless miles of travel to get the right children back home.

The swapping of the babies, as Neal told it and as used by Wister in *The Virginian*, was essentially the same story

OWEN WISTER graduated from Harvard with honors in music and he was interested in authentic cowboy songs when he came to Texas. He apparently actually found none for himself since the Texans would not sing for him. In his diary, however, he recorded the following: "I have come upon a unique song which a boy wrote out for Savage and I transcribed it faithfully. Only

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cowboy could have produced such an effusion. It has the earmark of entire genuineness." It was the beloved "Get Along, Little Dogies," that most everyone can hum, if not sing.

The word "dogies" in the above song, as recorded in the journal, does not jibe with Wister's spelling of "doughies" in the copy of the song which Wister gave to John A. Lomax in 1933.

John A. Lomax, avid collector of American and western lore, stated in his book, *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter*, that Wister gave him a copy of "Whoop-ti-yi-yo" saying that the word "doughies" was spelled out "just as a cowboy thirty-nine years ago spelled it to me while we sat under a mesquite tree near Brady, Texas."

To add to the confusion about the song, Ethel Yeager in 1945 wrote "Rhyth-mic Hoofbeats," rhymes and tunes set to the beat of horses' hoofs (*The Cattleman*, Septemeber 1945), in which she quoted another version of the song story from Wister. In a letter which he wrote in 1935, he stated, "Fritz [Fitz] Savage told me of a young fellow who had a wonderful song about doughies. . . . The singer was in the neighborhood one morning, and I was introduced to him, . . a boy in his teens, possibly seventeen or eighteen. We sat under a liveoak tree for about an hour, I should think, because the tune was quite difficult to catch by ear. He took great freedom with the measure of the tune, sustaining some notes a long time. I got out a piece of paper and drew lines that were necessary for musical notation, and I got down what I think was a correct version of the tune as he sang it. . . . I have never heard a cowboy song that struck me as being so thoroughly like an original folk song." The cowboy singer was Skip Cates.

WISTER was doubtless irked because the natives would not talk to him or sing for him. In his journal he ridiculed some of the Texans he met for their "miserable prudery" in their use of words. He noted that it was an insult to use the ordinary name for a male animal in the presence of a woman. Thus a bull was a "male cow." He classed such "posh" as "the code of the most degraded and worthless class of Americans known, namely, the cracker, the 'poor white trash,' . . . which has come here to Texas where it remains as sordid, ignorant, and incompetent at it has always been in whatever region it has infected. . . ." A half-page of Texas Vocabulary included:

"To come up dead"—to die;
"Little old"—applied to anything, as little old pony;
"To break it off in a person"—to out-;
'Trifling"—poor, mediocre;
'Puny"—ill;
'Bugged up"—dressed up;
'Front name"—first name;
'Spot Cash"—ready money;
'Doga"—anything in stock that's tried.

Wister noted that he visited at the Atkinson ranch, some twenty miles away, where he spent a pleasant night. An Englishman, who showed signs of once having been a gentleman, was a hired hand. His name was Philpot and the prudish Texans had changed his name to Price!

On the road to Brownwood, stated the journal, there was a sign—"See Cross-eyed Jim before you sell your hides." "It is Texas fashion if any man has a deformity to name him accordingly."

There is no hint that Wister ever got on a horse during his visit. J. Frank Dobie, the dean of all who have written about Texas ranchers, thought that Wister was an outsider looking in, and that *The Virginian* was a Western without even the smell of cows, though it was absorbing reading to millions.

L. W. Payne of the University of Texas described *The Virginian* as a Pennsylvanian's tale of a Virginia cowboy in Wyoming; and also mentioned that while some of the Western stories written by Wister had settings in ficticious Flanagan County, Texas, Wister was not a Texas writer. Wister's journal, which is fascinating reading in itself, backs up this statement.

The Widow Woman

(Continued from page 20)

them. Another time, Wilhelm rubbed axle grease into Camp's tow head and she sent Wilhelm to the creek with a knife to cut his own switch.

Mary lined them *all* up and wrapped the switch around their legs good, the time they dipped cattail grass into the kerosene can and licked it off. Mary always did the punishing. Eph's hand was too heavy, though his heart was softer. Mary loved her high spirited children, but everybody had to *mind*. On whipping days she usually gave them sugar on their supper bread to show that all was forgiven.

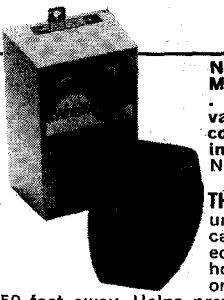
THE AUTUMN that Paul turned thirteen ended a dry, hard year with one more year to go before the final claim payment of $25 was due. Paul and Eph left together to hire out to earn the cash money.

Eph got a backbreaking job loading wagons at the mill. Paul didn't get any work that paid cash—just room, board, and wash. Still, that meant that there was one less mouth to feed at home, so he chopped wood, helped butcher, did farm chores, and cleaned the livery stable for a close old man who couldn't keep steady help.

Then Paul found a job carrying the chain for a surveyor who was laying out a water-tank village along the tracks. He turned his seven dollars wages over to his mother. Eph said to count on him for twelve more dollars.

Mary carried eggs and garden truck four miles to the cookshack for the railroad crew, and it appeared that the $25 debt would be met. She poked the paper money into a hollow china dollhead that sat on top of the cupboard.

Joe churned, and minded the younger children while she was away, put potatoes on to bake and kept the three-year-old twins out of the hot sun.



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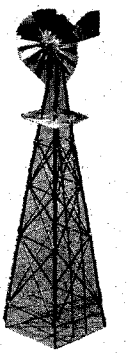

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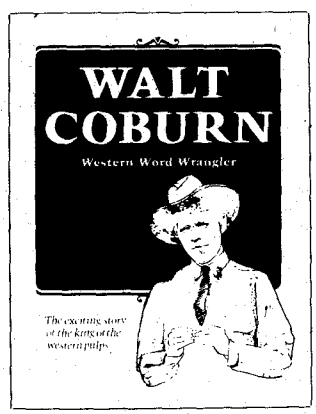

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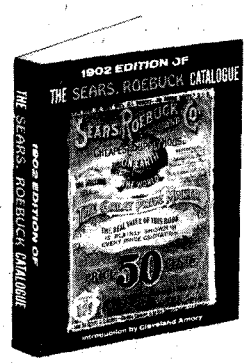

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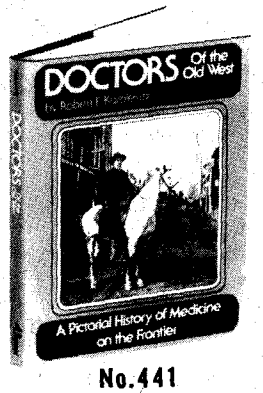

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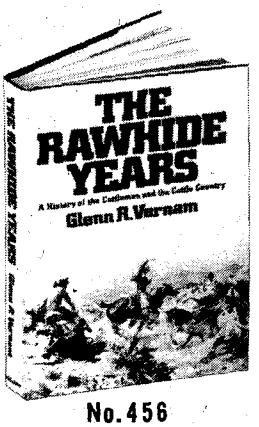

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Mary missed her men when they had to be away to work. "I swan," she'd say, "when a man comes through the door from the field, it's like the candles are lit." When she walked on her first delivery errand to the cookshack, it was the first time she'd been off the place since the cherry picking day three years before. Eph did the trading; taking their corn to the mill and fetching back 100-pound sacks of meal and white flour.

Walking along, carrying the eggs, the Widow Woman felt solvent for the first time in her life. Paul had handed her *cash money*. It dawned on her that these children would not always be hungry little dependents, but would grow up and be contributors to the everlasting struggle to keep everybody fed and covered. The morning sparkled brighter than ever.

She had felt stirrings of security the first winter when she had a few onions to braid together and hang from the roof timbers to dry. The little heap of muddy potatoes stacked against the darkest corner of the dugout, the woodpile ricked outside the door against the winter cold, made her feel rich.

Everybody worked at appletime. They quartered the wormy fruit while she told family stories. Mary's grandfather had come from Germany. He had been a shepherd in the Old Country, taking half the fleece while the other half went to the owner of the flock. This account made the children yearn for a lamb.

True to Mary's faith in Opportunity All About, this came to pass. A skinflint land salesman rode past one afternoon and asked Paul, big for his age, if he wanted to chop wood several days and in return get a pair of lambs. Paul climbed up behind the saddle and rode along.

The old ewe that produced the lambs had died. The lambs looked as though they would die too. Paul remembered the babies' bottles his mother had contrived. He buttoned the orphans into the front of his coat and loped home in long running steps. His sides ached after he left the lambs with his mother and Eph and loped back to tackle the woodpile.

Generations of lambs followed that pair—playmates, food, fabric, and Christmas roasts for all the family. They were good grazers and the yard improved in looks with their close cropping. Addie knit mittens by the dozen from their fleece. In the long run, Paul was paid well for his backbreaking work.

Mary always wanted to "neaten up the place" but there was little time in the daily fight for subsistence. At night she'd say, "Pick up whatever clothes you don't sleep in. Don't leave them on the floor or I'll hang them on the nail outside in the cold. Always keep a path through the room. What if one of you—or the cow, or something—got sick in the night?"

The classic example came on the night Joe's clothes were hung outside on the nail. Everybody had settled into sleep when hysterical crying at the door roused them. Eph was first on his feet on the cold dirt floor. A young woman, a stranger from across the river, stood there shaking and crying.

A mild Indian scare was going around and she had panicked when she saw three redmen passing by her woodlot. Her husband was off hauling sand for the railroad crew. She had been too frightened to do the chores but had climbed out the back window to run through the woods as though the devil pushed her from behind. She swam the ice cold river and ran to the Widow Woman's house, her clothes stiff with ice.

Mary stirred up the fire, gave her tea and bread, and put her under the patchwork quilts. The twins were placed crosswise at the foot. The shattered young woman pointed up the terrors of loneliness when she said, "How lucky you are with all these people to keep you company. And a man and boys in the house at night."

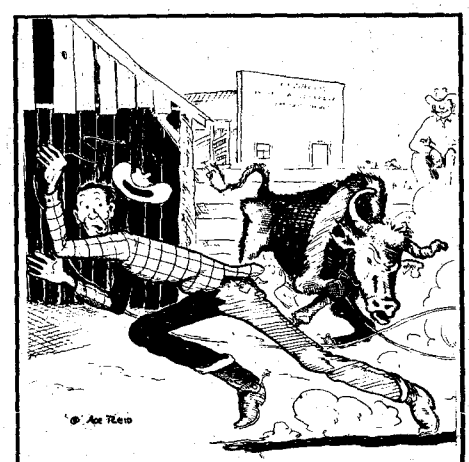
Eph and Paul stood turns watching for Indians but none appeared. Early the next morning, Eph took the young woman, now somewhat comforted, up behind him on one of the mules and went the long way around by the bridge to her little house. There he did the chores and got back in time for supper.

IN THE WINTER of 1871 a schoolteacher stopped by to get warm on his long walk to Little Brown Jug School. He said the four older children should be in school for the six-week winter term. Eph said they could walk right along with him *now*. No one knew better than Eph the bitterness of too little education. He told Paul he'd spell him on his chores but he must learn to cipher and read well. Paul and Joe were to run ahead and start the fire in the schoolhouse to show their gratitude. Addie could sweep out. Eph put old sox over the smaller children's shoes to keep them warm on the long walk.

One of the boys would later be the best speller in the county, spelling down the banker's son over in Delphos. Eph and the Widow Woman knew they were raising bright, alert children. Nothing ever gave them more pleasure. Mary made them read aloud from the newspapers the original claim owner had used to help weatherproof the framed-in room. Each child in turn read the stained and blurred columns:

"Why go under the knife? Try Dr. Zip's Electric Bitters."

"Buffalo bones piled along the tracks out near Hugoton look like small hills under the snow."



"Yep, she's gonna make a good milk cow . . . for my wife!"

"Prince Albert is on his deathbed."

The ad of a store in an obscure Ohio town was a favorite for it talked of ladies lace cuffs, and barrels of sweets, and safety pins and hair combs.

Eph and his widowed sister got six of the nine through the little 8th-grade school. When the twins were old enough to graduate, the professor who was teaching then, said he would give an oyster supper for the graduating class of four.

The Widow Woman said it should be at their house since she had 50% of the graduates. By then, the dugout and single room had two more big rooms and pine floors. The dugout part had become a boxed-in cellar-pantry-kitchen. Rag carpeting covered the "front room" floor and the trestle table was spread with starched floursack cloth embellished with drawnwork and tucks. "The Flour That Blooms In The Oven" was almost boiled out of it.

Nobody had ever seen or tasted an oyster. The professor said these came up from Galveston Bay by train. Frozen in real ice. Oyster stew, with a heady foreign taste to palates accustomed to home-cured pork and beef, was accompanied by Mary's lightbread, cut and handed around by Eph. Parents of the graduates, and other kin, came to the celebration, each bringing more kitchen triumphs to the feast. But that was all on down the road by another ten years. Mary never dreamed of it at the beginning.

Time went so fast. Mary regretted not having enough time to teach manners to her children. She never got much farther with the niceties than to line them up and say sternly, "Now, when you smell fresh bread when you come home from school, don't start running like shoats. Just walk like ladies and gentlemen up to the back door." It never did much good.

One summer, a five-inch rain brought Salt Creek right up to the dooryard. Eph hitched up to plow ditches around the cornpatch to drain it. The Widow Woman yelled at the boys, "Never mind the house things! Ditch the potato patch. They must *not* rot in the ground! Add you throw the corn on top of the barn."

Bob, a fast growing boy, became something of a hero around the county during the 1883 flash flood that roared down Salt Creek. July was low-water time. Bob was wading the bank shallows spearing lazy catfish. The twins on the high bank were laughing and mocking Mr. Brady, sleeping in his buggy beside his jug as his patient old horse plodded head down, over the low bank, clopping along toward home.

Bob was watching and laughing when he heard a strange roar and had a single glimpse of the rolling, foaming debris-laden wall of water sweeping down.

"Run home!" he screamed to the twins as he jumped into the buggy, lashing and yelling at the startled old horse. He saved himself and Mr. Brady, though the buggy was bashed and wet and the horse bruised with flying tree limbs. Mr. Brady later gave Bob and the twins a shiny dime apiece.

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THE BABIES had come fast during Mary's young years. Bringing them up had made the years fly by. When marrying time came, they left home just as fast. The twins married in a double ceremony in 1890 and their older sister Addie, very pregnant, stood up with them beside her redfaced, farmboy husband. The boys married off in the county. By 1900 Eph was gone and the Widow Woman for the rest of her 90-year span was "Grandma Ross" as naturally as time flowing past.

The Widow Woman claimed she never had time to listen to any second marriage offers. "That part of my life finished back in Hendricks County, Indiana," she'd say.

Mary Ross was a staunch mother, raising nine children to adulthood; six living well past 75. The day she died, she had just hung up the wallphone after talking with her 67-year-old daughter Addie. They talked of casting votes for Mr. Roosevelt who was going to help the farmers.

A mighty following, many related one way or another, wound their way behind her on that last trip to Mt. Hope cemetery. Many loved her; others respected her as the oldest woman in the little community. Her years had rushed past, with all that canning, sewing, cooking, working in the fields and in the garden. Time was always too short to go a-wasting. She knew she'd never finish it all up, or see how it all came out—but hadn't it been wonderful to try!

How Come They Never Caught Hugh Whitney?

(Continued from page 25)

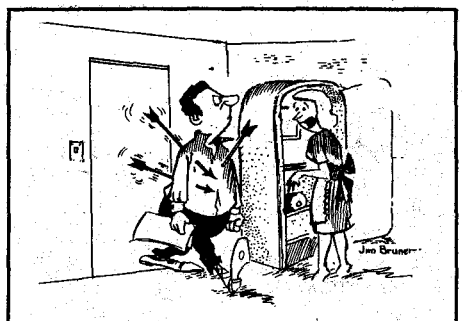
After a last night of drinking and with a gray dawn breaking, Whitney hit bottom. Without a cent in his pockets and his fair-weather friends all gone, he couldn't even raise the price of a drink. Whitney was plain mad, and aching to get even with the town he felt had robbed him blind.

It never took long for Whitney to figure out how to even the score and put a little coin in his pockets at the same time. With his six-gun drawn, he staggered to the bar and before the few all-night customers knew what was happening, he pushed his "equalizer" into the surprised bartender's face and scooped up a night's take of $200, which was a bit more than he had lost, plus interest.

With gun in hand Whitney then backed out of the saloon door, but there he "departed from the script." He didn't go racing out of town on a stolen horse; instead, he calmly walked down the main street to the Oregon Short Line Depot and jumped aboard a southbound train just leaving the station.

UNOBSERVED by Whitney, Deputy Sheriff Sam Milton, who had already learned of the saloon holdup, swung up into the caboose just as the train was picking up speed. Milton entered the passenger car and spotted Whitney innocently sitting among other passengers, with his back to the deputy.

Milton approached Whitney's seat, and then to the amazement of other passengers suddenly turned and jumped on the startled outlaw. With the advantage of surprise, Milton almost had Whitney handcuffed when, in order to snap the cuffs closed, he dropped his revolver onto the seat next to the outlaw. Whitney was unable to draw his own gun, but quick as a flash he grabbed the deputy's gun and began firing.



"And whose idea was it to bring a real live Indian home?"

Whitney's first shot hit Deputy Milton in the shoulder, and as the lawman was knocked backward by the bullet's impact, Whitney shot him again, in the stomach. At that moment Conductor William R. Kidd turned to come to Milton's aid, and Whitney fired once more, fatally shooting the conductor through the stomach and lungs.

Ignoring the screaming passengers, Whitney coolly pulled the train's emergency cord, and as the train began slowing he jumped from the passenger car under heavy fire from other cars. Several newspaper accounts described the shooting of Milton and Kidd, and Whitney's escape. One of the most detailed is quoted from Salt Lake City's *Herald-Republican* of June 18.

"Whitney appeared to be absolutely devoid of fear. He boldly stepped from the moving train and struck off into the sage covered hills under a perfect fusillade of shots from the baggage, mail and express cars. Three revolvers and a sawed-off shotgun were turned his way, but he never hastened his steps!" The *Herald* described Whitney as being 5′ 5″ in height, stockily built with a week's growth of reddish beard, sandy hair, and wearing a faded yellow shirt and blue pants, with no coat.

The escape from the Oregon Short Line train occurred between China Point and High Bridge, "in very rough country." Conductor Kidd died from his wounds the following day, but Deputy Milton was given a chance to recover, two bullets having been dug from his body.

A posse was quickly formed at Monida and newspapers there reported that capture was expected to be but a matter of a few hours. Almost unbelievably, however, Whitney kept on foot ahead of a well-mounted posse for twenty-five miles through rough country.

Just before dark he walked out of the brush and up to the ranch house of Edgar McGill, near the settlement of Hamer. McGill was just riding into his yard. Whitney ordered the rancher from his horse, and when the demand was refused, Whitney shot him from the saddle, then coldbloodedly walked up to the wounded man as he lay on the ground and shot him again. McGill's aged father was watching from the cabin door. The outlaw took McGill's horse and rifle and rode west toward Rigby before turning south again.

After the shooting of Milton, Kidd and McGill, the Oregon Short Line Company offered a reward of $1,000 for Whitney, dead or alive. Local ranchers who had been friends of McGill organized their cowboys and took the outlaw's trail. This particular group announced that when Whitney was caught there wouldn't be any need for a trial; they would deal out justice themselves.

Mounted posses and lone bounty hunters seemed to be everywhere, and telephones alerted lawmen as far south as Utah, for it was believed that Whitney was heading for the old Wild Bunch hideout at Brown's Hole. Isolated ranchers and settlers were warned that Whitney was half crazy and extremely dangerous. Women kept their children indoors.

Reports of suspicious riders at several places on the Camas Prairie and in the desolate sand-dunes country north of the Snake River kept posses busy chasing false leads. But Whitney was out there, for two lone sheepherders, who hadn't got the word, wandered too close to him and lived to regret it. Both carried bullet scars for the rest of their lives.

THE governor of Montana sent a special train from the state prison at Deer Lodge, bringing Warden Conley with deputies and a pack of bloodhounds to pick up the outlaw's trail. Reports came into Monida, "Capture seems to be certain, for the country is nearly flat with little cover for the hunted man to hide in," but somehow Warden Conley's dogs got lost pursuing jackrabbits and range cows—and to Conley it must have seemed that old Whitney was laughing at him.

On the 20th, with posses everywhere, Whitney rode down to Rube Scott's ferry on the Snake River. Scott had been warned that the outlaw might be heading his way and was ready for him. When he saw Whitney approaching, Scott reached for a rifle that was loaded and ready and shouted for the outlaw to stop, raising his cocked rifle as he did so.

"Look out!" Whitney yelled. "I'm coming through!" Before Scott could take aim, Whitney drew his revolver and fired, his bullet tearing three fingers from the ferryman's gun hand!

Scott's rifle flew through the air and in a flash Whitney was past him and onto the ferry. Cutting loose the ropes, he was half-way across the wide river before Scott could get back on his feet; and he was on the far bank and racing out of sight before Scott recovered his rifle.

Whitney was everywhere. Reported sightings ranged from the Snake River to the Utah border. It wasn't safe to be alone anywhere. Posse members were shooting at shadows, and at each other. Deputy Sheriff Bob O'Ley reported being shot at by Whitney only three miles from Idaho Falls, but at that very moment Whitney was quietly sitting in a

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cafe in the deserted town of Menan. All of the men of Menan were out in the hills looking for him, so he had the whole town to himself!

The outlaw was next seen riding past the tiny settlement of Iona, just north of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. Indian Police were alerted with orders to shoot to kill but, as if warned by some sixth sense, Whitney turned eastward toward the Caribou Mountains and the Wyoming border.

With so many on his trail, it seemed impossible for Whitney to escape, but he not only remained free but had developed a certain arrogance. On the evening of the 21st he rode up to Cal Pelot's ranch and asked for something to eat. Whitney kept his revolver drawn all the time he was eating, but he let Pelot's young son use his rifle to take pot shots at a circling hawk!

Idaho Governor Hawley upped the reward another $500, and the manhunt continued.

SEVERAL COWBOYS at Just's ranch were next to see Whitney, at the foothills of the rugged Caribou Mountains, heading into rough country. A correspondent for the *Herald* reported, "Sheriff Bucklin and his posse are on their way there, and are confident of capturing the outlaw. There is no doubt of the outcome if Sheriff Bucklin can get within rifle shot!"

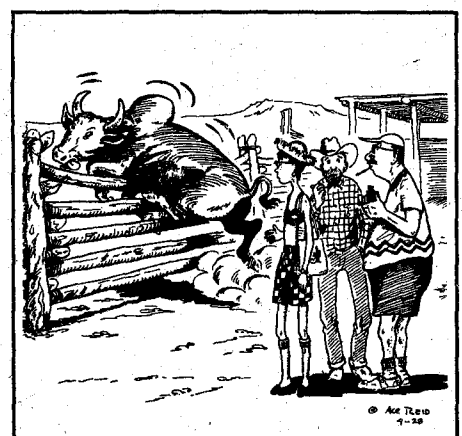
Reports from rancher Jim Buck's cowboy posse were also confident. Newspapers reported that Buck's cowboys knew the country thoroughly. "Capture is only hours away!"

But all of their confidence was washed away in a sudden mountain rainstorm. The outlaw's trail was lost in the wilds of Willow Creek Canyon, not far from Gray's Lake and the Wyoming border. Sheriff Bucklin's tired and wet trackers returned to town after being on the trail for forty-eight hours without sleep, acknowledging that Whitney "now has his best chance ever of getting away."

The cowboy posse didn't give up quite as easily but they too lost the trail high in the mountains, as did another posse led by Deputy Sheriff Kesner. The Salt Lake City *Tribune* reported, "That Hugh Whitney, the outlaw, is now safe in the wilds of the Caribou Mountains is the report received today (June 23) from Deputy Kesner's posse, which abandoned the chase in the Yellow Creek country. He is now in one of the wildest places in Idaho."

Buck's cowboy posse was the last to see Whitney, and probably came closest to catching him. They nearly had him cornered at nightfall, and had there been just a few minutes more of daylight, they might have overtaken him. The *Tribune* described their frustration. "The cowboys saw Whitney crossing a high ridge above them just at dusk, and watched through binoculars to make certain that it was the bloodthirsty bandit to whom murder is only a mere incident. The possemen quickly mounted and gave pursuit, but before they could reach the ridge, darkness had fallen."

And that's where the trail of Hugh Whitney ended, for no one ever got close



"Oh, he ain't so wild. He just ain't seen tourists before!"

enough to identify him again. Following his disappearence, range riders reported seeing suspicious lone horsemen all the way from the Idaho border to Wyoming's Red Desert. Deer hunters in Utah's Brown's Park occasionally still report seeing a grizzled old mountain man living near that famous old hideout.

A few hunters have even claimed being shot at when they got too close, but none ever got close enough to see who fired at them. But 1911 was a long time ago, and Hugh Whitney couldn't possibly still be alive—or could he? As far as I know, no one has ever claimed he *buried* the old outlaw!

Trail City

(Continued from page 24)

to take the rattle box."

When the summer of 1885 ended, lots which had been selling for $100 three weeks earlier were going as high as $300. In addition, it was reported that Texas cattlemen were planning to build a bridge across the Arkansas River at Trail City; a newspaper was being moved in; a post of the Grand Army of the Republic and Ladies' Relief Corps was building a new home; a railroad connecting Trail City with Wyoming and Dakota was under consideration by the Santa Fe; the Bent County, Colorado Democratic Central Committee had called a convention to meet in Trail City on September 25; a dancing academy, operated by "Prof. Hill," was being readied for business, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton had recently passed through the city on her way to the mountains. Besides, reported the Garden City *Irrigator*, September 19, 1885, "notwithstanding the remoteness of Trail City from civilization and educational and religious influences, there is no better town in the West to raise children in."

AS WITH all cattle shipping centers, winter was a dull period so when, in December 1885, a new national cattle trail bill was introduced into the United States Senate and another in the House, M. S. Culver went to Washington to lobby for them. He came home enthusiastic about their chances for passage. "He says he feels sanguine that the Bill will become a law," reported the Coolidge *Border Ruffian* on January 30, 1886, "and that Trail City will have a magnificent boom in the spring."

Perhaps to ward off the chill of winter, someone from Trail City wrote a letter to the *Border Ruffian* outlining the town's recent activities. The letter was dated February 3, 1886, and stated: "Knowing the altitude of felicity you would arrive at in receiving news from Coolidge's suburb, we will mitigate your sufferings by informing you that the new opera house will be completed by March 1st, at which time Parcha Rosa will be on deck to warble to the unterrified of this community. A large delegation from your city is expected to be present.

"Not to be outdone by Coolidge, we organized this city on Feb. 1st and elected the following officers: C. S. Roberts, Mayor; W. F. Wolf, alderman 1st ward; N. Skinner, alderman 2nd ward; Matt Shepard, prosecuting attorney; Jas. McDonald, Police Judge; and J. H. Nason, scavanger."

Whether the writer was serious or merely being facetious about the organization of the city is not known; records available do not show that Trail City was ever incorporated. If it weren't, then any officers elected would have been serving in honorary capacities only.

The writer continued, "Our new church of Latter Day Saints and Sinners will be completed in a few weeks. The adobe frescoing is being manipulated at the present time. and bids fair to supercede that of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is suggested that your own Parson Painter be called on to shoot the inaugural address into the hearts of the Saints here. A committee from this church will wait on him in a few days to see if they can import a car-load of his surplus heifers into our church, as the market is very firm at present.

"Our choir had a very interesting seance on Sunday evening last," the correspondent concluded. "The services opened with singing 'Over the Line' and closed with 'Beautiful Snow,' after which pea nuts and other dried fruits were partaken of with a relish."

On March 23, 1886 the Senate bil was reported favorably from the Hous commerce committee. On April 28 it cam up for a vote and won 69 for with 2 against. "At this point," wrote historia Theodore B. Lewis in his "The Nationa Cattle Trail, 1883-1886," which appeare in *Nebraska History*, Summer, 1971 "Representative [William P.] Hepbur of Iowa rose to announce that there wa not a quorum. When Texas representa tive Samuel Lanham called for a ro call vote, Representative [John H. Reagan of Texas, sponsor of the bill re plied 'I shall be forced . . . to withdra the bill under the understanding I hav with other gentlemen. . . .'" Reaga didn't explain what the understandin was or why the bill had to be withdraw

It was commonly reported that the bi would shortly be reintroduced but it neve was and the national cattle trail propos died.

In the spring of 1886, however, the

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was still hope that the trail would eventually be established. A lumber yard had been moved into Trail City and several buildings were under construction. Three stage lines were running between Coolidge, where most of the businessmen lived, and Trail City, where they worked. In addition, the townsmen were expecting from between 200,000 and 350,000 head of cattle to be driven up from Texas that year.

And some cattlemen did use the route in the summer of 1886. Twenty drovers and cattle companies indicated that they would drive 171,000 head up the trail. H. M. Beverley, former partner of Robert M. Wright in Dodge City, had a supply store there "filled from top to bottom with goods of every description. They have one of the largest buildings we have ever seen in the West," commented the *Border Ruffian* on May 22.

THINGS looked so good for Trail City that a telephone line to Coolidge was planned and a street car company had been incorporated. The Coolidge and Trail City Street Railway Company was chartered with a capital stock of $50,000 to be sold in ten-dollar shares. Marion Culver was one of the incorporators and also a director. Though designed to operate a street car line between the two towns, it never laid any track. Instead, four hacks, each making a dozen trips a day, carried passengers and packages between the two places.

The big business of Trail City seemed to be that which involved alcohol. "We often hear inquiries," stated the *Border Ruffian* on June 12, 1886, "as to whether there is anything sold in Trail City but whiskey. We cannot say positively but we believe there are a few groceries and a dry goods store there. Inasmuch as they do not advertise, we presume their goods are not for sale," the paper concluded.

In August the Santa Fe put in a spur to Trail City and on Thursday, August 5, 1886, the first shipment of cattle was shipped out. The big news of the summer, though, was the murder, on August 17, of J. Print Olive, the man burner, by Joseph J. Sparrow.

Olive and Sparrow had been at loggerheads for some time, but on that fateful Tuesday morning Olive drew a gun during an argument and pointed it at Sparrow who merely knocked it out of his hand. The sheriff came by and hauled Olive off. During the afternoon he convinced the sheriff he could behave and was set free. He immediately hunted Sparrow up and renewed the quarrel. Sparrow shot him three times, killing him instantly. The killer then turned himself over to the law.

The cattle season was nearing its end. On August 21 the *Border Ruffian* commented, "Trail City is a summer town. The cattle trade is about ended for this year, and the business houses are closing up for the season. Trail City has had too much 'forty-rod' and ragged virtue for anyone to live there," it concluded. A couple of weeks later the newspaper commented that "there has not been an honest dollar made in the town this season."

On September 11 the newspaper announced that the transfer business between Coolidge and Trail City has fallen off and that "after next week the hack will be suppressed and regular triweekly trips will be made with a wheelbarrow."

In spite of the fate of the national cattle trail, local businessmen would not give up their investments in Trail City and as the new year of 1887 rolled around they began to talk it up again.

"Trail City! The roaring town of the West!" crowed a large advertisement in western Kansas newspapers. "Beautifully located on the Arkansas River at the intersection of the Santa Fe railroad with the Great National Cattle Trail, in Bent County, on the Eastern boundary of Colorado, presenting the most Enchanting Scenery, surrounded by verdant hills, in full view of Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains. Soon to take the lead among the famous cattle towns of the West. For choice residence lots and business locations, enquire of M. S. Culver. . . ."

It was planned that businesses in Trail City would be opened for the season on March 15. The *Bent County Register* brought up the subject of the street car line again. "Coolidge and Trail City will build a street railway between the two towns," it said. "Coolidge is in Kansas and has prohibition. Trail City is in Colorado where red liquor is sold, and it is a cattle town judging by the way the boys cut up there last summer. The driver of one of those cars should be a sheriff with a row of seats all around the car for his deputies."

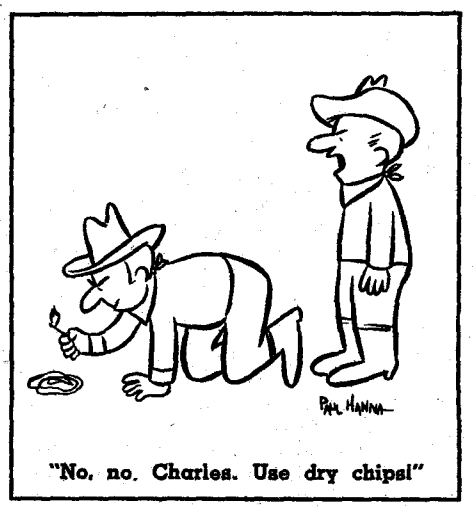
But time was running out for Trail City and everyone knew it. The little town still made the news, though most of its publicity now was unfavorable. On June 28 a Negro was shot in the thigh and on July 10 a drover was killed near there. "Over at Trail City . . . the grim, cold, unrelenting shooting end of a double-barrel shot-gun peered a man full in the face," reported the *Citizen* on July 22. "The buckshot were not turned loose, and the man still lives."

"All aboard for Trail City," the newspaper appended almost as an afterthought.

On July 31 the *Citizen* noticed that 76,918 head of cattle had passed through Trail City between June 5 and July 19. Then, suddenly, the *Citizen* announced that the national cattle trail was closed, and the land opened for settlement.

"There is no longer a market for these Texas herds in the north," it stated. "The settling up of the country has played the mischief with raising cattle in large herds. The day of the range cattle industry is over. The granger has taken possession of the 'Great American Desert,' both in Kansas and Colorado. The territory composing the historic trail will now be dotted with farms, and no more Texas herds will be driven over it."

As suddenly as it had been born, so did Trail City die. Buildings were moved away, mostly to Coolidge, and within a short time only basement excavations and a single tree marked the location of the cattle stop. Today, as one drives along US Highway 50 between Coolidge and Holly, there is no hint that a town was ever there.



"No, no, Charles. Use dry chips!"

Bat Masterson's Rescue of Bully Bill

(Continued from page 13)

Bat's passing inspired one friend to render his farewell in verse *(Morning Telegraph*, October 28 edition):

WILLIAM BARCLAY MASTERSON
(Affectionately known as "Bat")
by William Jerome

Good-bye, Bat,
You've gone and left us flat.
You know it wasn't like you
To do a thing like that.
But, where you've gone we know you'll find
A welcome on the mat.
You played your part—sleep on, dear heart,
Good-bye, Bat.

Good-bye, Bat,
We'll miss that mid-day chat;
The sunshine always danced around
The chair on which you sat.
With any hungry pal at all
You'd share your bit o' fat;
There's crape today along Broadway,
Good-bye, Bat.

Good-bye, Bat,
They never heard you blat
About the things you did out West—
You wasn't built like that.
That great big golden heart of yours,
It wouldn't harm a cat.
Sweet as a "gal," so long, old pal,
Good-bye, Bat.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 33)

When Susan could travel, the Magoffins moved on and Doctor Masure traveled with them, keeping an eye on his patient. They reached Santa Fe safely, but Susan wrote in her diary that her back was like "a broken stick" and she could "do no work of any kind."

Two months later, the Magoffins were on the move again, this time on into

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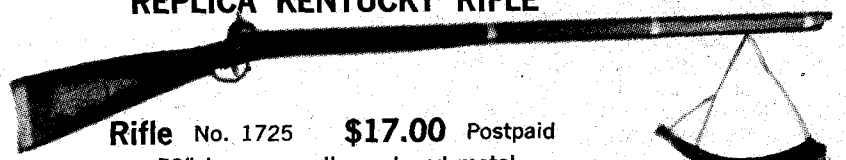

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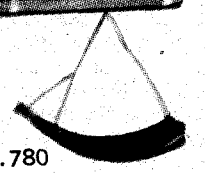

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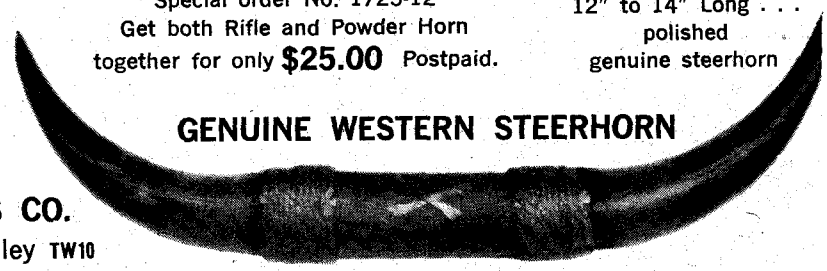

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Mexico. One stretch of the road was extremely rocky, so the wagon was constantly jolted from side to side, in stifling heat, with dust sifting into every nook and cranny.

If travel weren't difficult enough, their train was attacked by a band of outlaws. Susan and the others were rescued by Lt. George Gorden and a detachment of sixty men. Again pregnant, Susan wrote, "After all, this thing of marrying is not what it is cracked up to be." She was suffering from yellow fever when her son was born, so he didn't live very long.

In a few short years, Susan endured more than most women do in an entire lifetime. Old before her time, worn-out and sick, she often was on the verge of giving up, but she never did. Despite failing health, she continued traveling the West with Samuel, for eight more trying years.

Perhaps if Susan had heeded the advice of Dr. Masure and returned home to rest and recuperate, her fate might have been different. As it was, the rigors of a primitive environment led to her early death. Debilitated beyond her years, once lovely Susan Magoffin died in St. Louis at the age of twenty-eight.

INDIANS' REVENGE

By Marjorie Howard

NANCY STEWART rode in a covered wagon in a train headed west out of Kentucky in 1870. One of the most memorable experiences that she encountered during her long, hot trip to Liberty, Kansas had to do with a family in the next wagon.

When the train would stop for rest, or to cook dinner in Indian country, often the wagons would draw into a big circle. It was thought it would be easier to protect themselves this way.

In the wagon just ahead of Nancy Stewart was a man named Jim Parker, his wife Mary, and two sons John and Joe. The boys were fifteen and sixteen years and quite venturesome.

Most of the wagons were heavily loaded. The Parker wagon was no exception. It was so crowded that the boys rode horseback all during the day on the long trail. When the wagontrain stopped to rest or for meals, these inquisitive young men would disappear on their horses and explore the countryside for miles around.

It was just such an excursion that brought forth the "Indians' revenge."

JOHN AND JOE were galloping across the prairie, flat and rolling as far as the eye could see, when they spotted an Indian encampment. Never having been really close to an Indian village these curious boys rode right up to the entrance of one tepee on the outer edge. They got off their horses and, seeing no one around, were bold enough to look in. There they saw many gallon jugs on the ground.

"What's in the jugs?" John, the younged, asked.

"Maybe it's water—and maybe it's corn whiskey," replied Joe. "They say Indians have learned to make corn whiskey."

"Let's each one take a jug," John suggested.

The boys each grabbed a jug and returned to the horses.

The Indians saw them as they mounted and it was as if there were a powerful explosion. Hundreds of Indians, or so it seemed, started yelling. They flew to their ponies and took chase of the two frightened boys with their stolen cargo. Dust rose high enough to be visible from the wagontrain. Add to this the yelling of the Indians, and there was great uneasiness for fear of an attack.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker were beside themselves with anguish when they realized John and Joe were missing. Jim Parker may have suspected his so might be in some way responsible, f taking his big old musket he went outsid the circle of wagons to be better able t see.

In seconds John and Joe came dashin up, jumping off their horses and settin the jugs they carried on the ground. Ji Parker realized instantly what had ha pened. His boys had stolen two gallo jugs of whiskey and the Indians we determined to recover their stolen pro erty.

When the Indians arrived they we yelling wildly. Quickly Mr. Parker pick up a gallon jug and tossed it toward t first Indian, who held up his arms a caught it high in the air. A second I dian was close behind. Grabbing t second jug Jim Parker tossed it in h direction. The Indian raised himself a caught the jug.

There was a tense moment as India and westbound settlers stared at each ot er. Then abruptly the Indians turned a rode away. Relieved members of t wagontrain returned to their cookin

But Jim Parker was a religious m He was deeply concerned that his t sons had stolen from the Indians. believed in the Bible. He tried to foll the Ten Commandments. "Thou sh not steal," he told John and Joe. "Y must be punished for your sins."

The next morning before the tr started on its long day's travel, Parker tied a heavy rope around Joh neck. He took another heavy rope a tied Joe the same way. The ends of e rope were secured to the back of wagon. All that day John and Joe wall in the dust of the wheels in the scorch sun. Their two horses walked along rid less. John and Joe Parker did not st from the Indians again. Nancy Stew my grandmother, who watched wide-e as all this took place in the next wag talked about it many times.

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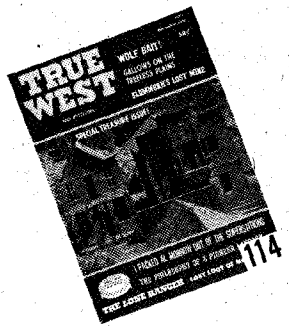

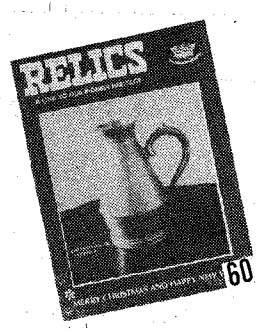

Last Call, Folks - OFFER EXPIRES * * Sept. 15, 1979

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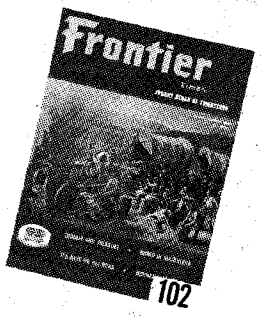

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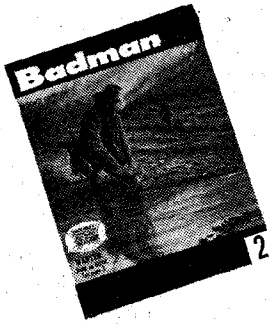
If there is a catch to this offer, I blamed sure can't find it! Subscribe, renew or extend your subscription to TRUE WEST/FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST or our facsimile reprint of HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES and, as a bonus, order from the back issues listed on the following page, to the full extent of the amount you send in. We get overruns from our printer on some issues and that is why we can make you this offer.



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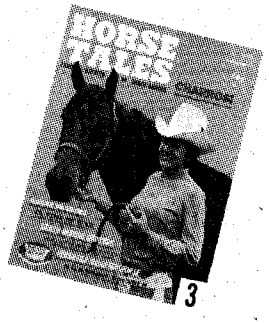

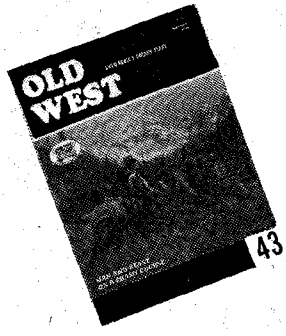

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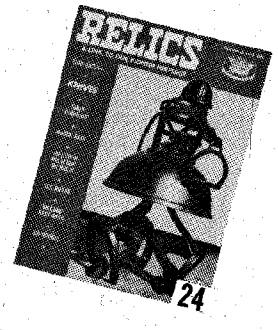

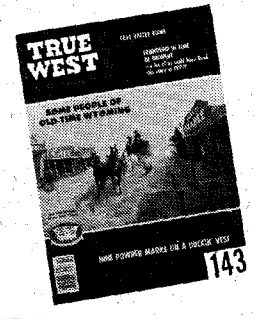

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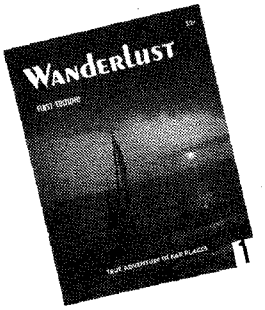

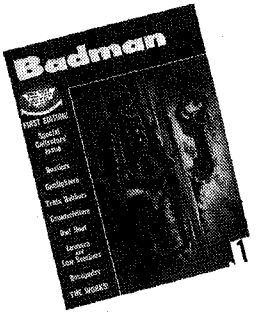

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79 88 102
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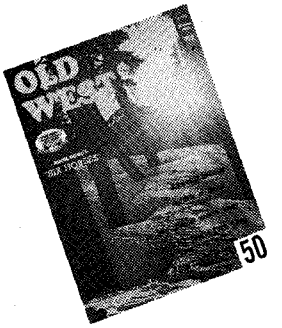

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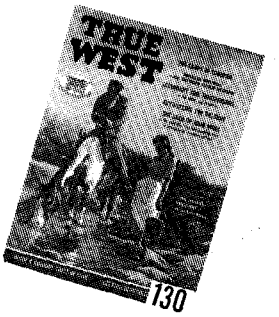

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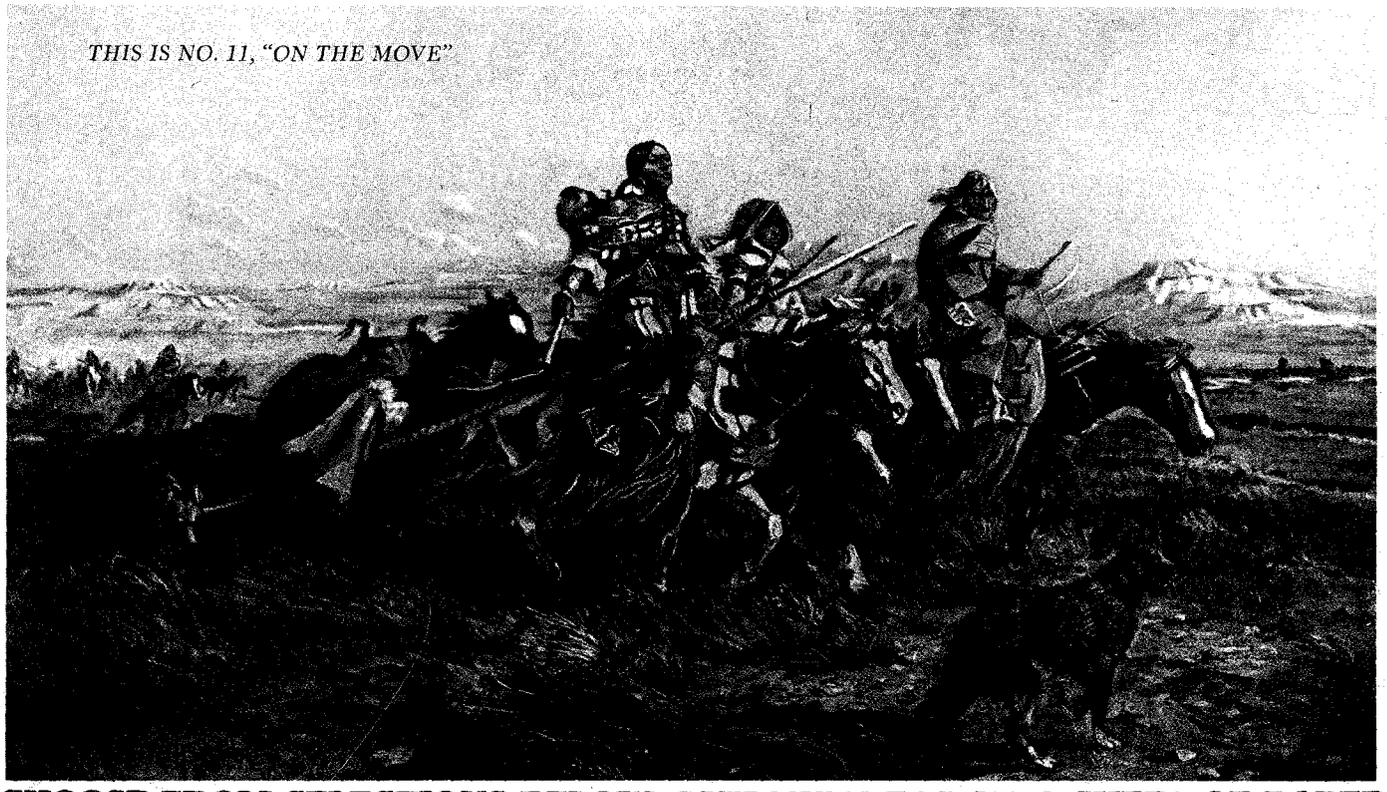

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½ (wtrclr)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson), 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½. (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8x11 (wtrclr)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (wtrclr)
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (wtrclr)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½

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